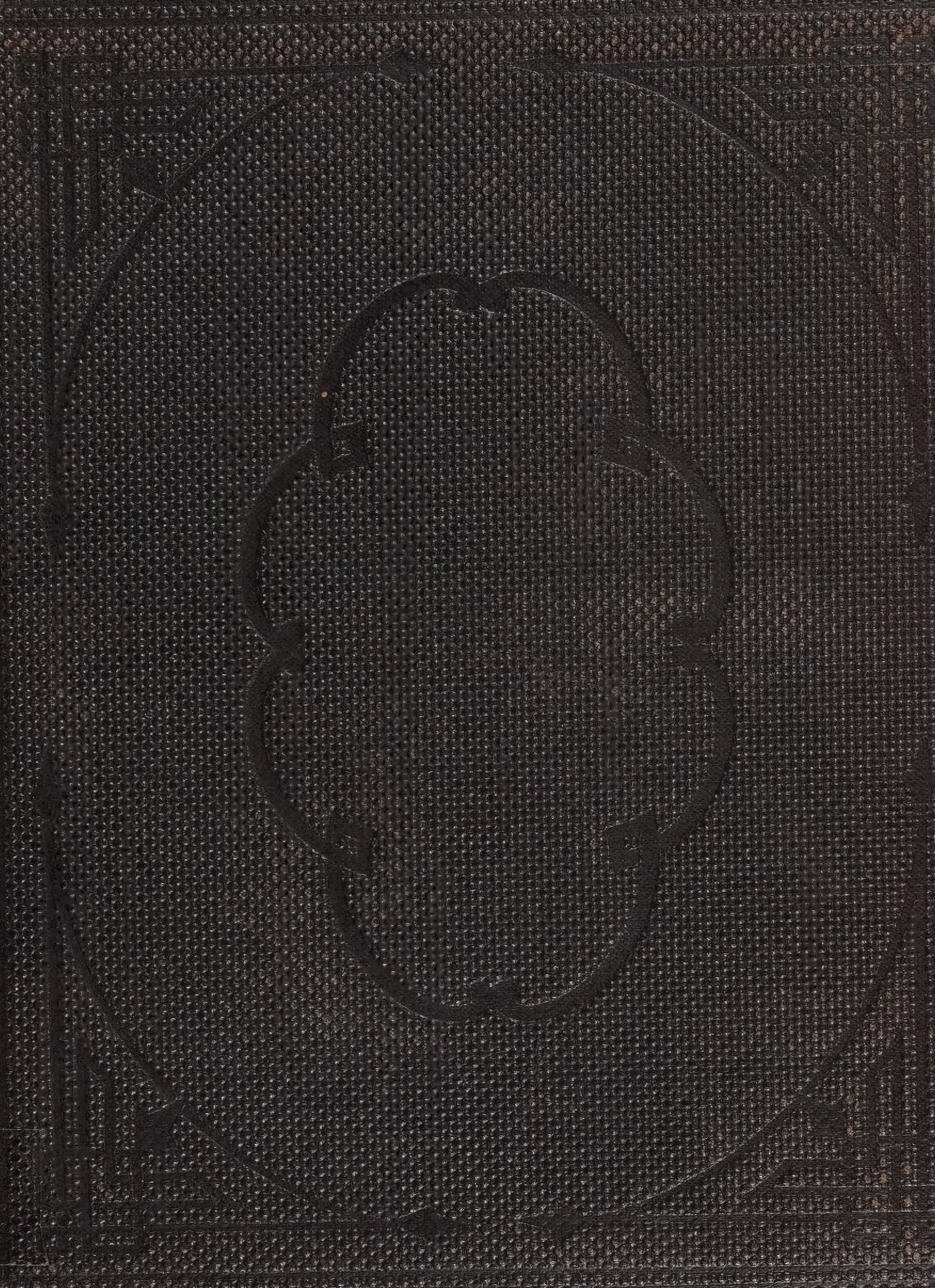


Benevento 272
289
40

Tune-Book.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Graduate Theological Union

https://archive.org/details/tunebookproposed00unse

A

TUNE-BOOK

PROPOSED FOR THE

USE OF CONGREGATIONS

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Property of
CBDP

Compiled by a Committee appointed for the purpose by the House of Bishops.

Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY S. T. GORDON, 706 BROADWAY,
AND
CHURCH BOOK SOCIETY, 762 BROADWAY.
1870.

M
2125
T8
1870

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by

W. A. Muhlenberg, G. T. Bedell, and G. J. Geer,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

JOHN A. GRAY,
Printer and Stereotyper,
16 & 18 Jacob Street, Fire-Proof Buildings.

PREFACE.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS.

Resolved, That a Committee of three persons skilled in sacred music, be appointed to prepare, or to adopt, a Book of Psalm and Hymn tunes, chants, and anthems, adapted to the present authorized metre psalms and hymns, canticles, portions of the Psalter, and other parts of Holy Scripture, with a preface containing suggestions as to the best means of promoting a more simple, devotional, and general uniform singing of the praises of Almighty God in our congregations.

The Book, if ready for publication before the meeting of the next General Convention, to be submitted to the Bishops of this Church; and if approved of by a majority of them, to be published with their sanction.

The undersigned, a Committee appointed in pursuance of the above resolution, entered immediately upon their work, and have bestowed upon it an amount of time, which could they have foreseen, they might have hesitated to accept their commission. Had leisure been at their command, they would have desired no more grateful task, for successive days until it was complete; but as it was, each of their many sessions through more than two years, has been in the midst of engagements of equal or paramount importance. Whatever then be the worth of their labors, they claim the credit at least of not giving to the Church that which has cost them nothing. Furthermore, as they came together with preconceived tastes and views of the matter in hand, some time elapsed before they

arrived at that mutual understanding and concession, which were indispensable to their progress. Happy will they be, if in any measure they are instrumental in promoting among those who shall use their book, the happy concord to which they attained among themselves in its compilation.

The extravagant hope that every body will be satisfied with our work throughout, of course we do not entertain; but that, in the greater part, it will meet all reasonable expectations, our hope is very strong. This is enough for confidence in issuing it as a proposed book. Though faults and defects may be found in it, which are more easily detected than mended and supplied, we yet anticipate the acknowledgment that, on the whole, it is an advance on any work of the kind yet offered to the Church.

Recollecting the various and conflicting tastes by which we shall be judged, we trust, that without attempting the impossibility of pleasing all, we have grievously offended none. Those who prefer the solid old psalmody will find much of that character; another proportion is of a school more modern, but free from the present modern levity; while those who delight in flowing tuneful melodies will admit that they have not been stinted. These different preferences must be indulged, as long as we have psalms and hymns to which they correspond. Strains of solemn praise and adoration have their utterance in the stately chorale, while the devotion of subjective religion wants the "feeling" tune akin to the sentiment expressed. Providing for all the kinds of sacred song which have their place in our worship, we have allowed ourselves a commensurate range in the character of the tunes. Extracts from secular composers, commonly found in publications like the present, we have eschewed. Original contributions have not been wholly rejected. Here and there a tune has been admitted, only because, in some quarters, it is an old favorite; but our staple is that which has been long and deservedly loved in the "assemblies of the saints."

There are many admirable tunes extant which would have been a valuable addition to our collection, but they are not adapted to our metres. This is a loss; an adequate Tune Book for the Church requires an adequate Hymn Book. In those European countries in which congregational singing most prevails, there is no end to their devotional songs, in every variety of metre with appropriate melody.

Great pains have been taken in the assortment of words and music in harmonious connection. The replies to our circular asking for aid in such arrangement presented so little agreement, that, with few exceptions, we were left wholly to our own choice. Most of the adaptations we venture to commend, those particularly which are designated by an asterisk. With the others we did the best in our power with the materials at command. Reviewing this part of our work, we believe it will largely contribute to that permanent association of the same psalms and hymns, with the same tunes, which animates devotion, facilitates singing, and cherishes the feeling of unity among the members of the same body. The songs of Zion thus used affect the soul like old household or national airs.

In selecting the chants we have avoided the extremes both of the "plain song" and the florid, taking the best varieties of the English chant as that which has grown up with our English Psalter, to which the experience of centuries has proved it a suitable accompaniment. In those few of the chants in which the reciting note is too high, and which were admitted because of their merit in other respects, or because they would be generally looked for in our pages, the fault may be partially remedied by transposition to a lower key; but as it is a serious fault, we recommend the use of chants in which it does not occur. Occasionally also a psalm or hymn tune may be found set too high. But this, a sensible organist will know how to regulate, according to the capacity of the congregation.

We hoped to enrich our book with a Te Deum, above the style of a chant, and yet an anthem so simple and accordant with the words as to obtain universal acceptance, desiring that in the grandest of our prose canticles we might every where sing with the same voice as, in our metre psalmody, we do in Old Hundred. After adopting the likeliest means to secure the object, we have been disappointed; but as the results of our effort were too good to be lost, they have been committed to another publication.

The Canticles from the Psalms and other places of Holy Scripture, part of them making a series for the ecclesiastical seasons, we present as a new and we hope an acceptable portion of our work. These may serve as easy congregational anthems, and supply a want much felt in "Third services" on Sundays, and on many other occasions.

Our best thanks are due to those who have favored us with new or unpublished compositions, and to those who in other ways have afforded us valuable aid and advice; and we take this method of offering them our grateful acknowledgments.

An objection is anticipated to the size of the book; but it could not have been smaller consistently with type, either in the music or words, legible by all. The tunes always in condensed score, like that in which for special reasons they appear on some of the pages, would indeed have saved room, but the parts on separate staves are preferred by singers.

With these explanations we respecfully submit what we have done, to our Right Reverend Fathers in compliance with their order, and to the Church at large, with the humble prayer that the good Lord will bless it to the glorifying His Name in the praises of the sanctuary.

W. A. Muhlenberg,
G. T. Bedell,
G. J. Geer,
} *Committee.*

New-York, Nov, 1858.

SUGGESTIONS.

The subjoined hints, on one of the means of introducing congregational singing in a church hitherto unused to it, are with all deference submitted, chiefly to our brethren of the clergy, trusting that they will not be the less kindly received because of the familiar mode of their expression.

Before making any change in the music of your church, invite the congregation to meetings, for the purpose of practice in singing and chanting. Let these be as frequent as once a week. If not competent to conduct them yourself, secure a good leader, whose services, in any case, will be more or less required. He should be a devout man, with a correct ear, and decided voice—tenor or baritone—and have some facility in speaking to a congregation. He must heartily second your endeavors, and should feel bound, as all concerned should, to succeed. If you are thought to be making an experiment, many will hold off until they see what comes of it, who otherwise would join you at once. Determination is the first step in this, as in all reformations.

Consult with your organist, not doubting he will give you the valuable aid in his power. The people, however, should be accustomed to sing more or less without the instrument; at the practisings, the leader will thus have them more under his control, and they will acquire more self-reliance.

Invite the coöperation of your choir. Desire their attendance at the meetings. Let them be leaders if they will, singing, however, what you wish, and as you wish, and with the spirit as well as the voice of harmony. They should be stationed, whenever it is practicable, at the head of the church, where they can be easily directed, and by facing the congregation, can be more effective leaders. An occasional anthem, performed by them alone, would diversify the exercises, and make them more attractive, while it would serve to keep up the interest of the choir.

Let the pastor always attend, whether he can take part in the singing or not.

His presence will give encouragement, will prevent indecorum, and keep the meetings from degenerating into mere singing-schools, for which the young people in some parts of the country will be likely to mistake them. They should be opened with a few suitable words and prayer, giving seriousness to the occasion, and should be concluded in like manner, or with a Hymn, sung as an act of devotion.

In the beginning, select a few tunes of the several metres, such as the people already know, or can most easily learn, and for a while confine your practisings to these. In doing this, you will be obliged to use the same tunes for different Psalms or Hymns. When you have acquired a considerable stock of tunes, you can then avail yourself of the adaptations in this book.

In learning new tunes, have a set of practising words of the several metres, consisting as much as possible of flowing, vowel sounds; also let them be some of the less devotional verses of the Psalms, in order to avoid irreverence in the frequent repetition of them, when the thoughts are wholly on the music. To use the *Gloria Patri* in this way, and merely because the words are familiar, borders on profanity. After a tune is learned, then sing it to the Psalm, or Hymn, to be used on the following Sunday.

Beg your organist, in giving out the tune, to let the air be distinctly heard, and to play it in the same time in which it is to be sung; also, to make his interludes short—a chord or two merely for relief. A silent pause is better than those impertinences between the verses, which interrupt the flow of devotion, and serve only to show off the skill of the performer, whose true skill should be in sustaining and inspiriting the congregation. The less the organ is noticed, and the more it is felt, the better. If it must exhibit itself, the voluntary is the place, and neither there may it forget that it is in the House of God.

Recommend singing in home worship. If all devout people would practise this in their families, they would need little persuasion to lift up their voice in the congregation.

Be not discouraged at moderate success. Persevere. *Nil bonum sine labore* is as true of this as of any other good. Bid the people try and try again. Only let them, the choir or leader, and the organist, be of one heart and mind, and they will soon be of one voice, and that with an effect which they will never consent to exchange for their former music from the organ-loft alone.

The choir, as far as possible, should consist of volunteers. Encourage the singers in your congregation to join it, that it may be more than a mere quartette. Better still, *form a Choral society in your church.* This will do more than any thing else to accomplish your object. It will realize the importance due to the service of song, and, if consisting of the right sort of persons, under proper regulations will enable you to carry out the injunction of the church, "to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary." *

---

* There are advantages in boy choristers in the treble and alto parts, for leading a congregation. Their voices tell with a clear ringing sound, much better for prominence in church than the voluptuous tone which we care only to listen to, and fear to spoil. Boy singers, too, can be had in larger numbers, and if any are not to your mind, they can be corrected or silenced without that offense which, in the case of a lady chorister, might be the occasion of a feud in the congregation. They do not require to be screened by curtains, (which indeed should not be allowed to any,) but may be stationed near the ministers as young assistants in celebrating divine service. But to make boys serviceable in this way, they must of course be properly trained. They must have stated lessons during the week, under a leader or master who will be concerned for their moral and religious as well as their musical education, and who will always be with them in church. For this a school is desirable, but as experience has proved, it may be effected by means of classes, meeting two or three hours a week. The clergyman, however, must take the lead, seeking his choristers not only among the poor, but among the members of his congregation generally, explaining to parents for what an honorable office he wants their sons. He must gain their attachment by his affectionate interest in them, inviting them to his house, etc., making them feel that they enjoy a special share of his pastoral regards. Treated in this way, they make the best, certainly the most manageable choirs. But let none employ them who regard them with no greater favor than is generally accorded to the race of boys. The principal difficulty is the breaking of their voices at an age when they are most useful, which must be provided against by always having younger ones coming on. The former treble voices, (after two or more years of rest, during which they should never be forced,) reappear in a lower pitch of the scale, tenor or base. As an offset to any trouble with such choristers, there is the consideration, besides the immediate service they render, of the probable good effects upon themselves. They are under influences attaching them to the Church and its worship, and favorable to their growing up Christian youths and men qualified, wherever they are, to exercise the vocation of their early days.

The subscriber having been associated with the Committee to aid them in their selections, and in examining, revising, and harmonizing the music, desires to say in regard to the results of his labors, that it has been his desire to render the harmonies simple without being common-place, and that he has always endeavored to bear in mind the peculiar character of each tune. The harmony peculiar to plain song would not be appropriate to the German choral, or to English psalmody; but as far as practicable the harmonies are based on the English school.

Care has been taken to give each part as much melody as was consistent with simplicity. For the old standard tunes the best authorities have been consulted. Some of the modern popular tunes, and also some original ones contributed to this work have, at the request of the Committee, been left untouched. For these no responsibility is here assumed.

The treble cleff has been used for the tenor and alto voices in accordance with general custom.

In the condensed score the accompanyist not having pedals at his command, will find it necessary to transpose some of the notes of the tenor into the right hand. This of course should never be done when the four parts can be played in their proper places.

To the Rev. William Staunton, D.D., to Mr. William H. Walter, and to Mr. J. Howard, Jr., the undersigned tenders his grateful acknowledgments for contributions and assistance in his department of the work.

November 22d, 1858. JAMES A. JOHNSON.

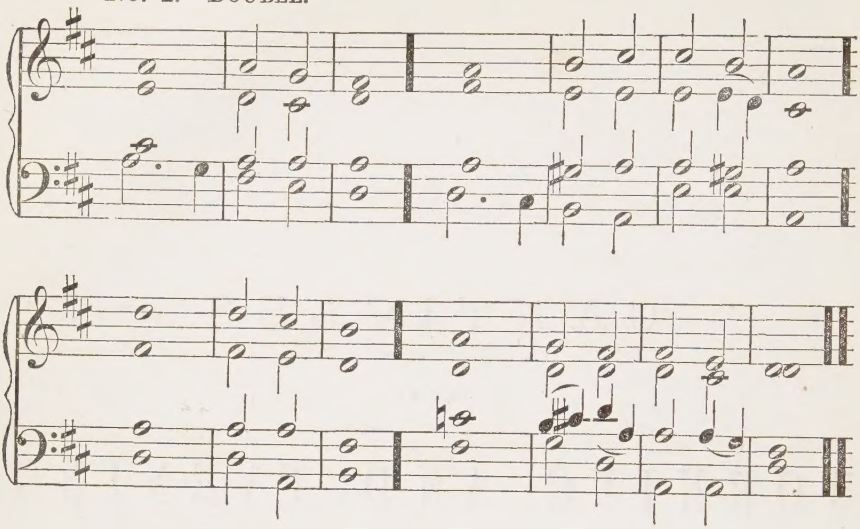
CANTICLES

FOR

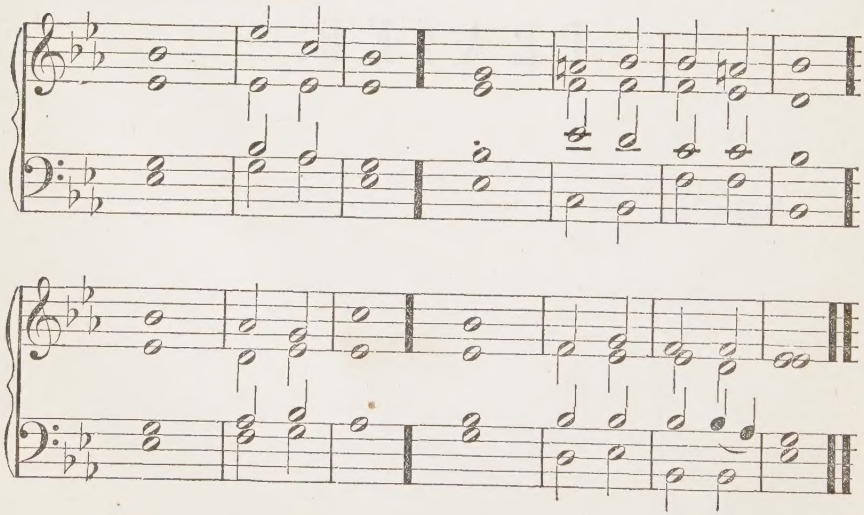
MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

CHANTS.

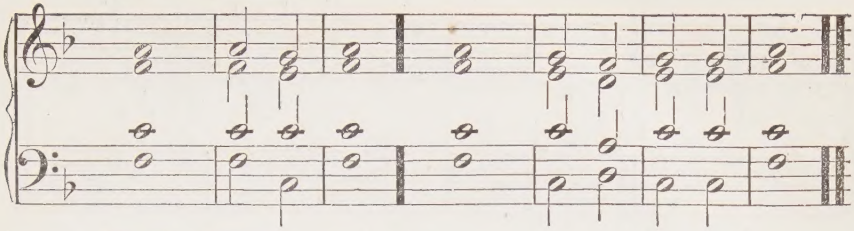
No. 1.—Double.



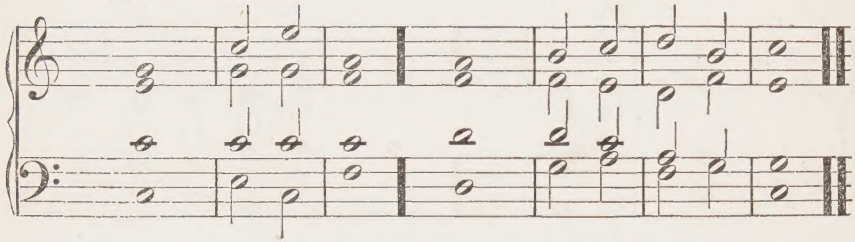
No. 2.—Double.



No. 3.—Single.



No. 4.—Single.



VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

O COME, let us sing un | to the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

Let us come before his presence | with thanks | giving; || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great — | God; || and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

The sea is his, | and he | made it; || and his hands pre | pared the | dry — | land.

O come, let us worship | and fall | down, || and kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

For he is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep of his | hand.

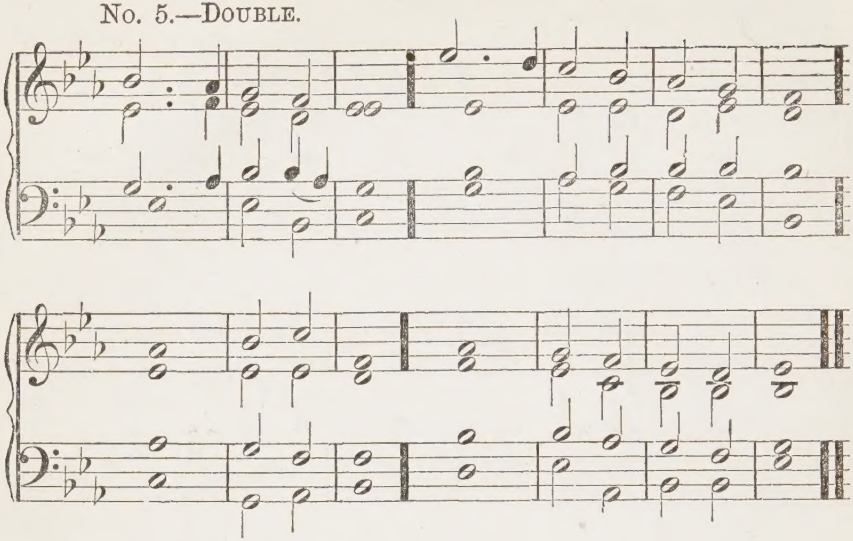
O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

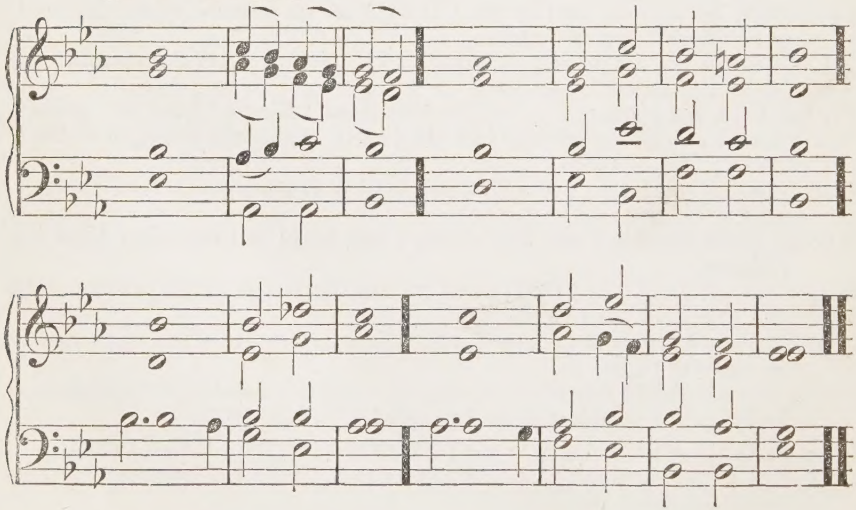
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. — | A— | men.

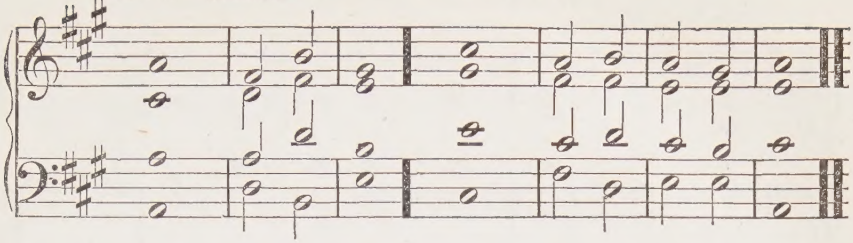
No. 5.—Double.



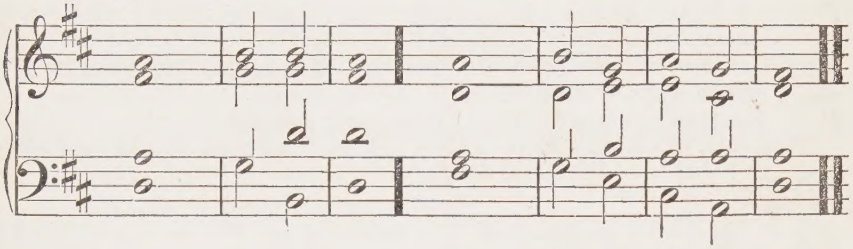
No. 6.—Double.



No. 7.—Single.



No. 8.—Single.



VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

O COME, let us sing un | to the | Lord; || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

Let us come before his presence | with thanks | giving; || and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great — | God; || and a great | King a | bove all | gods.

In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || and the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.

The sea is his, | and he | made it; || and his hands pre | pared the | dry — | land.

O come, let us worship | and fall | down, || and kneel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

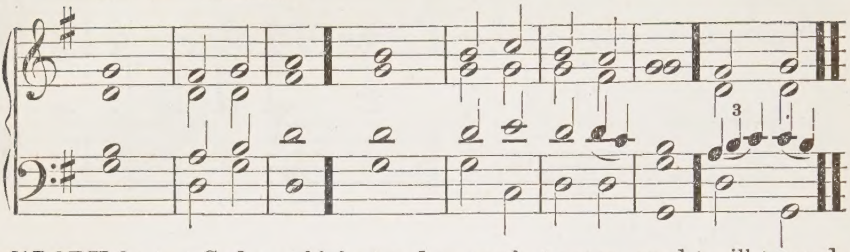
For he is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his pasture, | and the | sheep of his | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

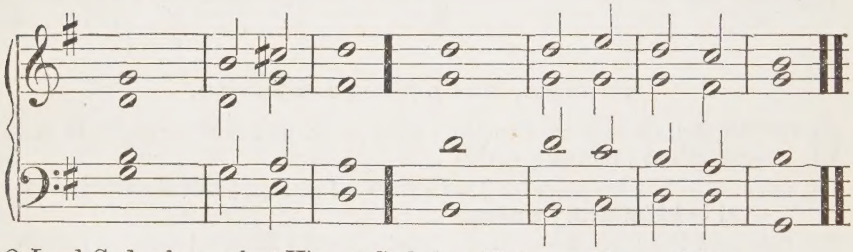
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

No. 9.—Triple.

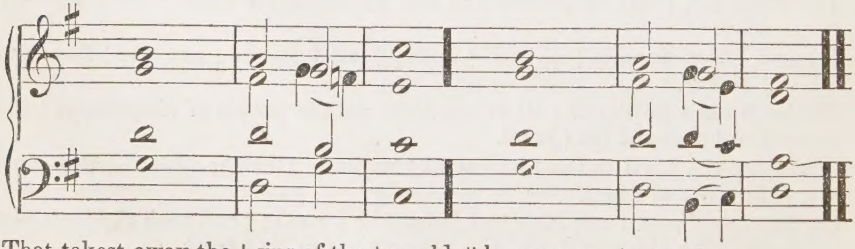


GLORY be to | God on | high; || and on earth, | peace, good | will towards | men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.

D. C. For thou | only art | Holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. || Amen.



O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al— | mighty.
O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.



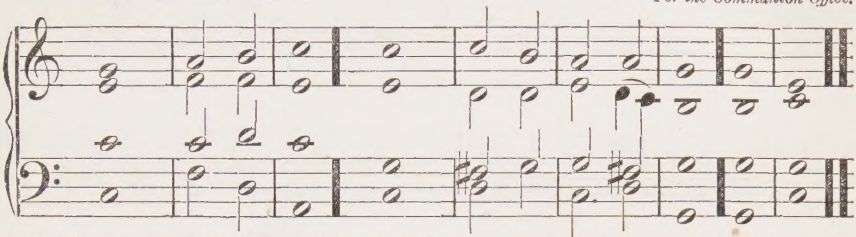
That takest away the | sins of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world, || re | ceive our | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

D. C. For thou only, &c.

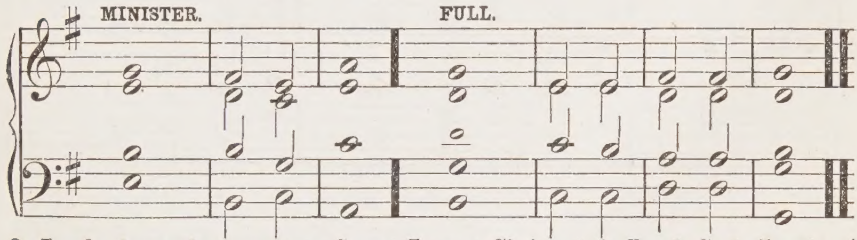
No. 10.—Double.

For the Communion Office.



GLORY be to | God on | high; || and on earth, | peace, good | will towards | men.
We praise thee, we bless thee, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory.
O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al— | mighty.

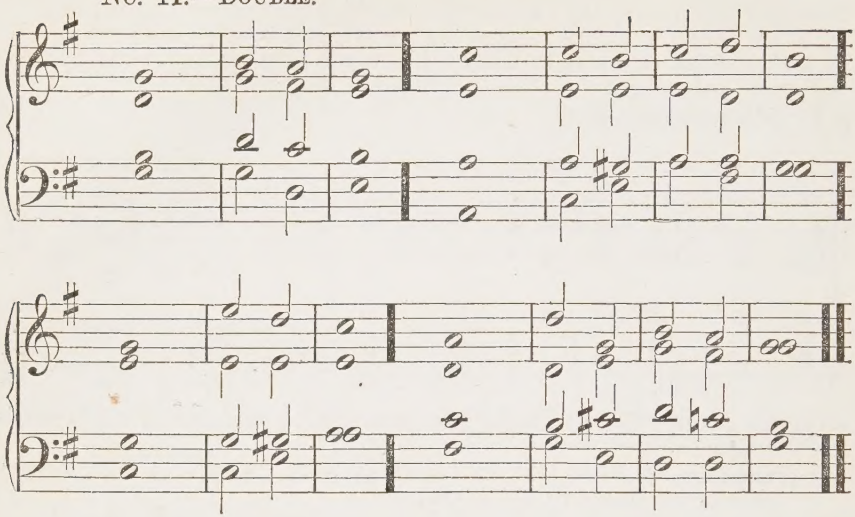
D. C. For thou | only art | Holy, || thou | only | art the | Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. || Amen.



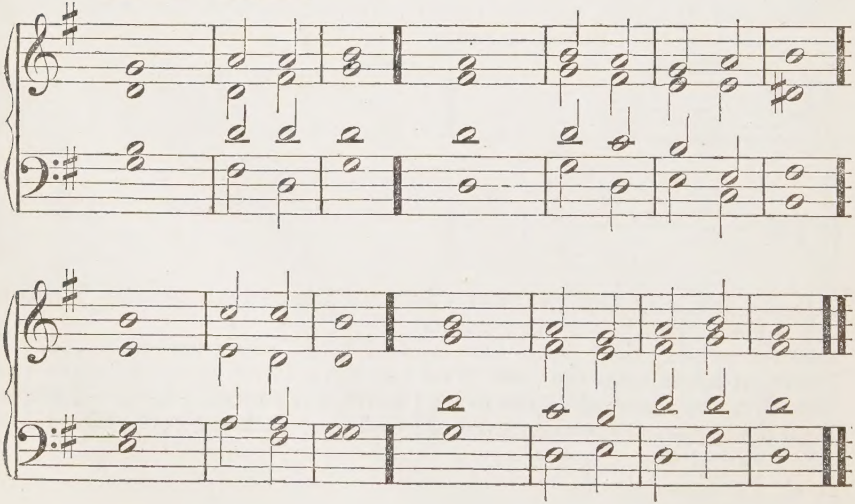
O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son — | of the | Father.
That takest away the | sins of the | world, || have | mercy up | on — | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world, || have | mercy up | on — | us.
Thou that takest away the | sins of the | world, || re | ceive — | our — | prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have | mercy up | on — | us.

D. C. For thou only, &c.

No. 11.—Double.



No. 12.—Double.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise | thee, O | God; || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord. All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever | lasting.

To thee all Angels | cry a | loud; || the Heavens, and | all the | Powers there | in.

To thee Cherubim, and | Seraph | im || con | tinual | ly do | cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord | God of | Sabaoth; || Heaven and earth are full of the | majesty | of thy | glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles | praise — | thee. || The goodly fellowship of the | Prophets | praise — | thee.

The noble army of Martyrs | praise — | thee. || The holy Church throughout all the world | doth ac | knowledge | thee;

The | Fa — | ther || of an | infinite | majes | ty;

Thine adorable, true, and | only | Son; || Also the | Holy | Ghost, the | Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory, | O — | Christ; || Thou art the everlasting | Son — | of the | Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to de | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be | born — | of a | virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to | all be | lievers.

Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to | be our | Judge. || We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.

Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory | ever | lasting.

O Lord, | save thy | people, | and | bless — | thine — | heritage.

Gov | — ern | them, || and | lift them | up for | ever.

Day by day we | magnify | thee; || And we worship thy name ever, | world with | out — | end.

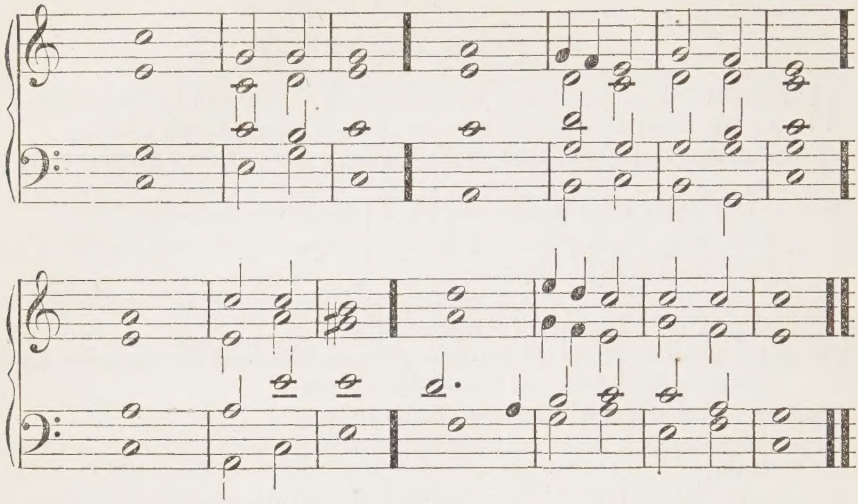
Vouch | safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with | out — | sin.

O Lord, have | mercy up | on us, || have | mer— | cy up | on us.

O Lord, let thy mercy | be up | on us, || as our | trust is | in — | thee.

O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con | founded.

No. 13.—Double.



BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA DOMINI.

O ALL ye Works of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Heavens, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O all ye Powers of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Sun and Moon, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Stars of heaven, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

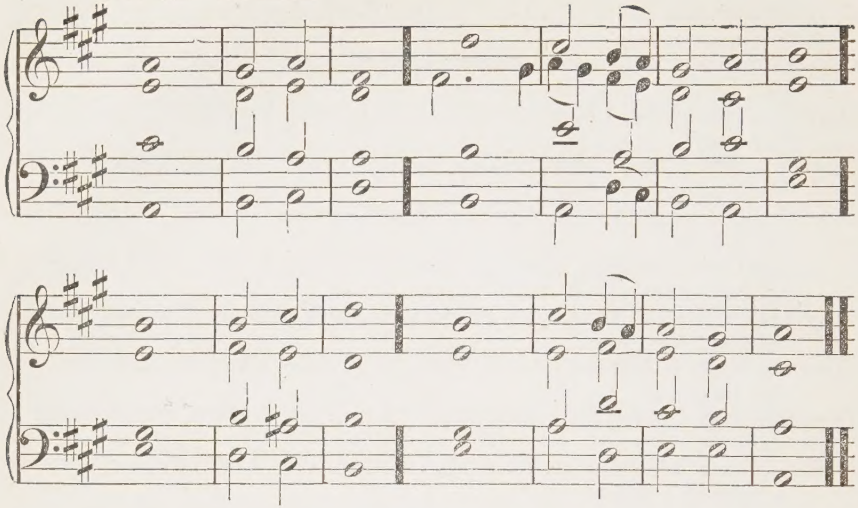
O ye Showers and Dew, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Winds of God, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

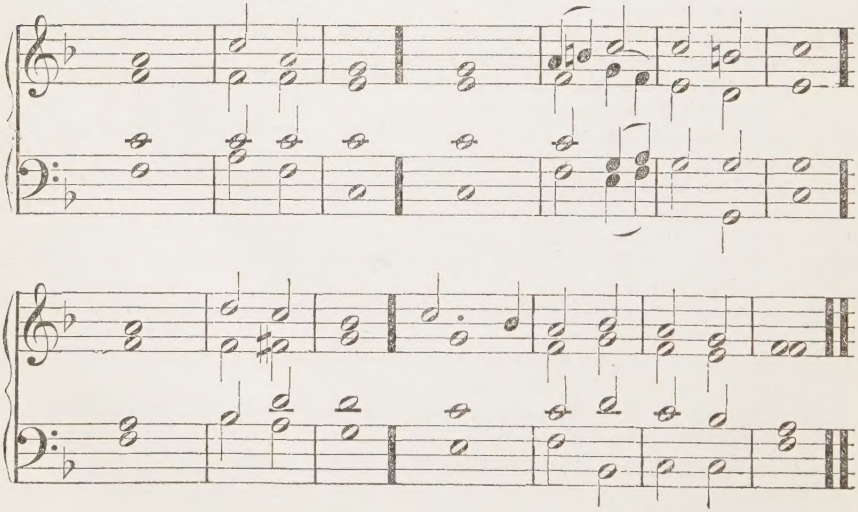
O ye Fire and Heat, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.

O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Dews and Frosts, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Frost and Cold, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Ice and Snow, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Nights and Days, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Light and Darkness, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Lightnings and Clouds, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O let the Earth | bless the | Lord; || yea, let it praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Mountains and Hills, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O all ye Green Things upon the earth, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Wells, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Seas and Floods, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Whales, and all that move in the waters, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O all ye Fowls of the Air, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O all ye Beasts and Cattle, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Children of Men, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O let Israel | bless the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Priests of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
O ye holy and humble Men of heart, | bless ye the | Lord; || praise him, and | magnify | him for | ever.
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. — | A— | men.

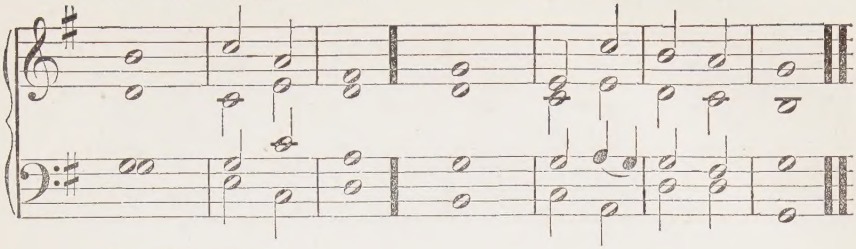
No. 14.—Double.



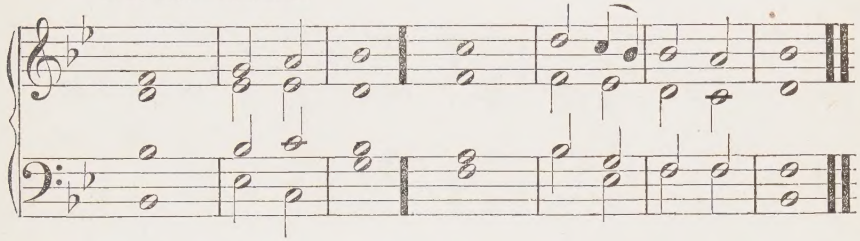
No. 15.—Double.



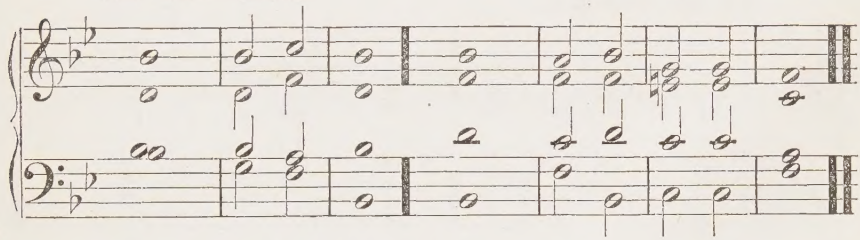
No. 16.—Single.



No. 17.—Single.



No. 18.—Single.



JUBILATE DEO.—Psalm 100.

O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands; || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.

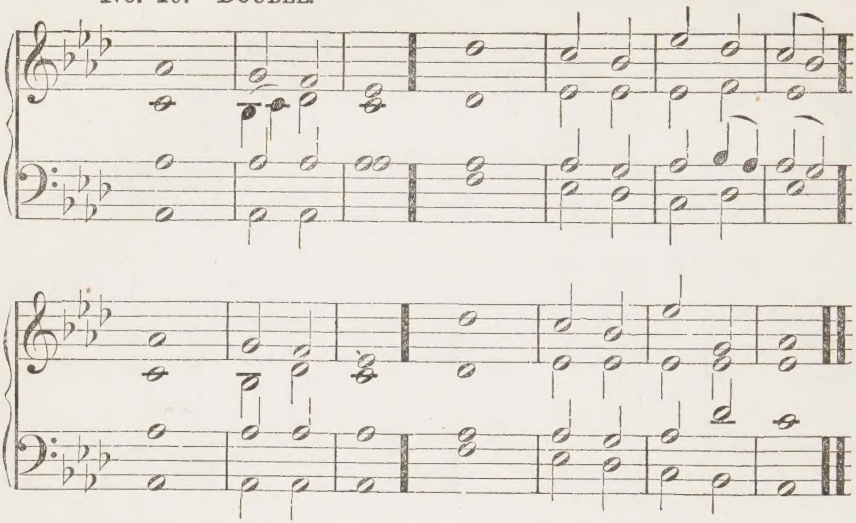
Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God; || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, | and the | sheep of his | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise; || be thankful unto him, and speak | good — | of his | Name.

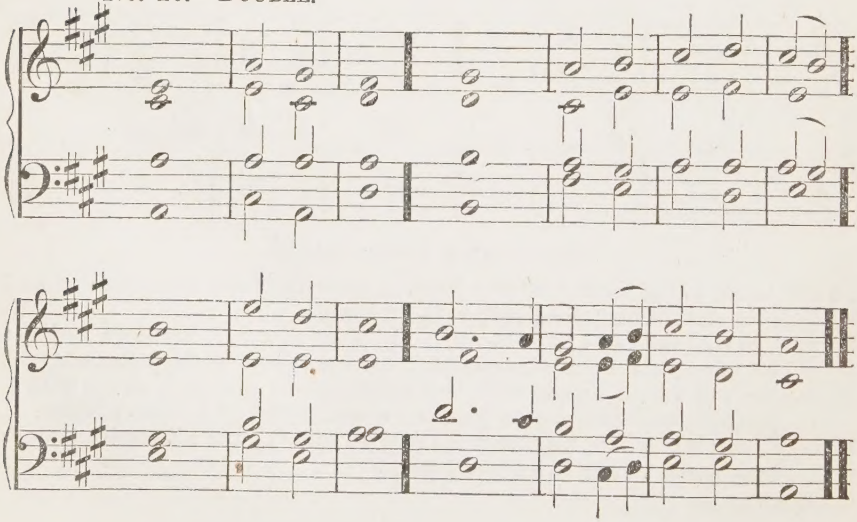
For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever | lasting; || and his truth endureth from gener | ation to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Father, &c.

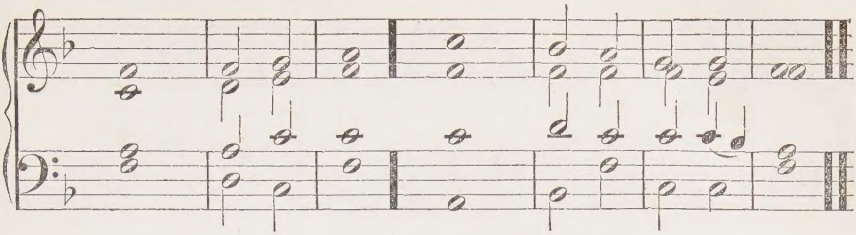
No. 19.—Double.



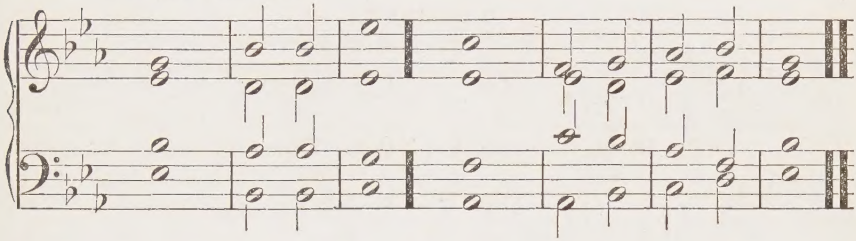
No. 20.—Double.



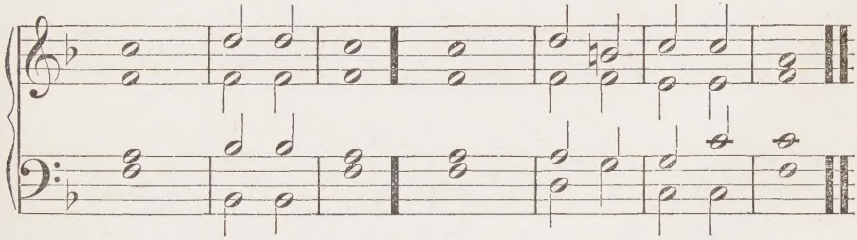
No. 21.—Single.



No. 22.—Single.



No. 23. Single.



BENEDICTUS.—St. Luke, 1: 68.

BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel; || for he hath visited | and re | deemed his | people;

And hath raised up a mighty sal | vation | for us, || in the house | of his | servant | David;

As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | Prophets, || which have been | since the | world be | gan;

That we should be saved | from our | enemies, || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us.

GLORIAS.

No. 1.

Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.

No. 2.

Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord.

For other Glorias, see page 34.

SANCTUS.

After "Therefore with Angels and Archangels."

Tenor.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord Most High. A - men.

p *f*

p *f*

TRISAGION.

MINISTER.

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven
we laud and magnify thy glorious Name, evermore praising thee, and... say-ing:

FULL.
Tenor.

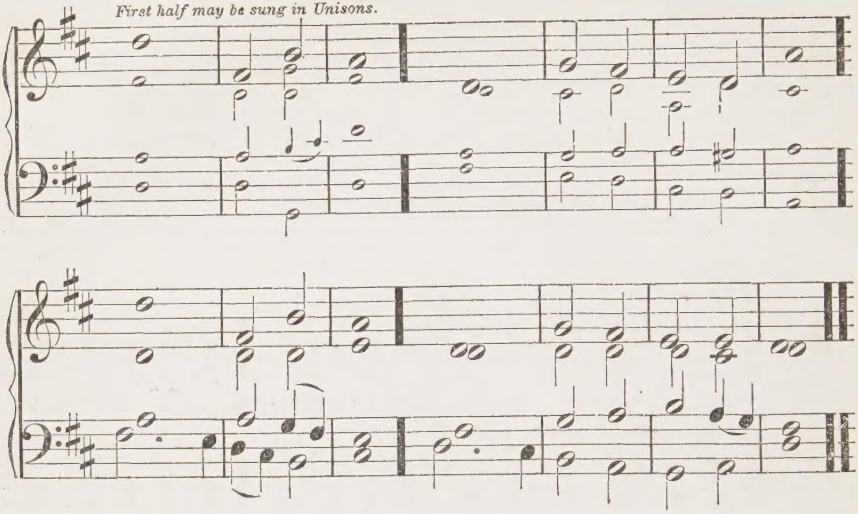
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts; Heaven and earth are full

Rall.

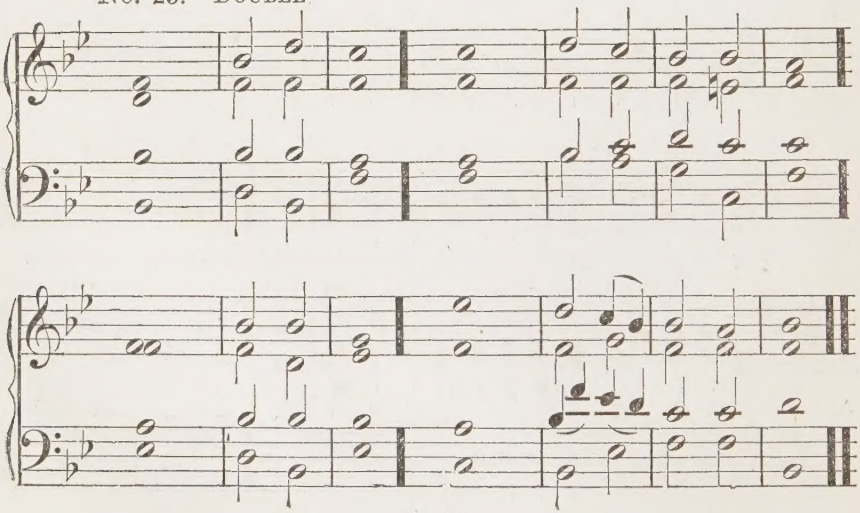
of thy glo - ry: Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord Most High. A - men, A - men.

No. 24.—Double.

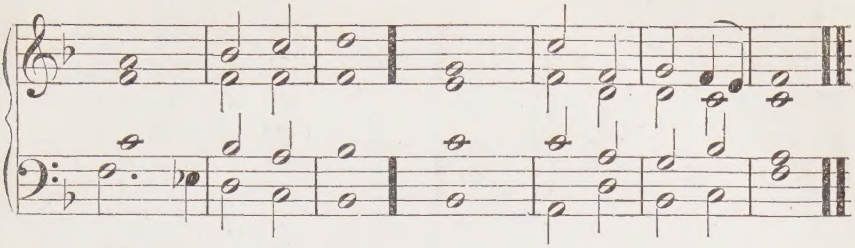
First half may be sung in Unisons.



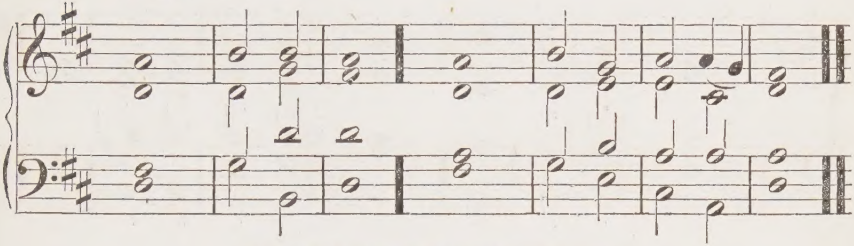
No. 25.—Double



No. 26.—Single.



No. 27.—Single.



CANTATE DOMINO.—Psalm 98.

O SING unto the Lord a | new — | song; || for he hath | done — | marvellous | things.

With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm, || hath he | gotten him | self the | victory.

The Lord declared | his sal | vation; || his righteousness hath he openly showed in the | sight — | of the | heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel; || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal | vation | of our | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands; || sing, re | joice,— | and give | thanks.

Praise the Lord up | on the | harp; || sing to the harp with a | psalm — | of thanks | giving.

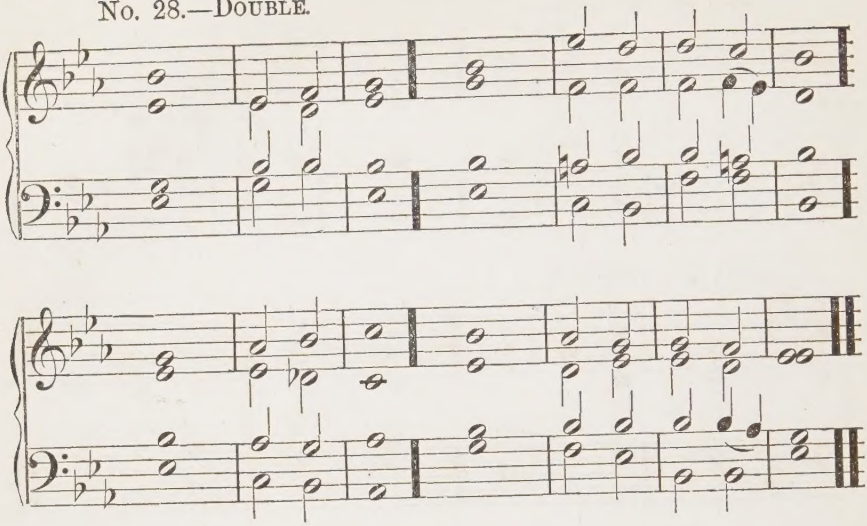
With trumpets | also, and | shawms, || O show yourselves joyful be | fore the | Lord, the | King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is; || the round world, and | they that | dwell there | in.

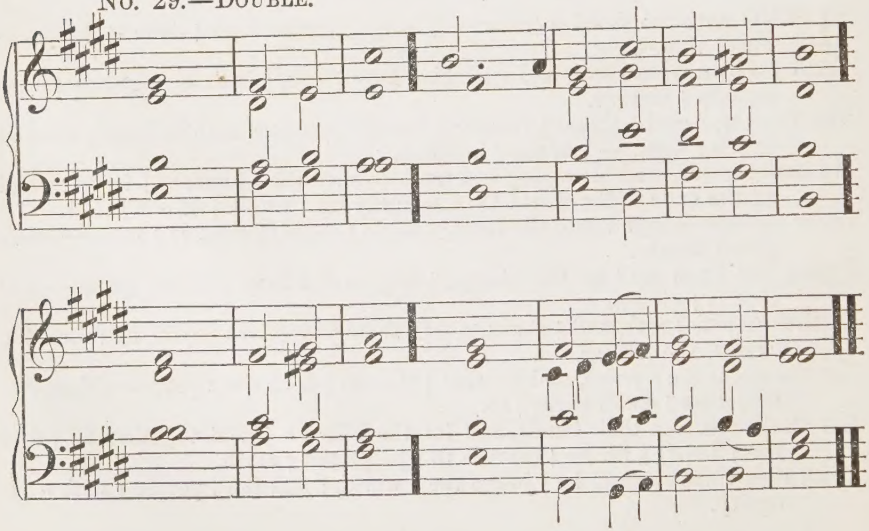
Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be | fore the | Lord; || for he | cometh to | judge the | earth.

With righteousness shall he | judge the | world, || and the | people | with — | equity.

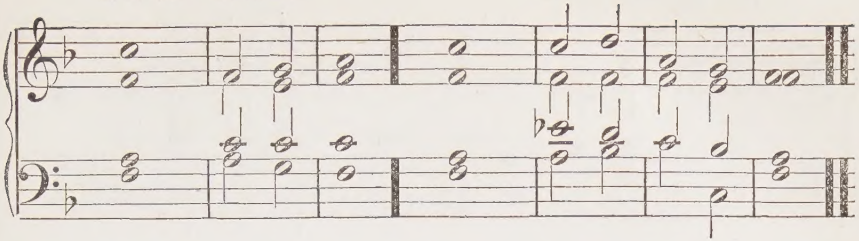
No. 28.—Double.



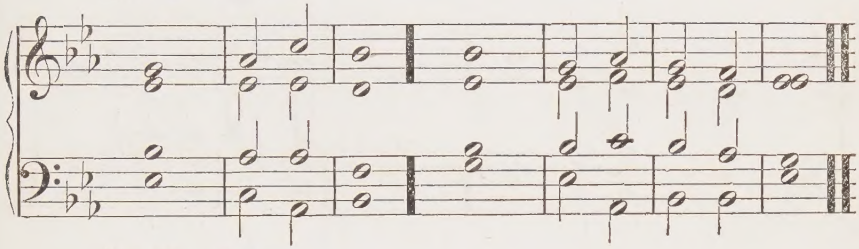
No. 29.—Double.



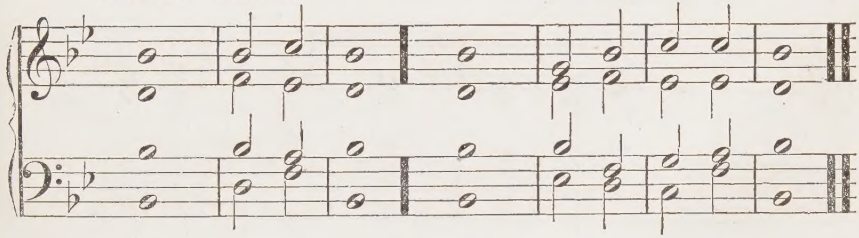
No. 30. SINGLE.



No. 31. SINGLE.



No. 32. SINGLE.

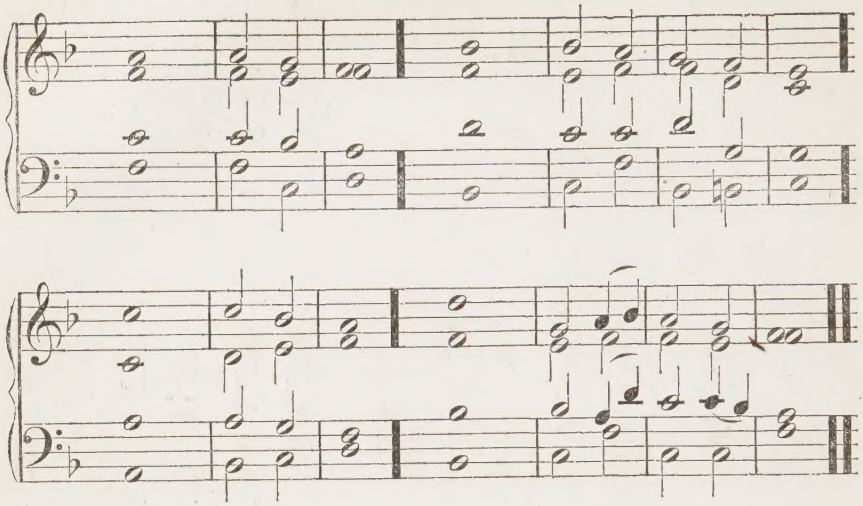


BONUM EST CONFITERI.

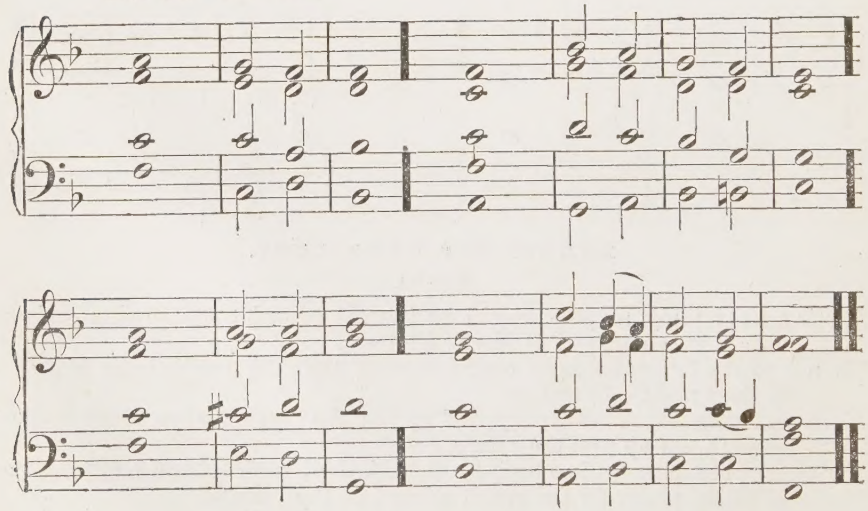
Psalm 92.

IT is a good thing to give thanks un | to the | Lord, || and to sing praises unto thy | name, — | O Most | Highest;
To tell of thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning, || and of thy truth | in the | night — | season;
Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up | on the | lute; || upon a loud instrument, | and up | on the | harp.
For thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through thy | works; || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the oper | ations | of thy | hands.

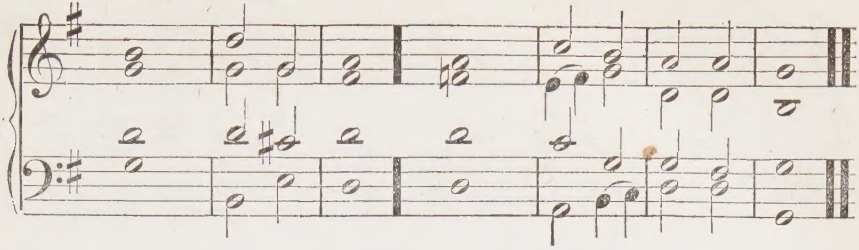
No. 33.—Double.



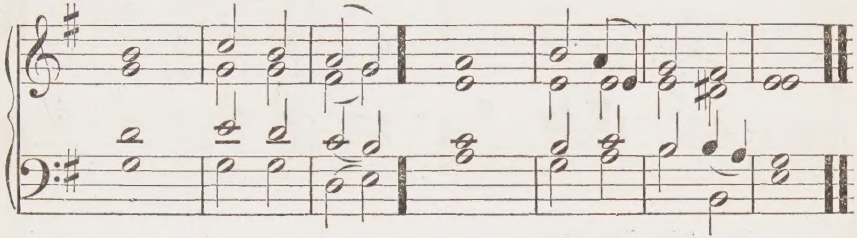
No. 34.—Double.



No. 35. SINGLE.



No. 36.—SINGLE.



DEUS MISEREATUR.

Psalm 67.

GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merciful | unto | us;

That thy way may be | known upon | earth, || thy saving | health a | mong all | nations.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

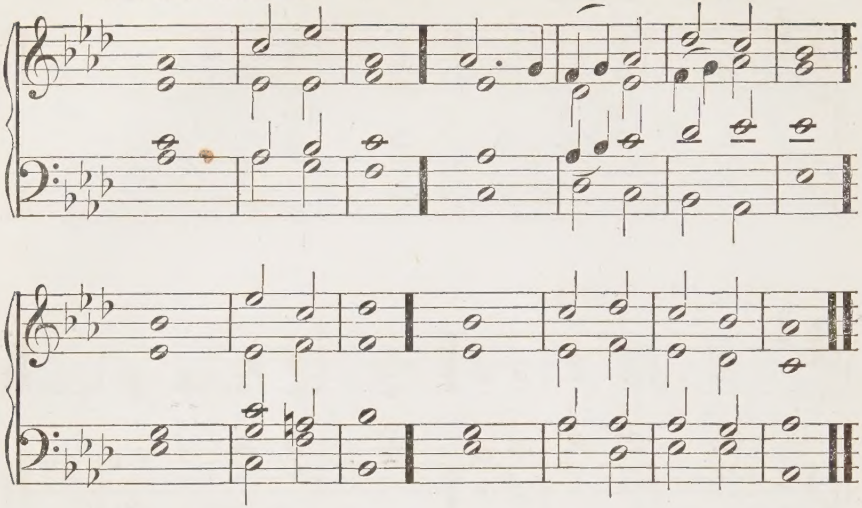
O let the nations re | joice, and be | glad; || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations | upon | earth.

Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

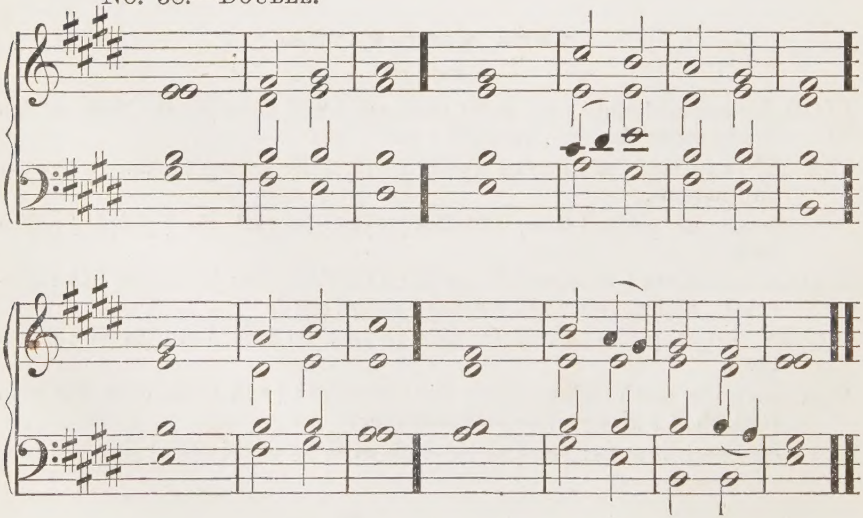
Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || and God, even our own God, shall | give — | us his | blessing.

God | shall — | bless us; || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | him.

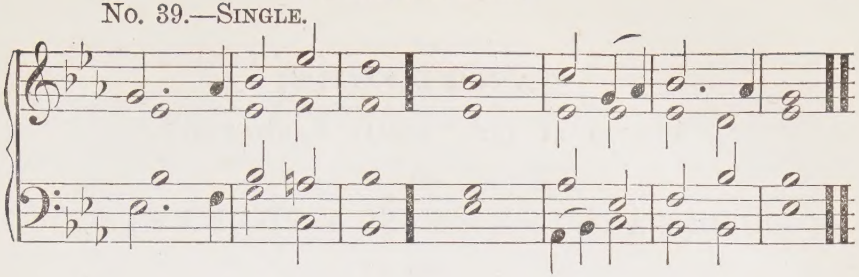
No. 37.—Double.



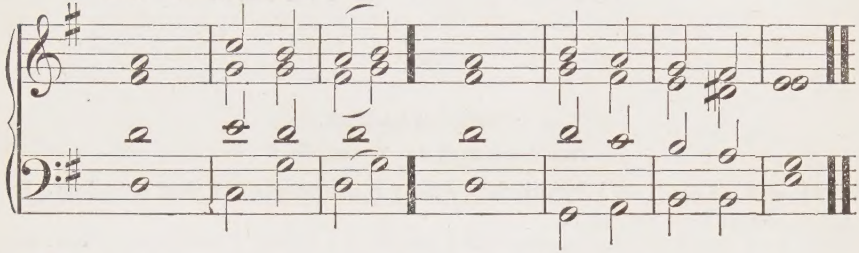
No. 38.—Double.



No. 39.—Single.



No. 40.—Single.



BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

Psalm 103.

PRAISE the Lord, | O my | soul; || and all that is within me, | praise his | holy | name.

Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for | get not | all his | benefits;

Who forgiveth | all thy | sin, || and healeth | all — | thine in | firmities;

Who saveth thy life | from de | struction, || and crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving | kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye Angels of his, ye that ex | cel in | strength; || ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the | voice — | of his | word.

O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of | his do | minion: || praise thou the | Lord, — | O my | soul.

CANTICLES,

Instead of the "Venite Exultemus,"

FOR

CERTAIN FEASTS AND FASTS,

AND

OCCASIONAL SERVICES.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

From Psalms 45, 89, 110. To Chant No. 1.

THY seat, O God, en | dureth for | ever; ‖ the sceptre of thy kingdom | is a | right — | sceptre.

Thou hast loved righteousness, and | hated in | iquity, ‖ wherefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of | gladness a | bove thy | fellows.

My song shall be always of the loving-kindness | of the | Lord; ‖ with my mouth will I ever be showing thy truth from one gener | ation | to an | other.

For I have said, Mercy shall be set | up for | ever; ‖ thy truth shalt thou | stablish | in the | heavens.

The Lord is | our de | fence; ‖ the Holy One of | Israel | is our | King.

Thou spakest sometime in visions unto thy | saints, and | saidst, ‖ I have laid help upon One that is mighty, I have exalted One | chosen out | of the | people.

I will set his dominion | in the | sea, ‖ and his | right hand | in the | floods.

And I will make | him my | First-born ‖ higher than the | kings — | of the | earth.

The Lord said un | to my | Lord, ‖ Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine | enemies | thy — | footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of thy power | out of | Sion: ‖ be thou ruler, even in the | midst a | mong thine | enemies.

In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will offerings with an | holy | worship: ‖ the dew of thy birth is | of the womb | of the | morning.

The Lord sware, and will | not re | pent, ‖ Thou art a Priest for ever, after the | order | of Mel | chizedech.

ASH-WEDNESDAY.

From Psalms 32, 38, 130. To Chant No. 36.

BLESSED is he whose unrighteousness | is for | given, ‖ and | whose — | sin is | covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord im | puteth no | sin, ‖ and in whose | spirit there | is no | guile.
Put me not to rebuke, O Lord, | in thine | anger; ‖ neither chasten me | in thy | heavy dis | pleasure:
For thine arrows stick | fast in | me, ‖ and thy | hand — | presseth me | sore.
My wickednesses are gone | over my | head, ‖ and are like a sore burden, too | heavy for | me to | bear.
I will con | fess my | wickedness, ‖ and be | sorry | for my | sin.
Haste | thee to | help me, ‖ O Lord | God of | my sal | vation.
Out of the deep have I called unto | thee, O | Lord: ‖ Lord, | hear — | my — | voice.
Let thine ears | be at | tentive ‖ to the voice | of my | suppli | cations.
If thou, Lord, shouldest be extreme to mark what is | done a | miss, ‖ O | Lord — | who shall | stand?
But there is for | giveness with | thee, ‖ that | thou — | mayest be | feared.

GOOD FRIDAY.

From Psalms 22, 69, 40. To Chant No. 41.

MY God! my God! look upon me; why hast thou for | saken | me, ‖ and art so far from my health, and from the | words of | my com | plaint?
But | thou art | holy, ‖ O thou that inhabitest the | praises of | Isra | el.
I am a worm, and | no — | man; ‖ a reproach of men, and des | pised | of the | people.
All they that see me | laugh me to | scorn; ‖ they shoot out the lip, they | shake the | head, — | saying,
He trusted in God, that he | would de | liver him: ‖ let him deliver him, | if — | he will | have him.
The counsel of the wicked layeth | siege a | gainst me; ‖ they pierced my | hands — | and my | feet.
They part my | garments a | mong them, ‖ and cast | lots up | on my | vesture.
But be not thou far from me, | O — | Lord: ‖ O my strength, | haste — | thee to | help me.
Thy rebuke hath broken my heart; I am | full of | heaviness: ‖ I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I | any to | comfort | me.

They gave me | gall to | eat; ‖ and when I was thirsty they gave me | vinegar | to — | drink.
Sacrifice and meat-offering thou | wouldest | not; ‖ but mine | ears — | hast thou | opened.
Burnt-offerings and sacrifice for sin hast thou | not re | quired: ‖ then said I, | Lo, — | I — | come;
In the volume of the book it is written of me, that I should fulfil thy will, | O my | God: ‖ I am content to do it; yea, thy Law | is with | in my | heart.

EASTER DAY.

To Chant No. 3.

CHRIST our Passover is | sacrificed | for us; ‖ therefore | let us | keep the | feast:
Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice and | wickedness, ‖ but with the unleavened bread of sin | ceri | ty and | truth.

CHRIST being raised from the dead, | dieth no | more; ‖ death hath no more do | minion | over | him.
For in that he died, he died unto | sin — | once; ‖ but in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto | God.
Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin, ‖ but alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

CHRIST is risen | from the | dead, ‖ and become the first | fruits of | them that | slept.
For since by | man came | death, ‖ by man came also the resur | rection | of the | dead.
For as in Adam | all — | die, ‖ even so in Christ shall | all be | made a | live.
Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, ‖ and— | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, ‖ world without | end. — | A — | men.

ASCENSION DAY.

From Psalms 24, 47. To Chant No. 25.

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever | lasting | doors; ‖ and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
Who is the | King of | glory? ‖ The Lord strong and mighty; even the | Lord — | mighty in | battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever | lasting | doors; ‖ and the King of | glory | shall come | in.

Who is the | King of | glory ? ‖ Even the Lord of hosts, | he is the | King of | glory.

O clap your hands together, | all ye | people ; ‖ shout unto God | with the | voice of | triumph.

For the Lord most | high is | terrible : ‖ he is a great King | over | all the | earth.

God is gone up | with a | shout ; ‖ the Lord | with the | sound of a | trumpet.

Sing praises to God, | sing — | praises ; ‖ sing praises unto our | King, — | sing — | praises.

God reigneth | over the | heathen : ‖ God sitteth upon the | throne — | of his | holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the | God of | Abraham ; ‖ for the shields of the earth belong unto God : | he is | greatly ex | alted.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

From Psalms 2, 68. To Chant No. 15.

I WILL declare the decree : the Lord hath said | unto | me, ‖ Thou art my Son, this day have | I be | gotten | thee.

Desire of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for | thine in | heritance, ‖ and the utmost parts of the | earth for | thy pos | session.

Be wise now, therefore, | O ye | kings : ‖ be instructed, ye | judges | of the | earth.

Serve the | Lord with | fear ; ‖ and re | joice — | with — | trembling.

Sing unto God, sing praises | to his | Name : ‖ extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, | and re | joice be | fore him.

Thou, O God, sentest a gracious rain upon | thine in | heritance ; ‖ and refreshedst it | when — | it was | weary.

The Lord | gave the | word ; ‖ great was the company | of — | those that | published it.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings | of a | dove ‖ covered with silver, and her | feathers with | yellow | gold.

Thou hast ascended on high ; thou hast led captivity captive ; thou hast received | gifts for | men ; ‖ yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord | God might | dwell a | mong them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth | us with | benefits ; ‖ even the | God of | our sal | vation.

Sing unto God, ye kingdoms | of the | earth : ‖ O sing | praises | unto the | Lord :

To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens, which | were of | old : ‖ lo, he doth send out his voice, and | that a | mighty | voice.

Ascribe ye strength | unto | God; ‖ his excellency is over Israel, and his | strength is | in the | clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy | holy | places: ‖ the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. | Bless — | ed be | God.

THANKSGIVING DAY. To Chant No. 6.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises un | to our | God; ‖ for it is | pleasant, and | praise is | comely.

The Lord doth build | up Je | rusalem; ‖ he gathereth together the | out — | casts of | Israel.

He healeth those that are | broken in | heart, ‖ and | bindeth | up their | wounds.

He covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain | for the | earth, ‖ he maketh the grass to | grow up | on the | mountains.

He giveth to the | beast his | food, ‖ and to the | young — | ravens which | cry.

Praise the Lord, | O Je | rusalem; ‖ praise thy | God, — | O — | Sion.

For he hath strengthened the bars | of thy | gates, ‖ he hath blessed thy | children | within | thee.

He maketh peace | in thy | borders, ‖ and filleth thee with the | finest | of the | wheat.

INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS. To Chant No. 11.

O PRAISE the Lord, laud ye the Name | of the | Lord; ‖ praise it, O ye | servants | of the | Lord.

Ye that stand in the house | of the | Lord, ‖ in the courts of the | house — | of our | God.

O praise the Lord, for the | Lord is | gracious; ‖ O sing praises unto his Name, | for — | it is | lovely.

The Lord is gracious and | merci | ful, ‖ long-suffering, | and of | great — | goodness.

The Lord is loving unto | every | man, ‖ and his mercy is | over | all his | works.

All thy works praise | thee, O | Lord; ‖ and thy saints give | thanks — | unto | thee.

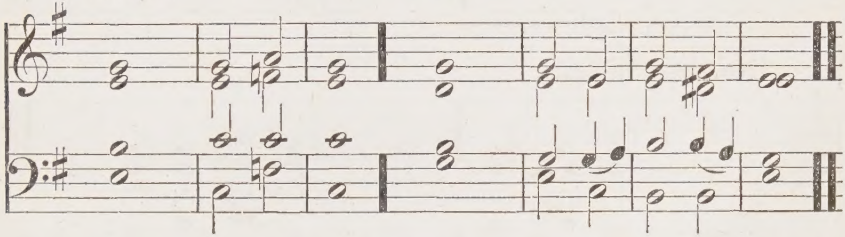
The Lord doth build | up Je | rusalem, ‖ and gather together the | out — | casts of | Israel.

He healeth those that are | broken in | heart, ‖ and giveth medicine | to — | heal their | sickness.

The Lord's delight is in | them that | fear him, ‖ and put their | trust — | in his | mercy.
Praise the Lord, | O Je | rusalem, ‖ praise thy | God, — | O — | Sion.
For he hath made fast the bars | of thy | gates; ‖ and hath | blessed thy | children with | in thee.
He maketh peace | in thy | borders, ‖ and filleth thee | with the | flour of | wheat.
He is our God, even the God of whom | cometh sal | vation; ‖ God is the Lord, by | whom we es | cape — | death.
O God, wonderful art thou in thy | holy | places; ‖ even the God of Israel, he will give strength and power unto his people. | Bless — | ed be | God.

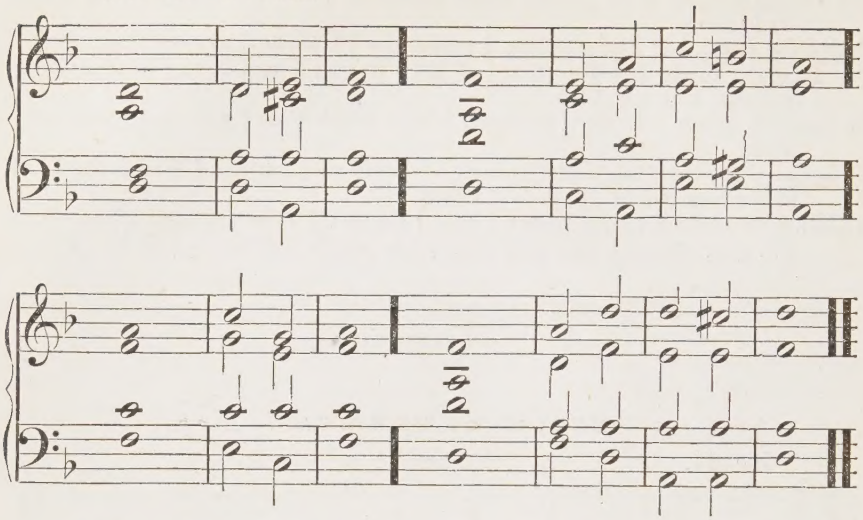
BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

No. 41. After the Lesson.

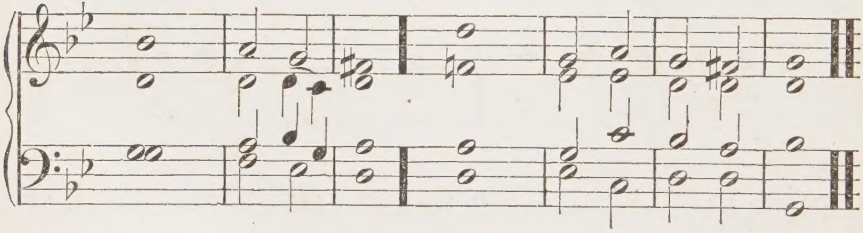


MAN that is born of a woman hath but a short | time to | live, ‖ and is | full of | mise | ry.
He cometh up and is cut down | like a | flower: ‖ he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never con | tinueth | in one | stay.
In the midst of life we | are in | death: ‖ of whom may we seek for succor but of thee, O Lord, who for our | sins art | justly dis | pleased?
Yet, O Lord God most mighty, O Lord most holy, O holy and most | merciful | Saviour, ‖ deliver us not into the bitter | pains of e | ternal | death.
Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets | of our | hearts. ‖ Shut not thy merciful | ear — | to our | prayers.
But spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy | Judge e | ternal, ‖ suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of | death to | fall from | thee.

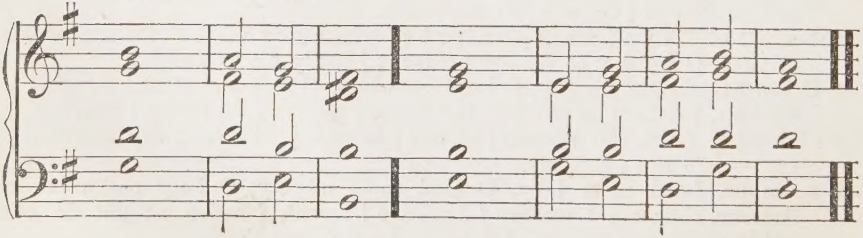
No. 42.—Double.



No. 43.—Single.



No. 44.—Single.



BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

Before the Lesson.

LORD, let me know my end, and the number | of my | days, ‖ that I may be certified how | long I | have to | live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in re | spect of | thee, ‖ and verily every man living is | alto | gether | vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth him | self in | vain; ‖ he heapeth up riches, and cannot | tell — | who shall | gather them.

And now, Lord, | what is my | hope? ‖ Truly my | hope is | even in | thee.

Deliver me from all | mine of | fences, ‖ and make me not a re | buke un | to the | foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth | fretting a | garment; ‖ every man | therefore | is but | vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine ears con | sider my | calling; ‖ hold not thy | peace — | at my | tears:

For I am a | stranger | with thee, ‖ and a sojourner as | all my | fathers | were.

O spare me a little, that I may re | cover my | strength ‖ before I go hence, | and be | no more | seen.

Lord, thou hast | been our | refuge ‖ from one gener | ation | to an | other.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the | world were | made, ‖ thou art God from everlasting, and | world with | out — | end.

Thou turnest man | to de | struction; ‖ again thou sayest, Come a | gain, ye | children of | men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are | but as | yesterday, ‖ seeing that is past | as a | watch in the | night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are even | as a | sleep, ‖ and fade away | suddenly | like the | grass.

In the morning it is green, and | groweth | up; ‖ but in the evening it is cut down, | dried — | up, and | withered.

For we consume away in | thy dis | pleasure, ‖ and are afraid at thy | wrathful | indig | nation.

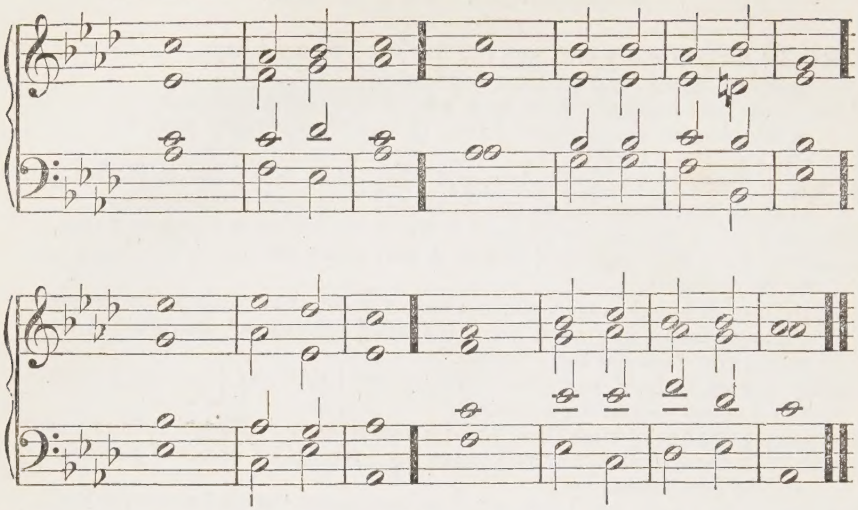
Thou hast set our mis | deeds be | fore thee, ‖ and our secret sins in the | light — | of thy | countenance.

For when thou art angry, all our | days are | gone; ‖ we bring our years to an end, as it | were a | tale that is | told.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but | labor and | sorrow; ‖ so soon passeth it a | way, and | we are | gone.

So teach us to | number our | days, ‖ that we may apply our | hearts — | unto | wisdom

No. 45.—Double.



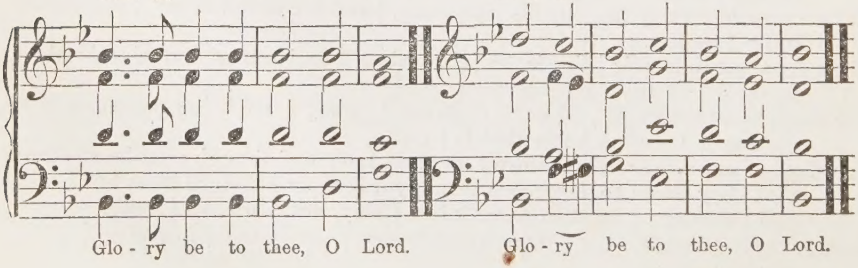
GLORIA PATRI.

GLORY be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. — | A— | men.

GLORIAS.

Continued from page 16.

No. 3. No. 4.

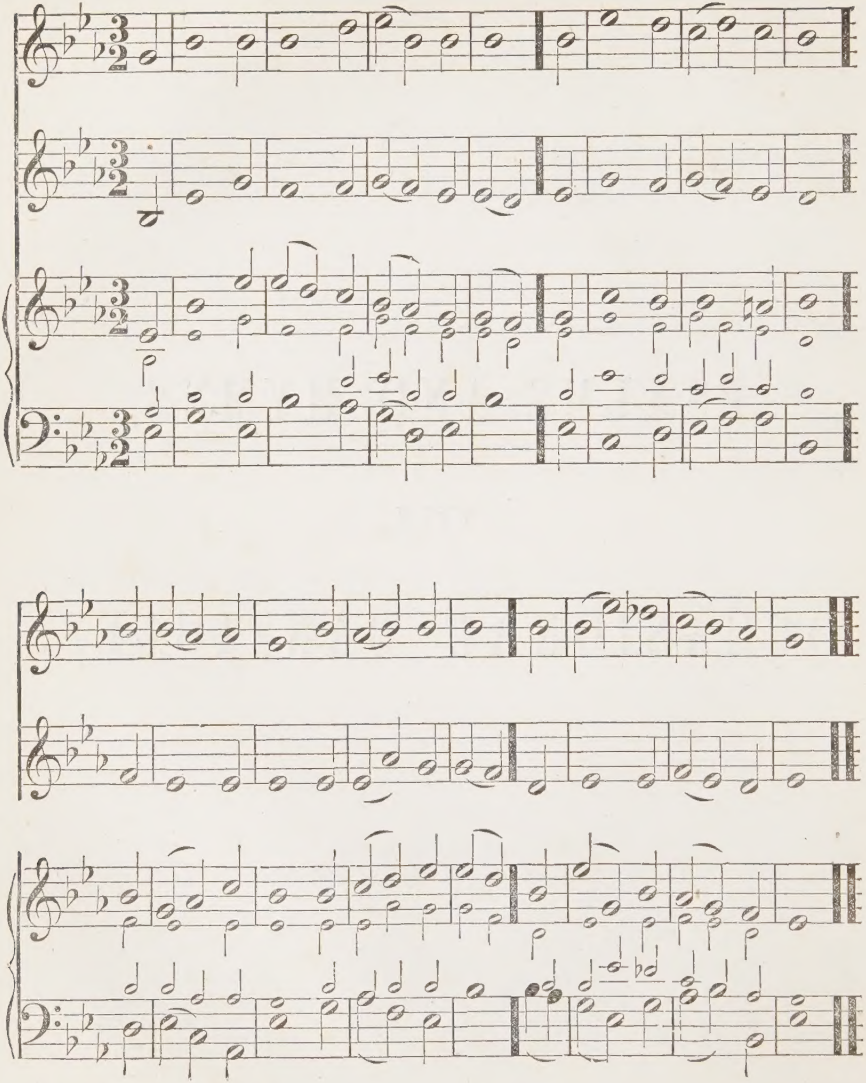


PSALMS AND HYMNS,

WITH

OCCASIONAL CANTICLES.

ABRIDGE. C. M.



SELECTION 13.

From Psalm 16.

1 MY grateful soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light;
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

3 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.

4 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

SELECTION 80.

From Psalm 102.—Part II.

1 GOD shall arise, and Sion view
With an unclouded face:
For now her time is come, his own
Appointed day of grace.

2 The name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.

3 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams display'd;
The Lord from heav'n, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth survey'd.

4 That they, in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his name.

HYMN 206.

1 WHY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of him
Who made the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

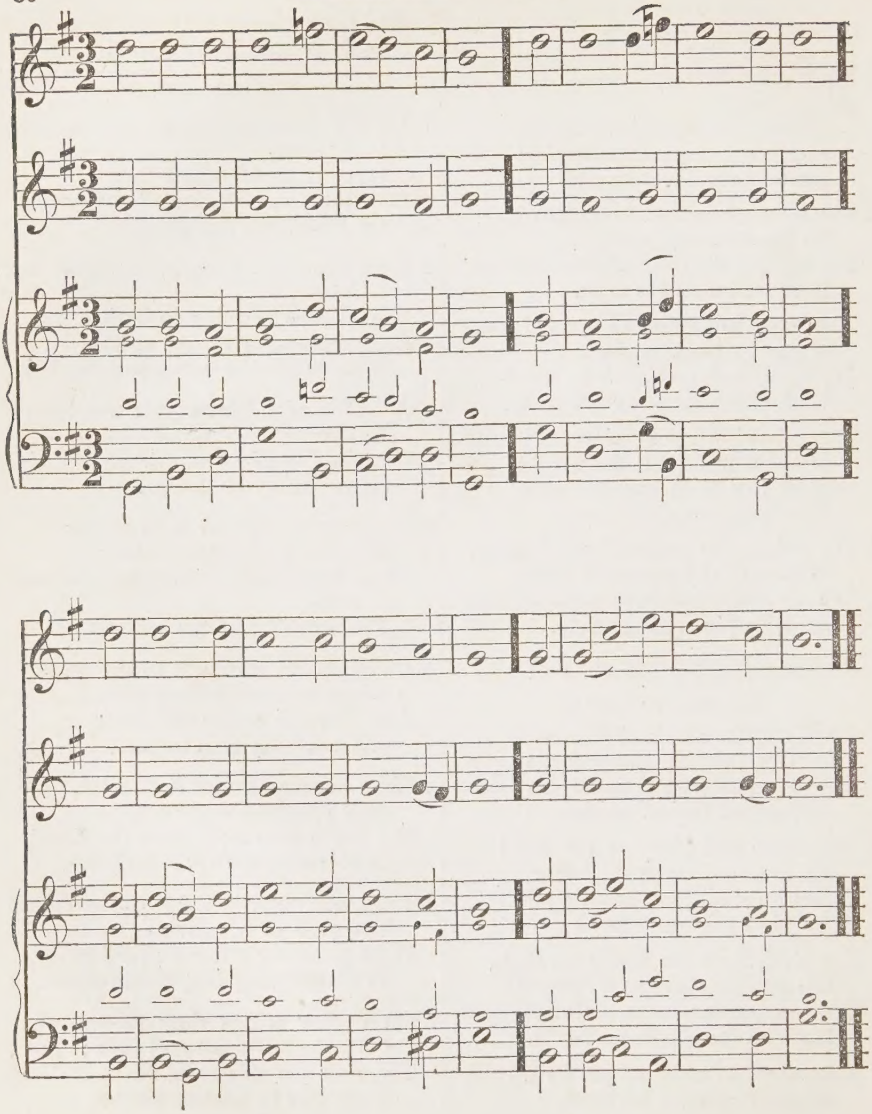
5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigor cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

7 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

ALEXANDRIA. C. M.



* HYMN 75.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 91.

1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 174.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee:
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 199.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

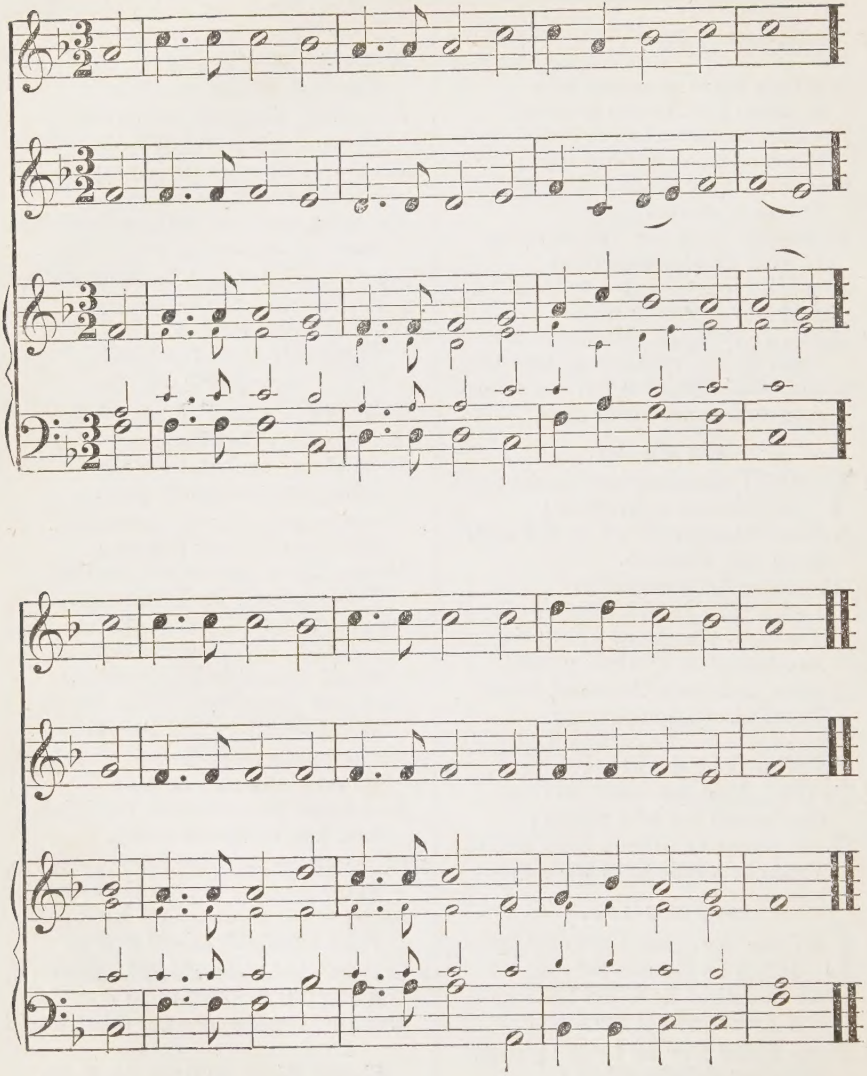
3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea:
And linger trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



SELECTION 63. From Psalm 84.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place, [show'st
Where thou enthroned in glory,
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blessed are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has
Their sure protection made, [thee
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!

6 Who pass through parch'd and thirsty
Yet no refreshment want; [vales,
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which
At their request dost grant. [thou

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near;
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

8 Within thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any other place
A thousand days to spend.

9 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

10 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

11 Thou, God, whom heavenly hosts
How highly bless'd is he, [obey,
Whose hope and trust, securely
Are still reposed on thee. [placed,

HYMN 3.

1 GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high com-
'Twas instantly obey'd: [mand,
And through thy goodness all things stand
Which by thy power were made.

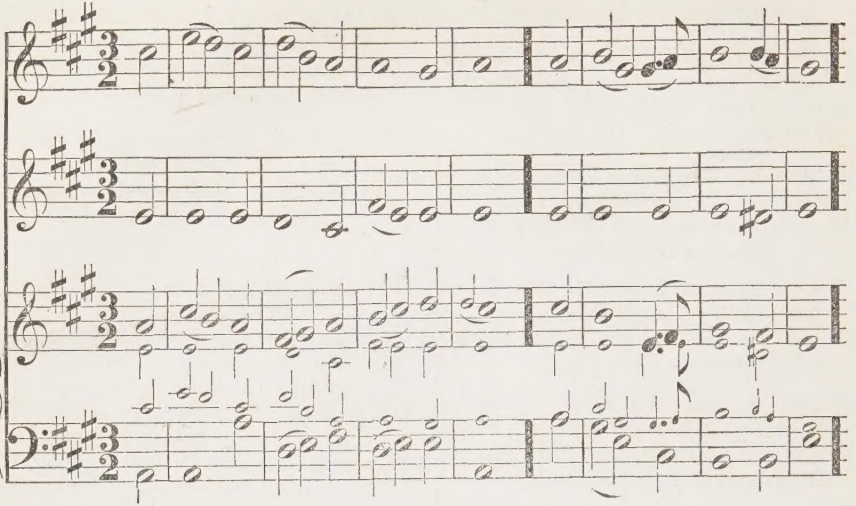
3 Lord, for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

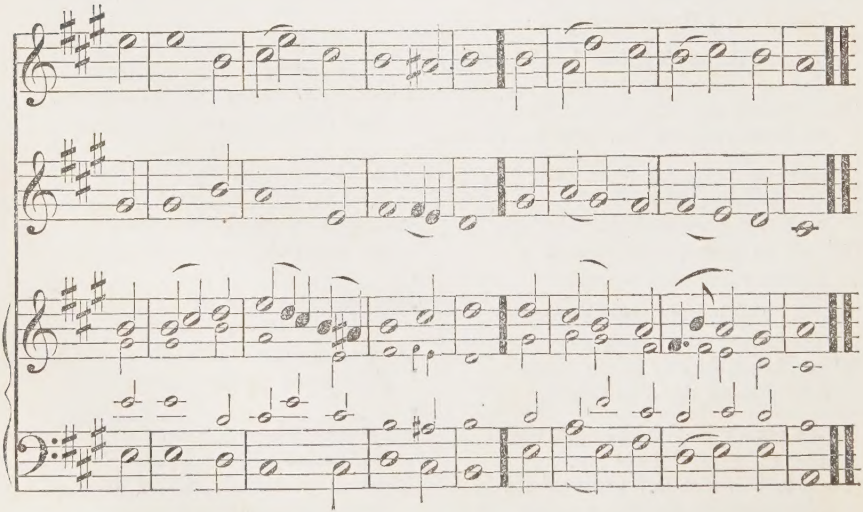
4 For this, the sun dispenses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.

5 For this, the earth its produce yields;
For this, the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end;
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honor tend.

ASYLUM. C. M.





SELECTION 112. From Psalm 138.

1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the mighty I will sing,
And bless thy holy Name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,
When I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was press'd with fear,
Didst inward strength supply.

4 For God, although enthroned on high,
Does thence the poor respect;
The proud, far off, his scornful eye
Beholds with just neglect.

5 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
And keep me safe from harm.

6 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favors past,
Shall his own work complete.

SELECTION 119. From Psalm 146.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name:
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

2 On princes, on the sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot help, they turn to dust,
And all their counsels die.

3 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

4 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

5 The poor, oppress'd, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

6 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

7 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

8 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

HYMN 148.

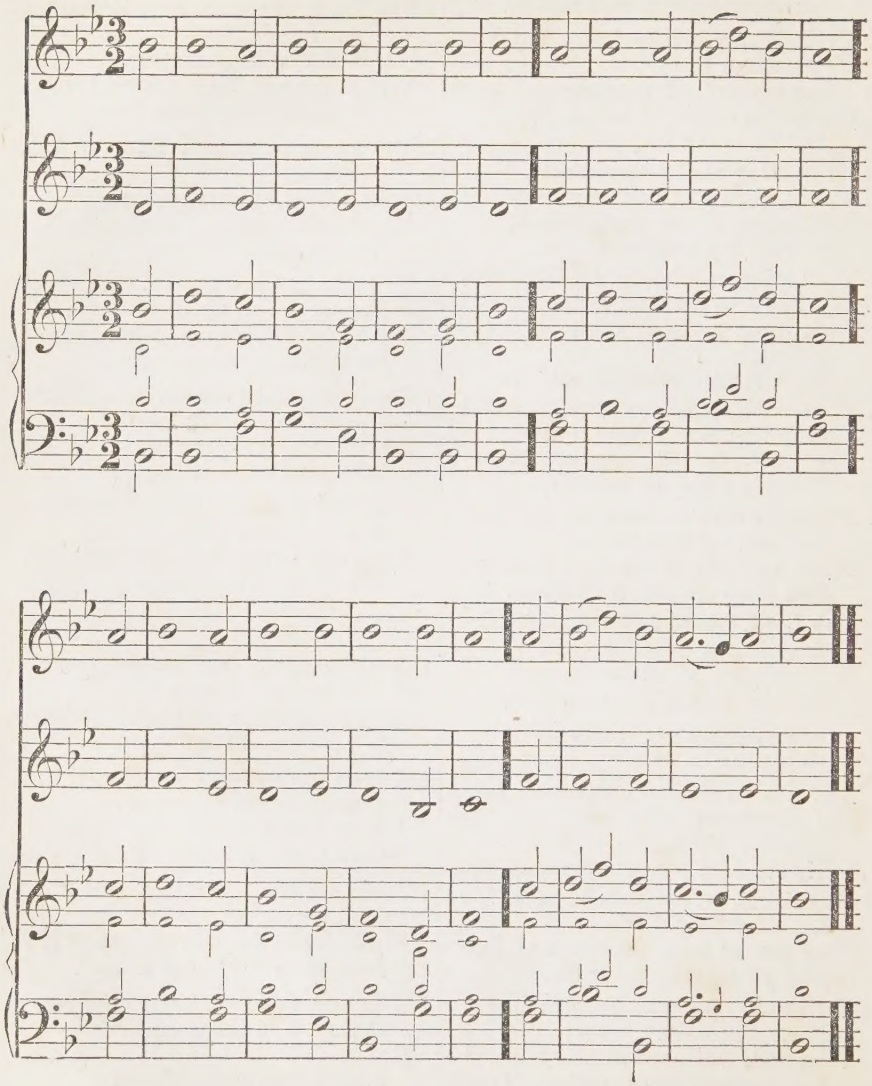
1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,
O thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

BALERMA. C. M.



SELECTION 107. From Psalm 133.

1 HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favor'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

HYMN 92.

1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardor glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engraved;

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest:
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest!

HYMN 166.

1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy Providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient, to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

* HYMN 204.

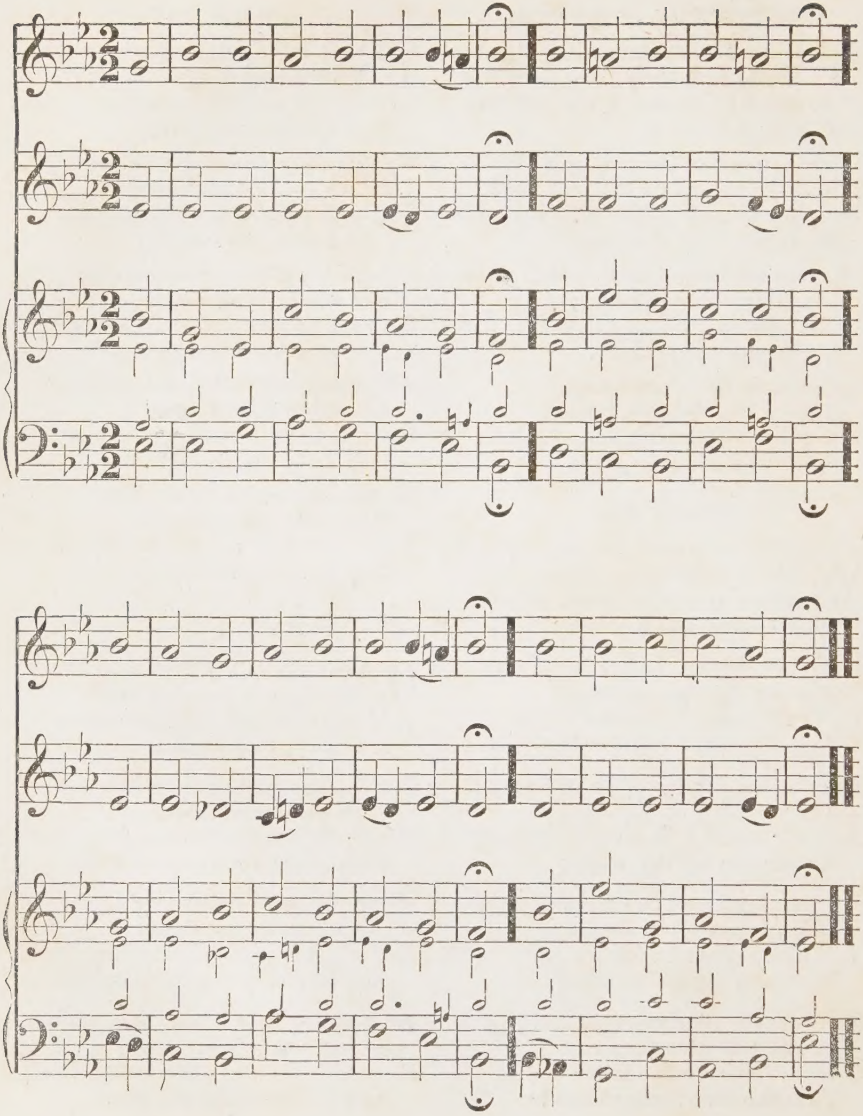
1 O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth,
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

BEDFORD. C. M.



SELECTION 28.

From Psalm 33.—Part II.

1 WHATE'ER the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

2 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

3 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he:
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

HYMN 12.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

* HYMN 90.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

* HYMN 93.

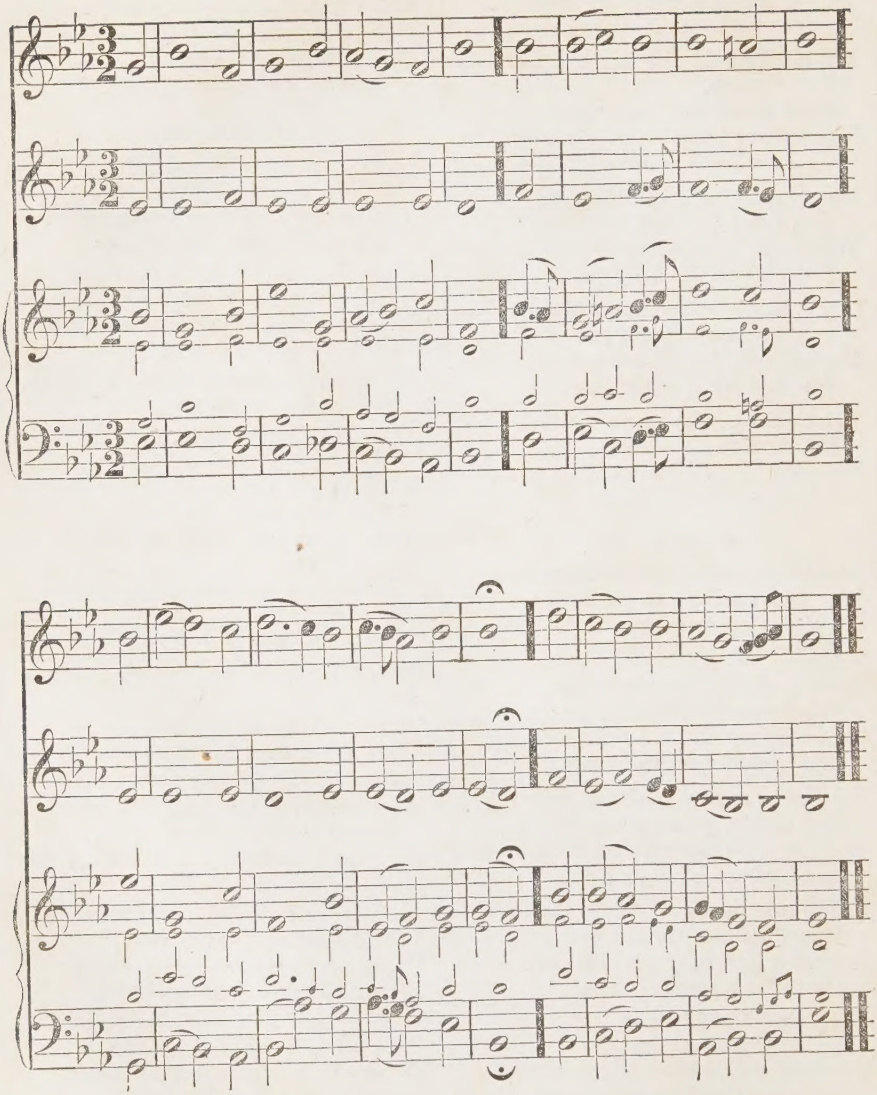
1 THOU, God, all glory, honor, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were [made,
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honor, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeemed,
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

BELGRAVE. C. M.



SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part VII.

1 ACCORDING to thy promised grace,
Thy favor, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word, on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

2 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,
Revived my fainting soul.

3 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

4 Thy Name, that cheer'd my heart by day,
Has fill'd my thoughts by night:
I then resolv'd by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

5 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part IX.

1 WITH me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
According to thy word.

2 Teach me the sacred skill by which
Right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remain'd.

3 Before affliction stopp'd my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

5 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I may duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

6 The law that from thy mouth proceeds,
Of more esteem I hold
Than richest mines, than thousand mines
Of silver and of gold.

SELECTION 114. From Psalm 141.

1 LORD, in thy sight, O let my prayer
Like morning incense rise;
My lifted hands accepted be
As evening sacrifice.

2 From hasty language curb my tongue,
And let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips
With wary silence barr'd.

3 From wicked men's designs and deeds,
My heart and hands restrain;
Nor let me share their evil works,
Or their unrighteous gain.

4 Let upright men reprove my faults,
And I shall think them kind;
Like healing oil upon my head
I their reproof shall find.

HYMN 19.

1 MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

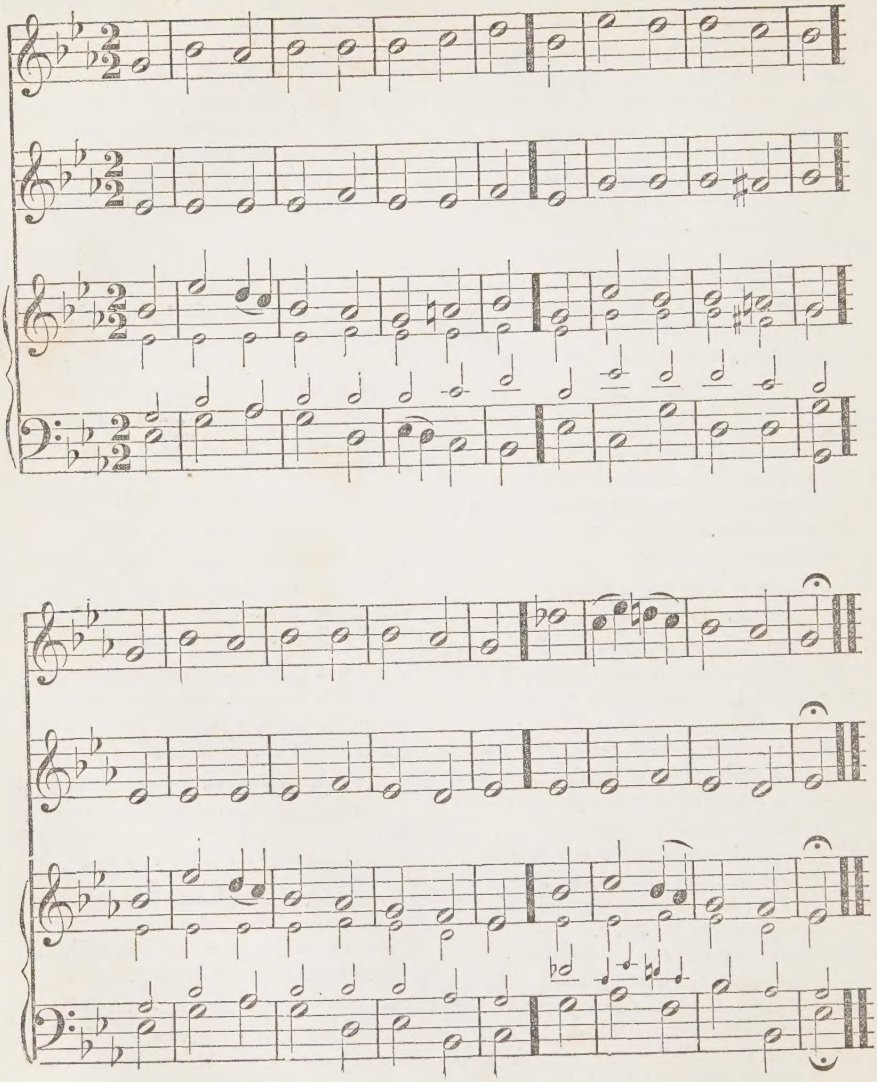
2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'Tis from the love of God through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And wash'd us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus rais'd from death, we live anew;
And justifi'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

BENEDICTION. C. M.



SELECTION 35. From Psalm 41.

1 HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd!
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address'd:
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
Though I have much transgress'd."

5 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

6 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens express'd.

SELECTION 80.

From Psalm 102.—Part I.

1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrows soon redress.

3 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
With waning lustre fade.

4 But thine eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XI.

1 MY soul with long expectance faints
To see thy saving grace;
Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.

2 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford?

3 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

HYMN 138.

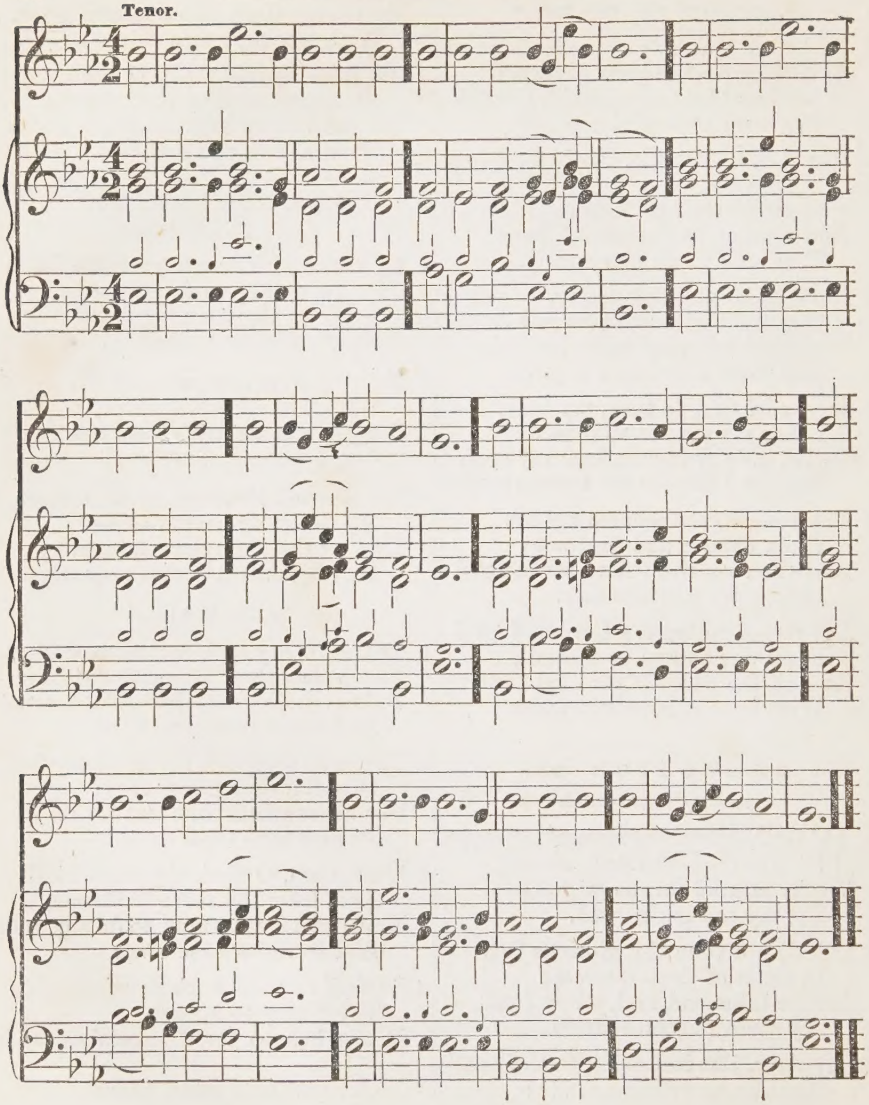
1 RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here.

2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.

3 Hear, then, O God, thy work fulfill,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own:

4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore;
While heaven itself proclaims with joy,
One pardon'd sinner more.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.



HYMN 10.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost,
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 184.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd:
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

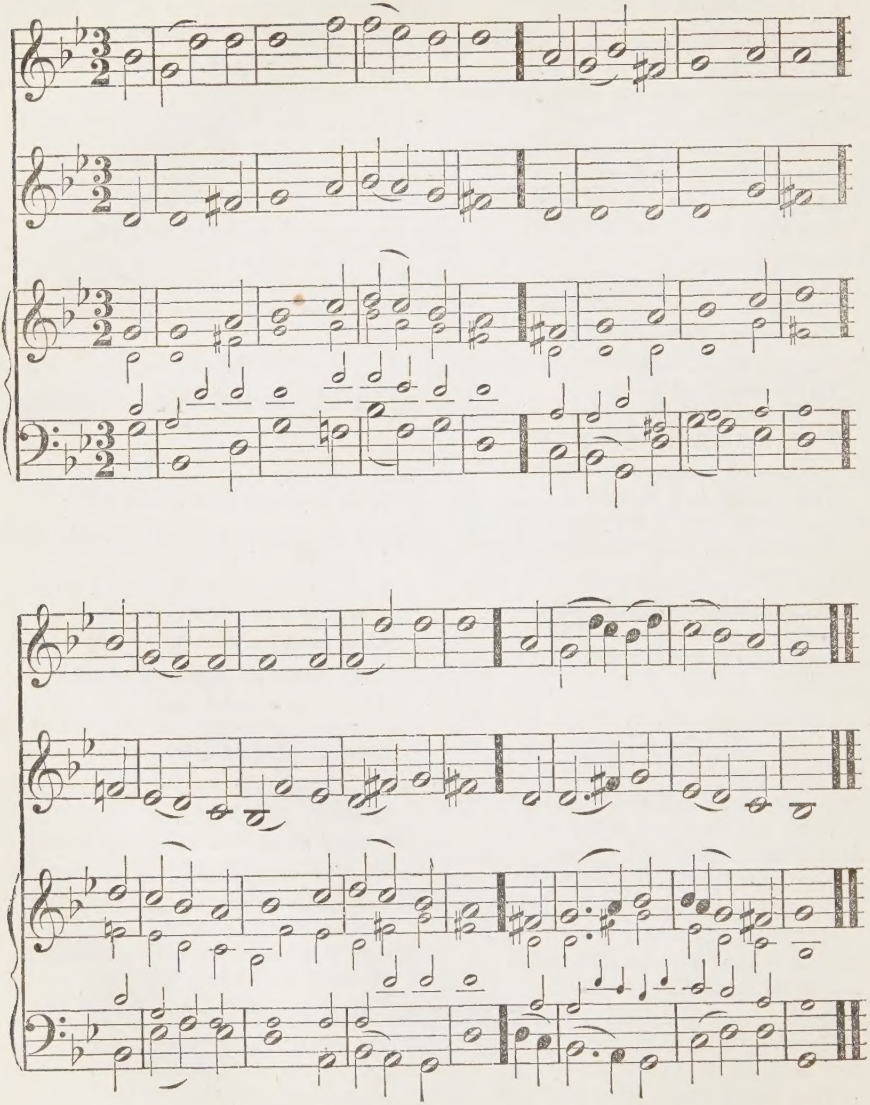
3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

BURFORD. C. M.



SELECTION 10.

From Psalm 13.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I forever mourn? [me,
How long wilt thou withdraw from
Oh! never to return?

2 O hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light,
Dawn on my spirit, lest I sleep
In death's most gloomy night.

3 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

4 Then shall my song, with praise in-
To thee, my God, ascend, [spired,
Who to thy servant in distress
Such bounty didst extend.

SELECTION 64.

From Psalm 85.

1 O GOD our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn; [tears,
That, quenched with our repenting
Thy wrath no more may burn.

2 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

3 Thy gracious favor, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

4 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

HYMN 49.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "Cut it down," the Lord commands,
"Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads;
"The barren fig-tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It may yet bloom and bear:

4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more; destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground."

HYMN 64.

1 MY Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought once turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

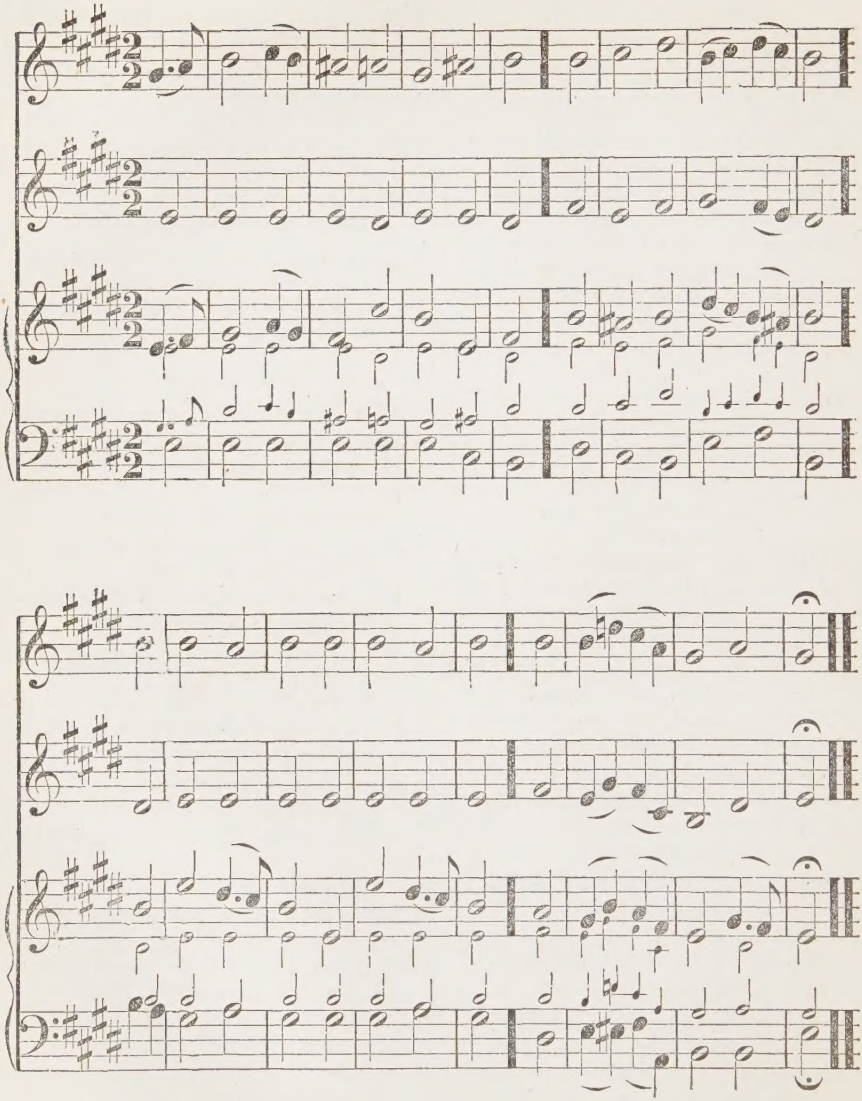
3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue—
Such is the mystery of grace—
It seals my pardon too.

BURLINGTON. C. M.



HYMN 84.

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are:
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 197.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies!

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain,
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 200.

1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

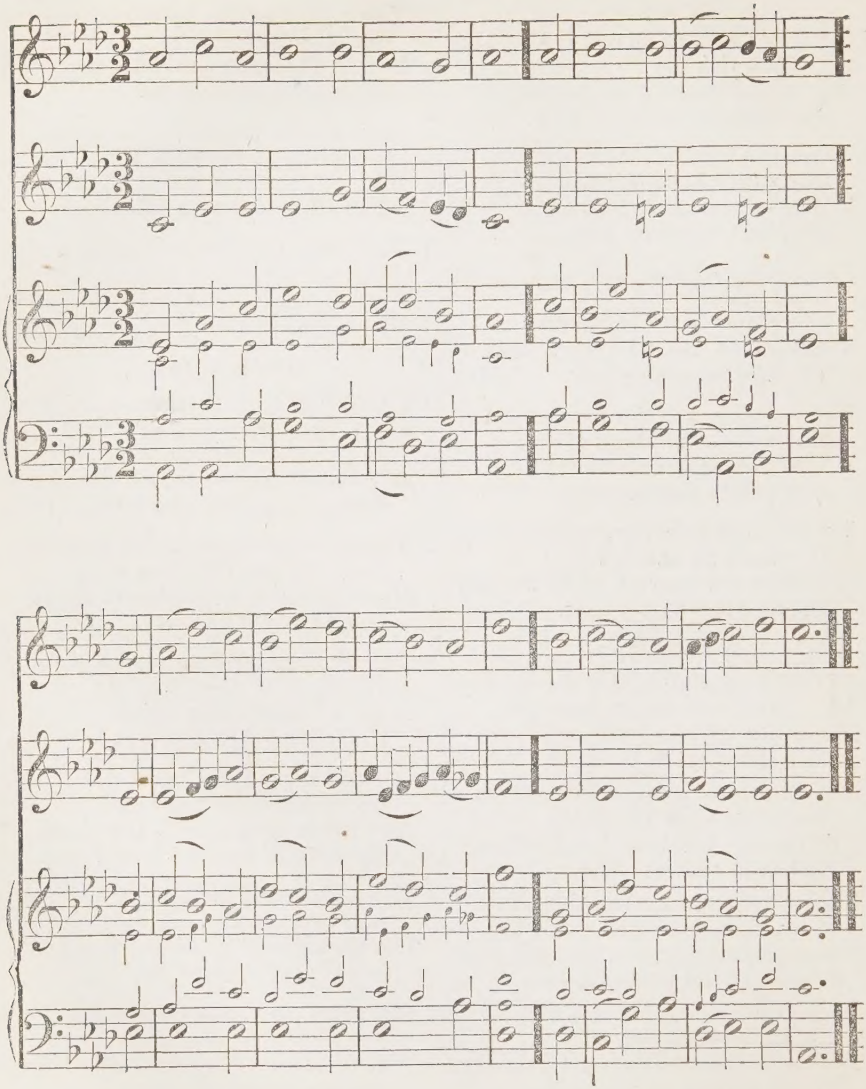
3 But, ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells:
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O, could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There, thousands worship at thy feet,
And there, divine employ,
The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay
And die, to see thy face!

CHESTERFIELD. C. M.



SELECTION 28.

From Psalm 33.—Part I.

1 LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God:
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

4 By his almighty word, at first,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

5 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fixed at his command.

SELECTION 58.

From Psalm 74.

1 THINE is the cheerful day, O Lord!
Thine the return of night;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every feebler light.

2 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

SELECTION 88.

From Psalm 108.

1 O GOD! my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord!
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell;

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious Name.

* HYMN 41.

1 HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

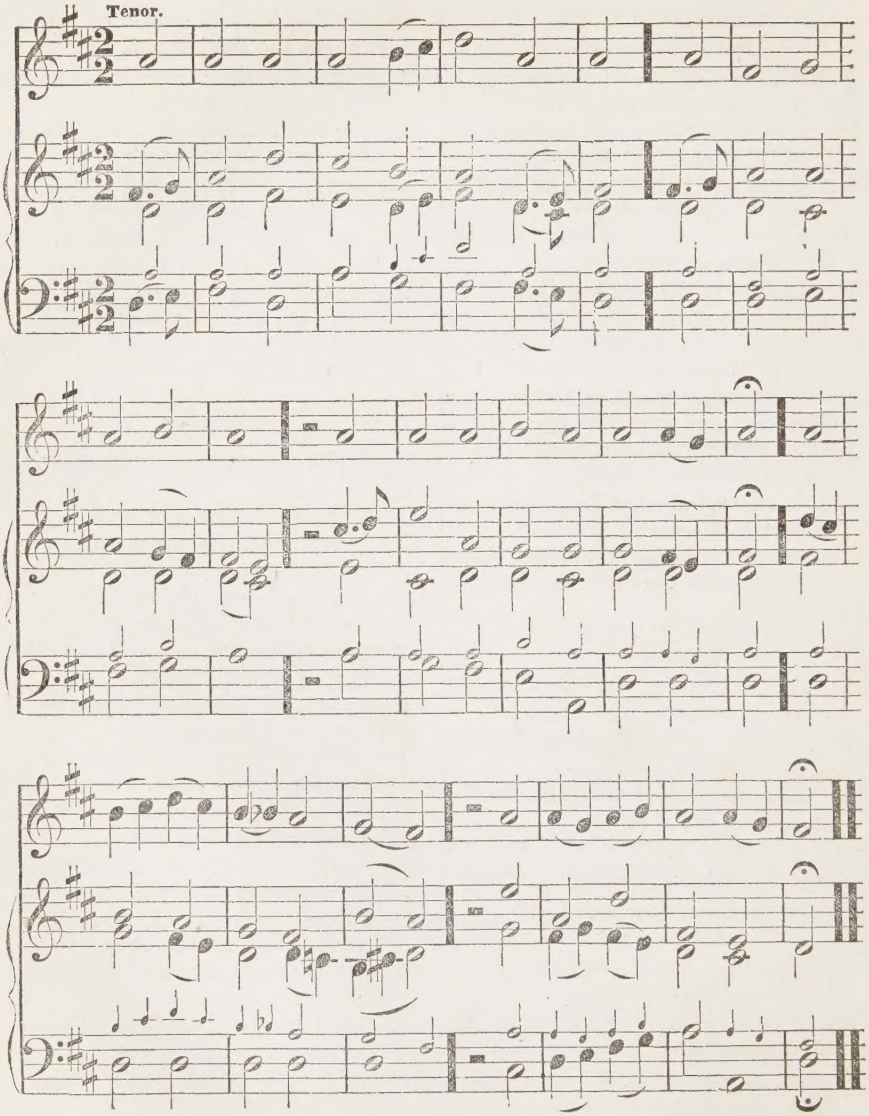
2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppressed with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved Name.


Tenor.

SELECTION 8.

From Psalm 9.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world, thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring; [High!
Whilst to thy Name, O thou Most
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 The Lord forever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepared,
Impartial justice to dispense
To punish or reward.

4 All those who have his goodness
Will in his truth confide; [proved,
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

5 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Zion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

SELECTION 96.

From Psalm 118.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favors ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

2 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

4 The Lord has been my help; the
To him alone belongs; [praise
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.

5 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to
By his almighty arm. [pass

6 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honor won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

9 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

10 Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me
Thy holy Name I'll bless. [safe,

11 That which the builders once refused
Is now the corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

12 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now
And make us still rejoice."

16 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

* HYMN 180.

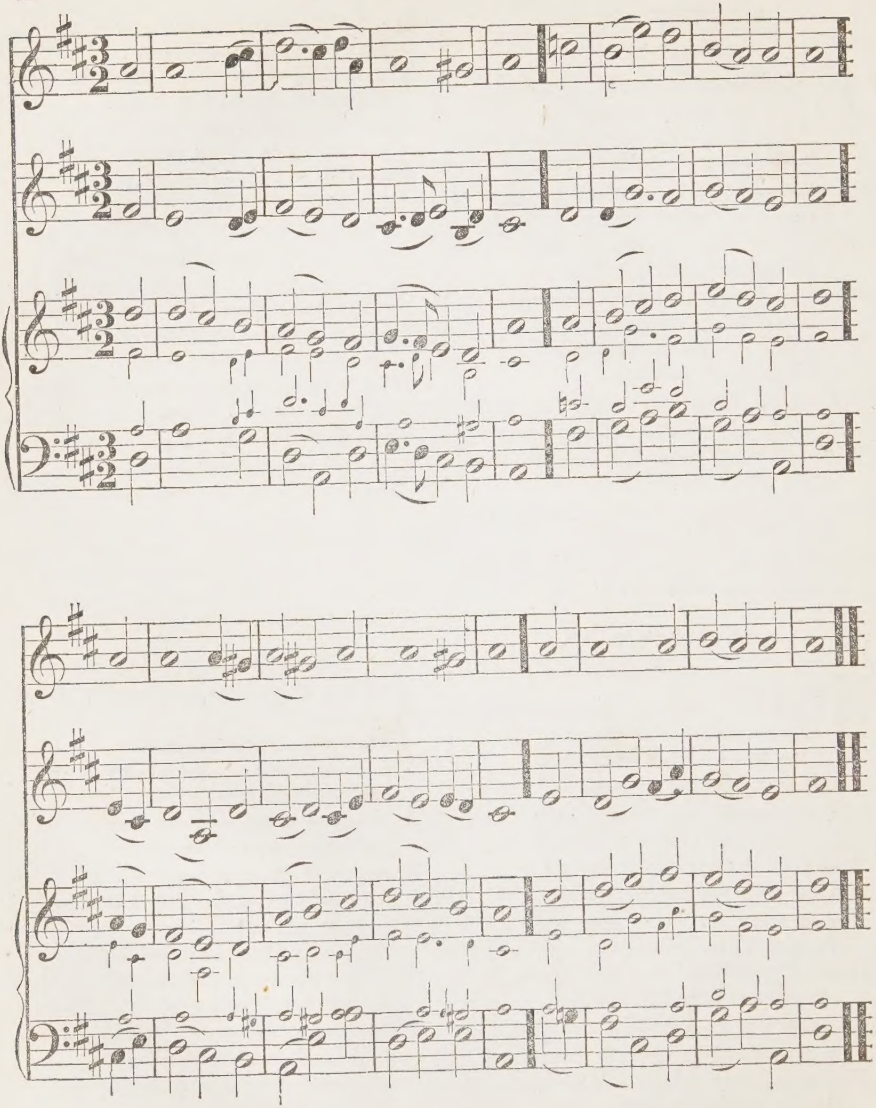
1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye. [nerve,

4 Then wake, my soul! stretch every
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

COLCHESTER. C. M.



SELECTION 51.

From Psalm 66.—Part II.

1 MY offerings to God's house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
Which I with solemn zeal did make
In trouble's dismal day.

2 O come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful care;
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

3 As I before his aid implored,
So now I praise his Name;
But, if my heart to sin incline,
My prayer will God disclaim.

4 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

SELECTION 64. From Psalm 85.

5 TO all that fear God's holy Name
His sure salvation's near;
His glory in our happy land
For ever shall appear.

6 For mercy now with truth is join'd;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

7 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness
Shall endless plenty shower. [flows,

8 Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare;
While we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

SELECTION 100. From Psalm 124.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
On Israel's side engaged,
The foe had quickly swallow'd us,
So furiously he raged.

2 Had not the Lord himself vouchsafed
To check his fierce control,
The adversary's dreary flood
Had overwhelm'd our soul.

3 But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who left us not his prey;
The snare is broke, his rage disarm'd,
And we again are free.

4 Secure in God's almighty Name
Our confidence remains; [earth,
The God who made both heaven and
Of both sole monarch reigns.

HYMN 55.

1 O'ER mountain-tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the mount of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go."

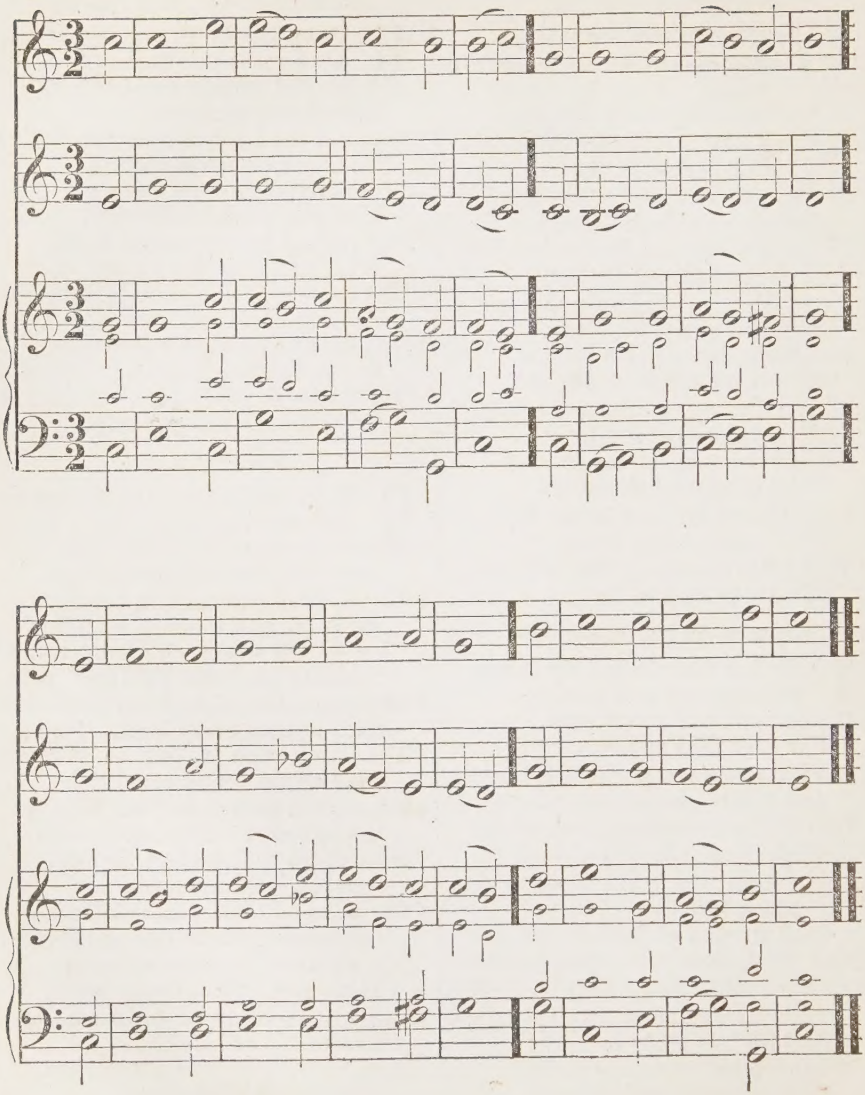
3 The beams that shine from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

COVENTRY. C. M.



SELECTION 42. From Psalm 48.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

2 In Sion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge, that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

3 Let Sion's mount with joy resound;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well;
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.

6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide.

SELECTION 63. From Psalm 84.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly bless'd are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

SELECTION 106. From Psalm 132.

1 O, WITH due reverence let us all
To God's abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble prayer.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness;
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.

4 Fair Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

5 Her store th' Almighty will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
His saving health confess.

* HYMN 212.

1 LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd.

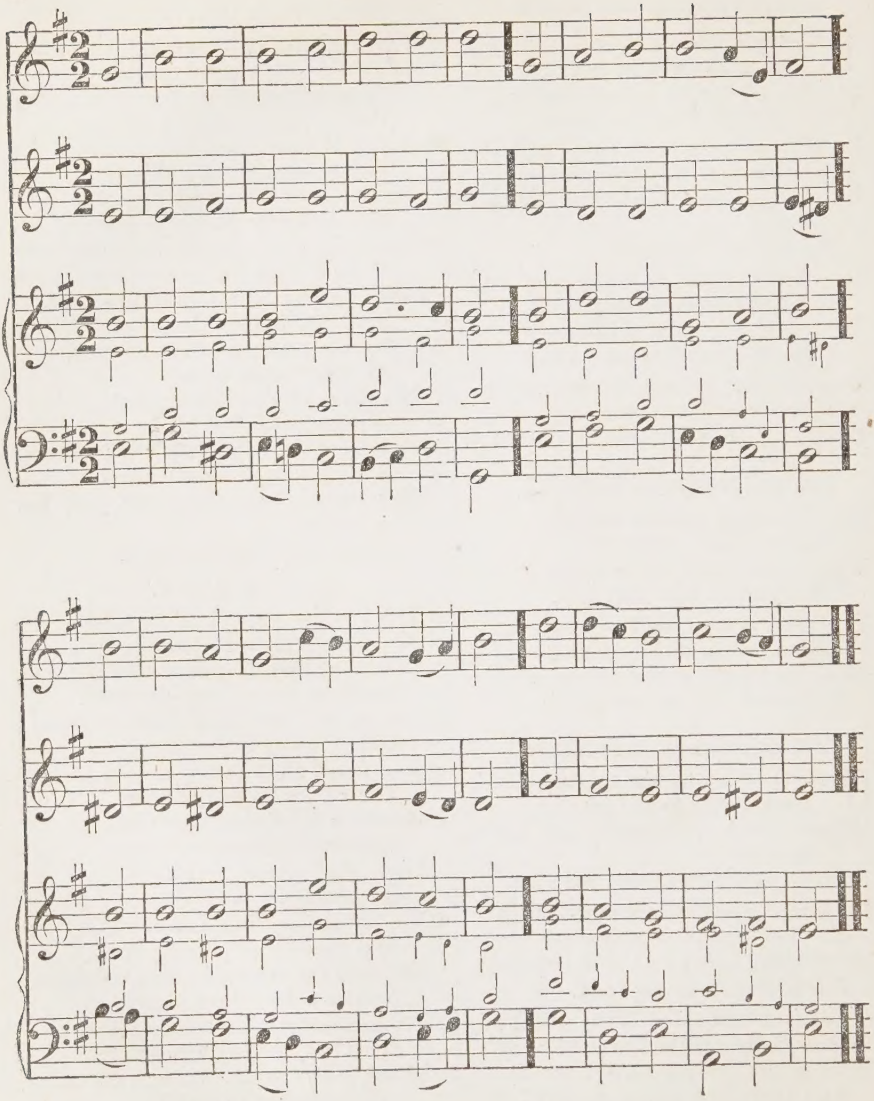
2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

DANTZIC. C. M.



SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part IV.

1 MY soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Close to the dust doth cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promised aid receive.

2 To thee I still declared my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear
O teach me then my future life
By thy just laws to steer!

3 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast [done
Shall be my constant talk.

4 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Press'd down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.

5 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.

6 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

7 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free!

8 So in the way of thy commands
Shall I with pleasure run;
And, with a heart enlarged with joy,
Successfully go on.

SELECTION 115.

From Psalm 143.

1 LORD, hear my prayer, and to my [cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth,
A gracious answer send.

2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.

4 Hear me with speed, my spirit fails;
Thy face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
That in the grave reside.

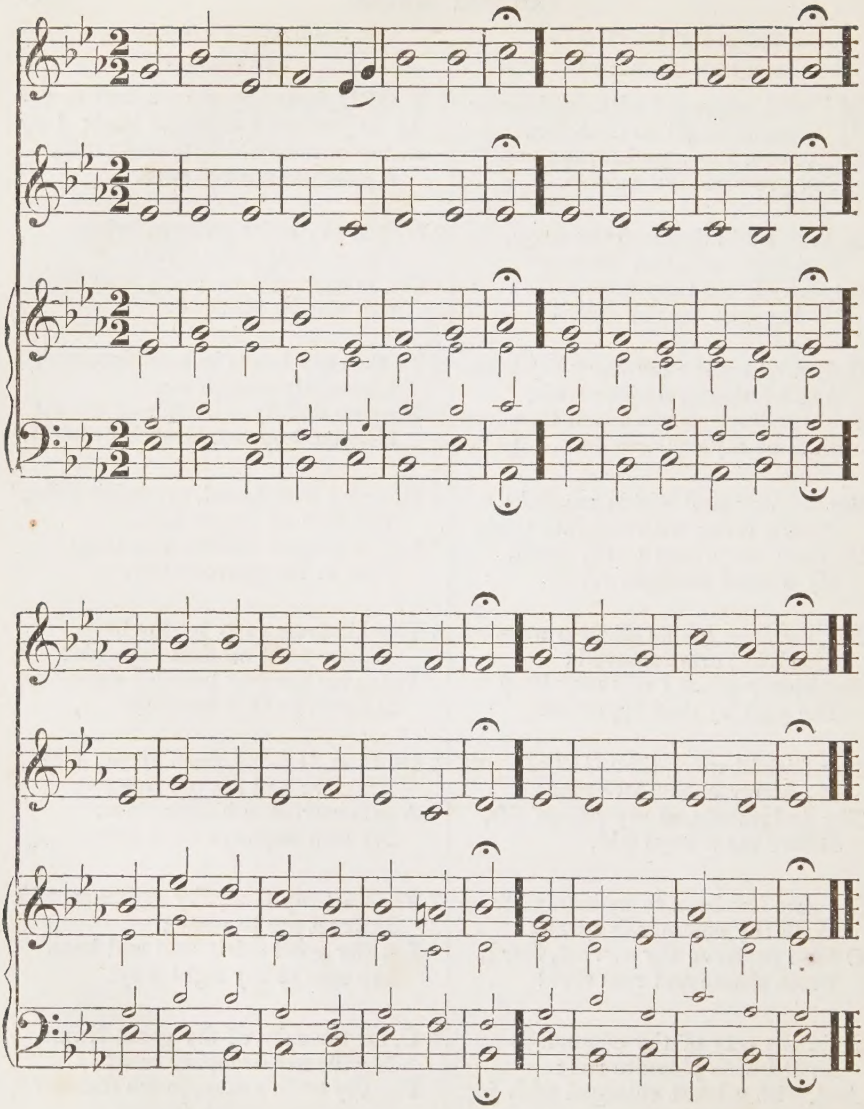
5 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go,
My soul to thee ascends.

6 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat, a hiding-place,
My soul implores from thee.

7 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

8 O, for the sake of thy great Name,
Revive my drooping heart;
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd,
Thy saving health impart.

DUNDEE. C. M.



SELECTION 18.

From Psalm 23.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

HYMN 58.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears:
My weak resistance, ah! how vain,
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though tremb'ing and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 74.

1 COME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;
Till every heart which thou hast made,
Be fill'd with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.

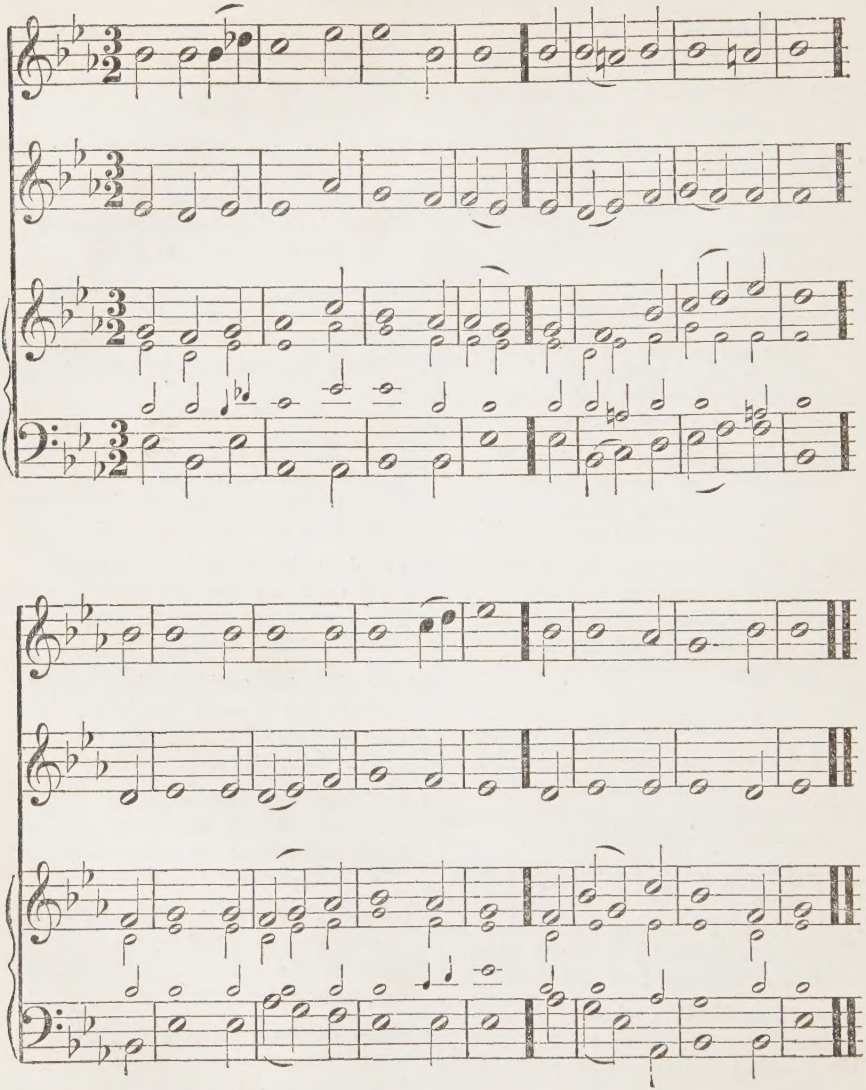
3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost!
Who art from both derived.

ECKARDTSHEIM. C. M.



HYMN 21.

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of ev'ry holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is all in all.

HYMN 51.

1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things beloved
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee.

HYMN 132.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honors shall we raise!
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

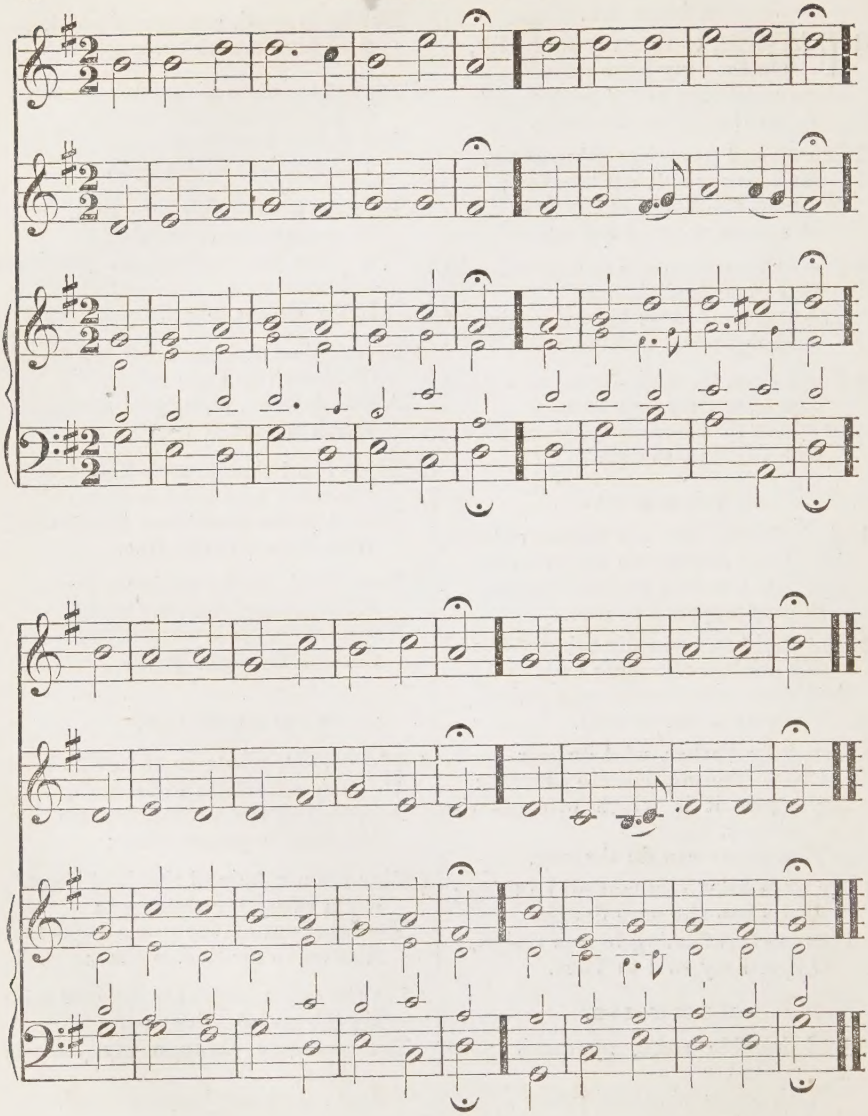
* HYMN 156.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this
My humble prayer arise;

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee:

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

FARRANT. C. M.



SELECTION 3. From Psalm 3.

1 THOU, gracious God, art my defence;
On thee my hopes rely:
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

2 Since whensoe'er, in my distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill;
Why should I now despair?

3 Guarded by him I lay me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

4 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend:
His blessing he extends to all
That on his power depend.

SELECTION 97. From Psalm 119.—Part V.

1 INSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

2 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

5 From those vain objects turn mine eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

6 Confirm the promise of thy word,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.

7 The censure and reproach I fear
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

8 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O then make haste to raise me up,
And promised succor grant!

HYMN 71.

1 CHRIST from the dead is raised, and made
The First-Fruits of the tomb;
For as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get [Christ
The things which are above, where
At God's right hand is set.

HYMN 142.

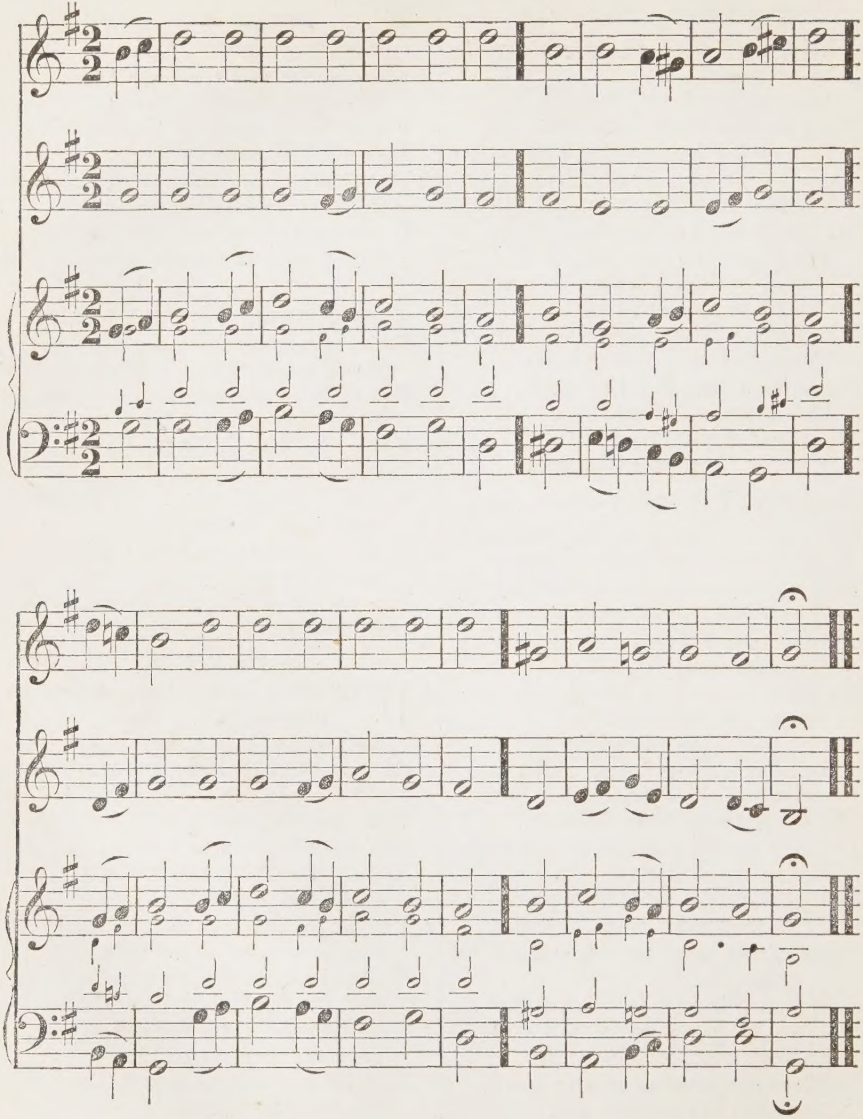
1 DELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free,
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

GREGORIAN. C. M.



SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XVIII.

1 THOU art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects are just.

2 Most just and true those statutes were
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd
Succeeding times shall see.

3 Lord, each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by men despised,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, prized.

4 Thy righteousness shall then endure
When time itself is past;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
Which shall for ever last.

5 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite;
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

6 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XIX.

1 WITH my whole heart to God I call'd—
Lord, hear my earnest cry!
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.

2 Again more fervently I pray'd—
O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies fully know,
And steadfastly obey.

3 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him, upon whose faithful word
My hope alone relied.

4 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favor show;
O quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgments ever true!

5 Concerning thy divine commands
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XXI.

1 THY sacred word my joyful breast
With heav'nly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

2 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be express'd.

3 Seven times a day, with grateful voice
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crown'd.

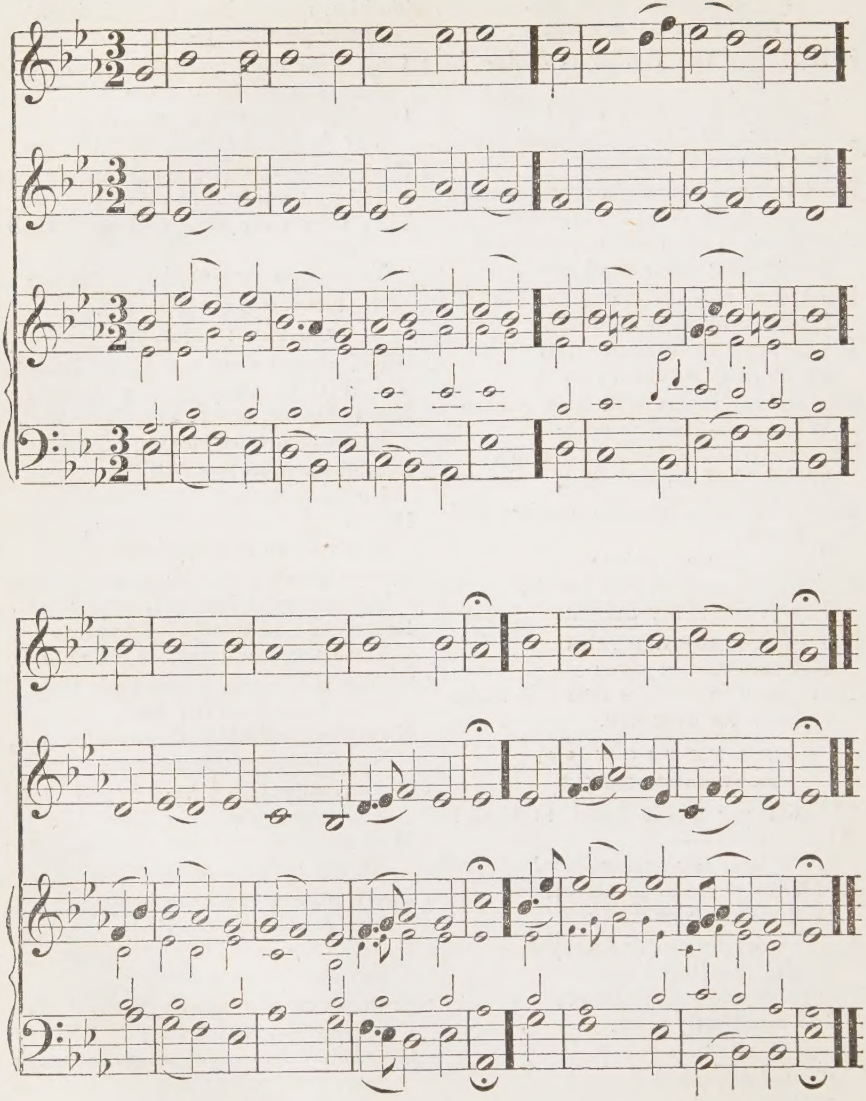
4 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

5 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And, though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and anxious care
All thy commands obey'd.

6 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

7 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinced that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

HAVANA. C. M.



* **SELECTION 36.** From Psalm 42.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

SELECTION 46. From Psalm 56.

1 LORD, though at times surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succor I depend
On thy almighty arm.

2 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

3 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee, I'll render praise.

4 Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure:

5 That thus, protected by thy power
I may this light enjoy;
And in the service of my God
My lengthened days employ.

SELECTION 73

From Psalm 94.—Part II.

1 BLESS'D is the man whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

2 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

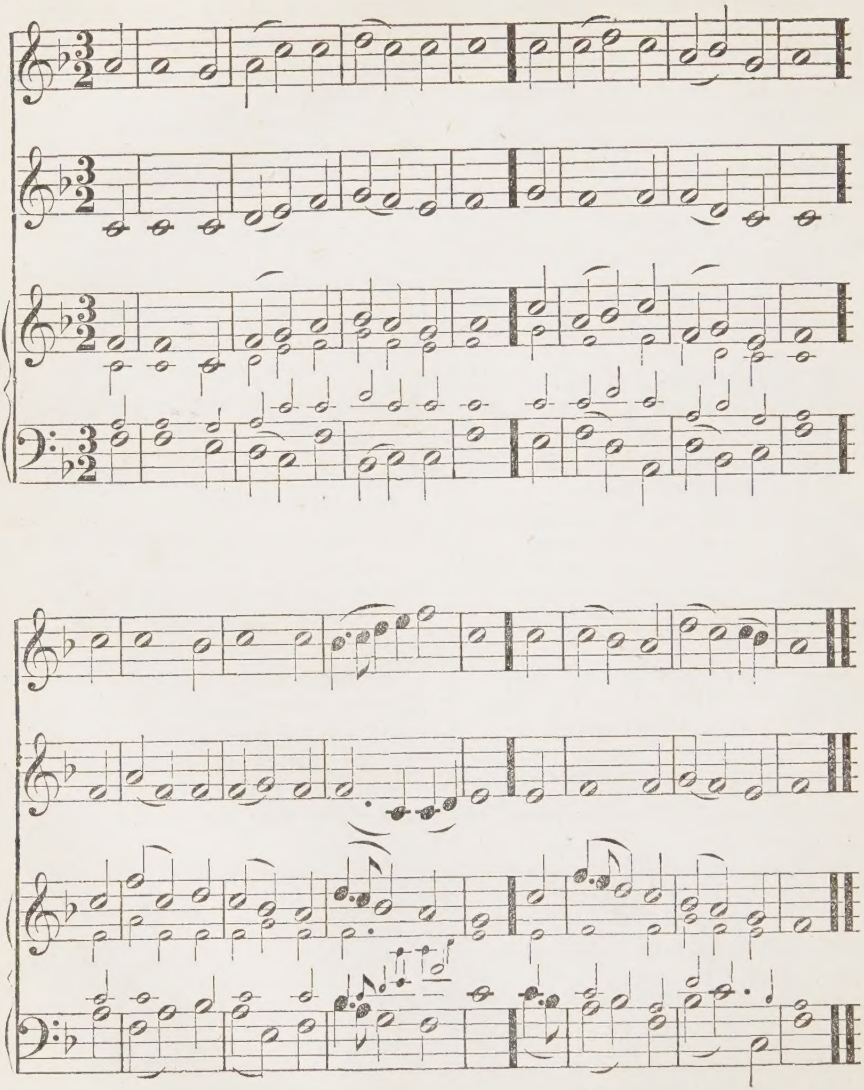
3 For God will never from his saints
His favor wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

4 The world shall yet confess thee just,
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

5 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipp'd; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

6 My soul's defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

IRISH. C. M.



SELECTION 22. From Psalm 27.

1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving health and light? [
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

2 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire;
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.

3 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;
And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess.

4 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

5 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord!
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

6 Though all of nearest earthly ties
Me, in my woe, forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.

7 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord!
My ways directly guide;
Lest sinful men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.

8 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd;
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compass'd round.

9 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

SELECTION 102. From Psalm 127.

1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labors with success,
Their nights with safe repose.

HYMN 120.

1 LORD, for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please:
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

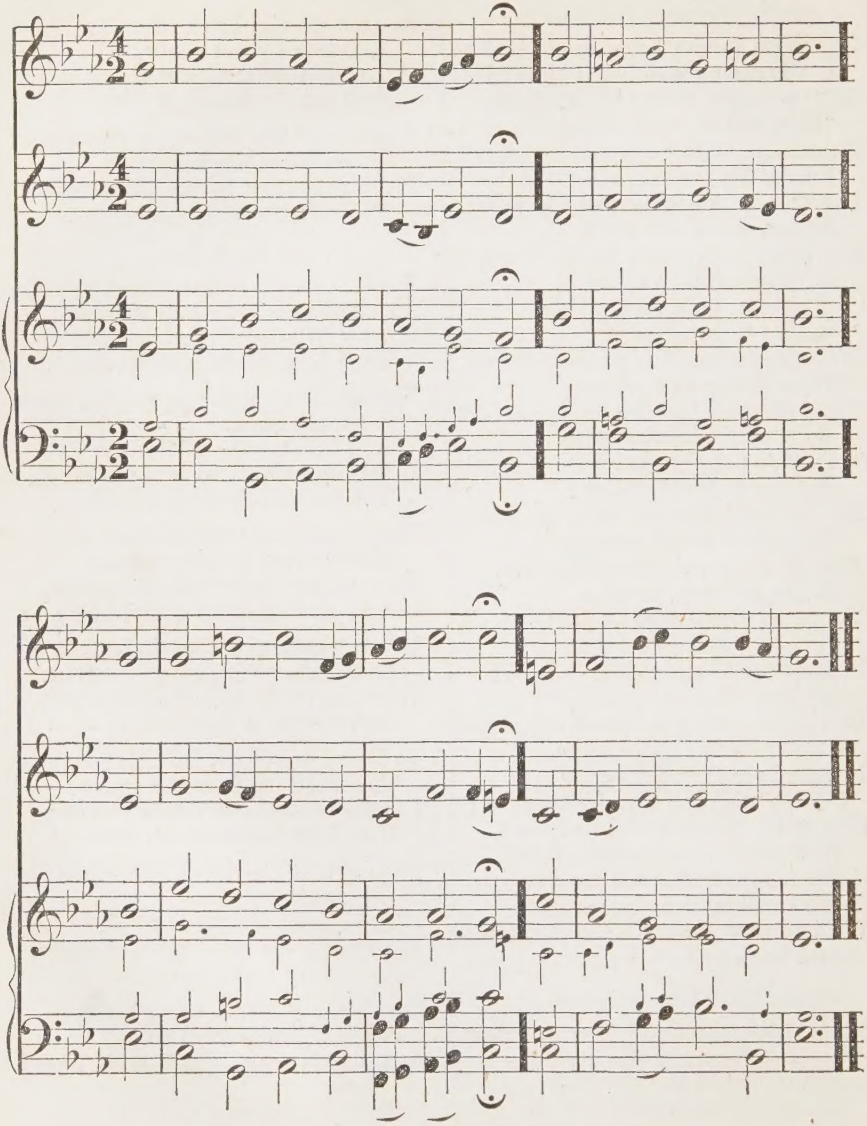
4 When waves on waves to heaven up-rear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

JUBAL. C. M.



SELECTION 19. From Psalm 24.

1 THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell there-
By sovereign right are his. [in,

2 He framed and fix'd it on the seas;
And his almighty hand
Upon inconstant floods has made
The stable fabric stand.

3 But for himself this Lord of all
One chosen seat design'd;
Oh, who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find?

4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod;
And such the proselytes that seek
Thy face, O Jacob's God.

SELECTION 94. From Psalm 116.

1 MY soul with grateful thoughts of
Entirely is possess'd, [love
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.

2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my prayer.

3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With pains of hell oppress'd,
When troubles seized my aching heart,
And anguish rack'd my breast,—

4 On God's almighty Name I call'd,
And thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul,
With sorrows quite dismay'd."

5 How just and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord;
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

6 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love express'd.

7 When death alarm'd me, he removed
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

8 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in praises to his Name,
And in his service spend.

9 In God I trusted, and of him
Did boast in greatest fear;
Though in my trouble I exclaim'd,
All men are insincere.

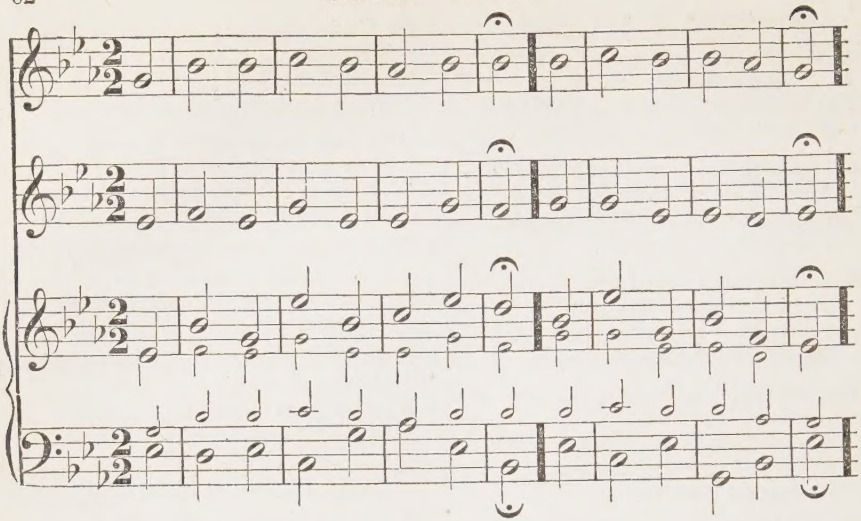
10 Oh what return to God shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

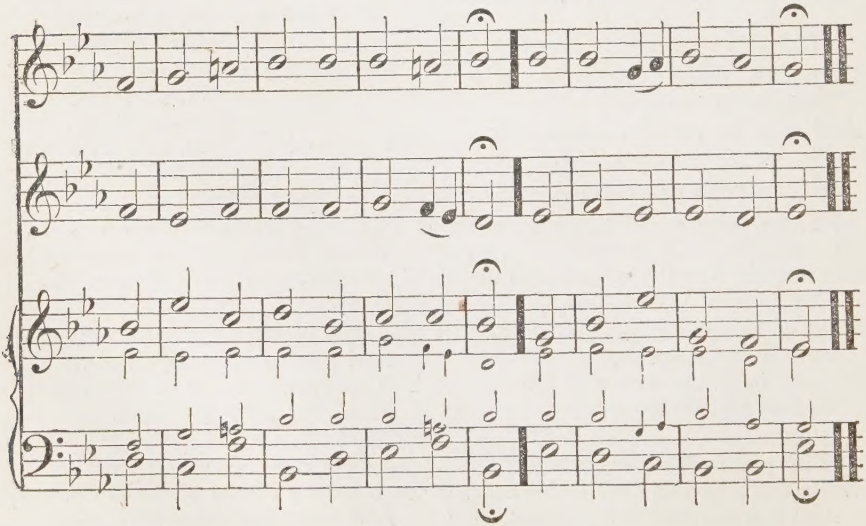
11 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood (howe'er despised
By wicked men) in God's account
Is always highly prized.

12 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise;
And while I bless thy Name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

13 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join
To bless thy Name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

LONDON. C. M.





SELECTION 109. From Psalm 135.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valued treasure takes.

4 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found:
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crown'd.

5 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

6 Their just returns of thanks to God,
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let anointed Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

7 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;
And let all those who fear the Lord,
His name for ever bless.

8 Let all with thanks his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy Name.

SELECTION 117.
From Psalm 145.—Part II.

1 THE Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
Who timely food supplies.

2 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!

4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

5 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
In justice he destroys.

6 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his Name.

HYMN 207.

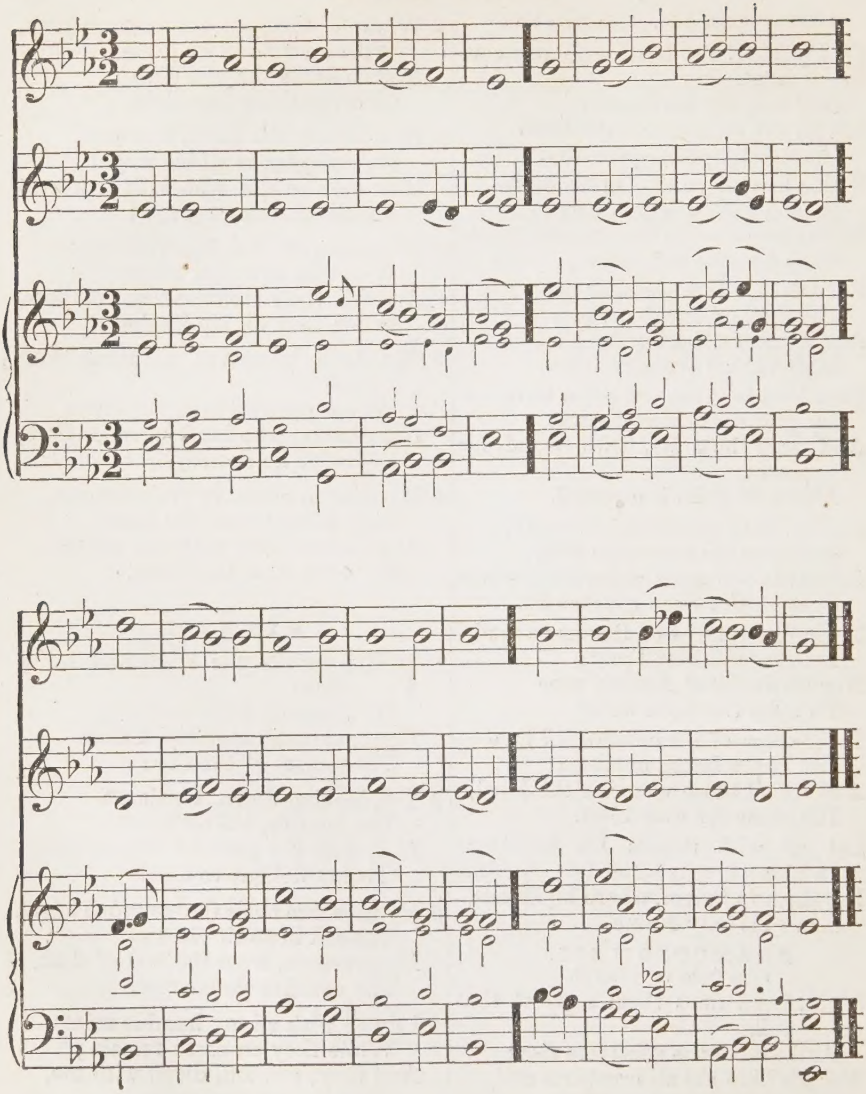
1 THUS speaks the High and Lofty One:
My throne is fix'd on high;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky:

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

MANCHESTER. C. M.



SELECTION 5. From Psalm 5.

1 REGARD my words, O gracious Lord,
Accept my secret prayer;
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 Lord, I within thy house will come,
In thy abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear,
Toward thy most holy place.

4 Let those, O Lord, who trust in thee,
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy Name.

5 To righteous men, the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favor all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

SELECTION 55. From Psalm 71.

1 IN thee I put my steadfast trust, Lord,
Defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy Name.

2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope,
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

4 Thy righteous acts and saving health
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summed with utmost care.

5 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim
And mention his alone.

6 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth
To praise thy glorious Name;
And ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

7 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise:
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

8 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeemed,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

SELECTION 103. From Psalm 128.

1 THE man is bless'd, that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labor feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

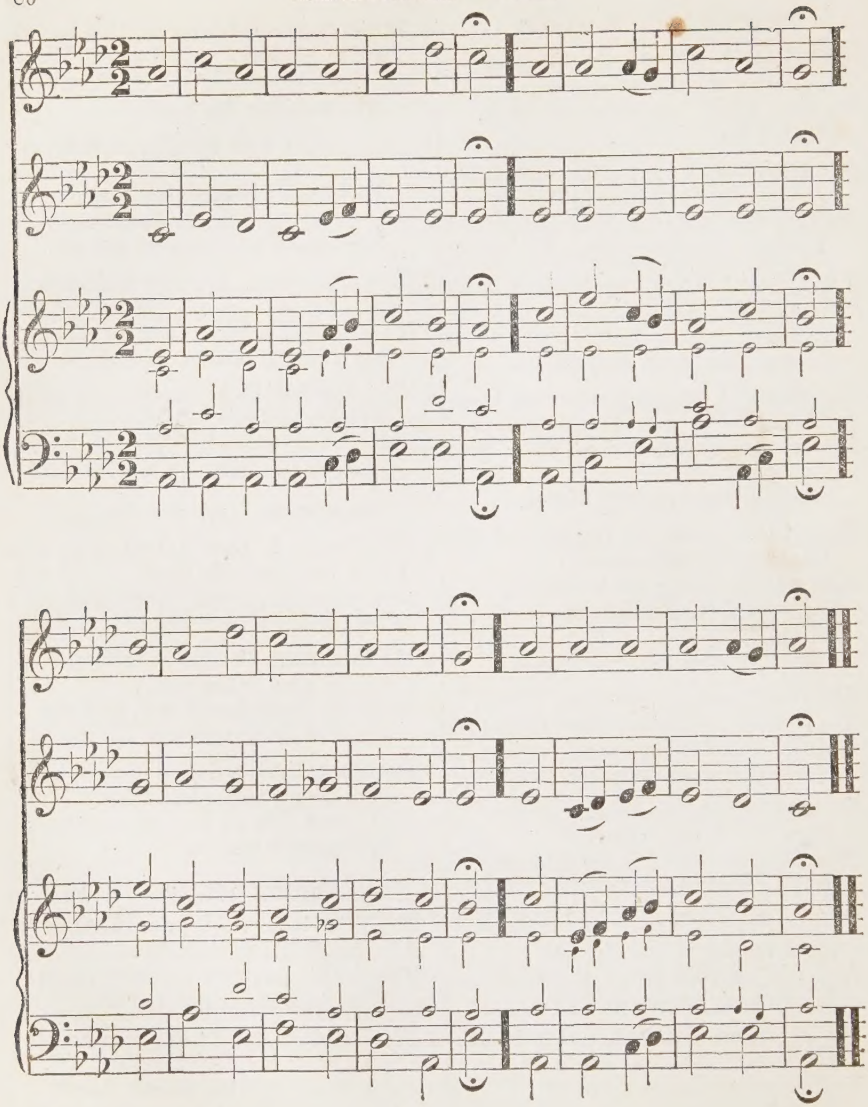
3 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

SELECTION 108. From Psalm 134.

1 BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That in his temple's hallow'd courts
With humble reverence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands
And bless his holy Name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

MARTYRDOM. C. M.



HYMN 112.

1 WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us unhonor'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth:

2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace; [grow
Like him, in grace and knowledge
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd:

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie.

HYMN 114.

1 MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes.

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his Name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;
The honor of thy Name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

HYMN 115.

1 BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:

2 Whose breast responds with generous
A stranger's woe to feel; [warmth,
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting
A brother in a foe. [eye,

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 198.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

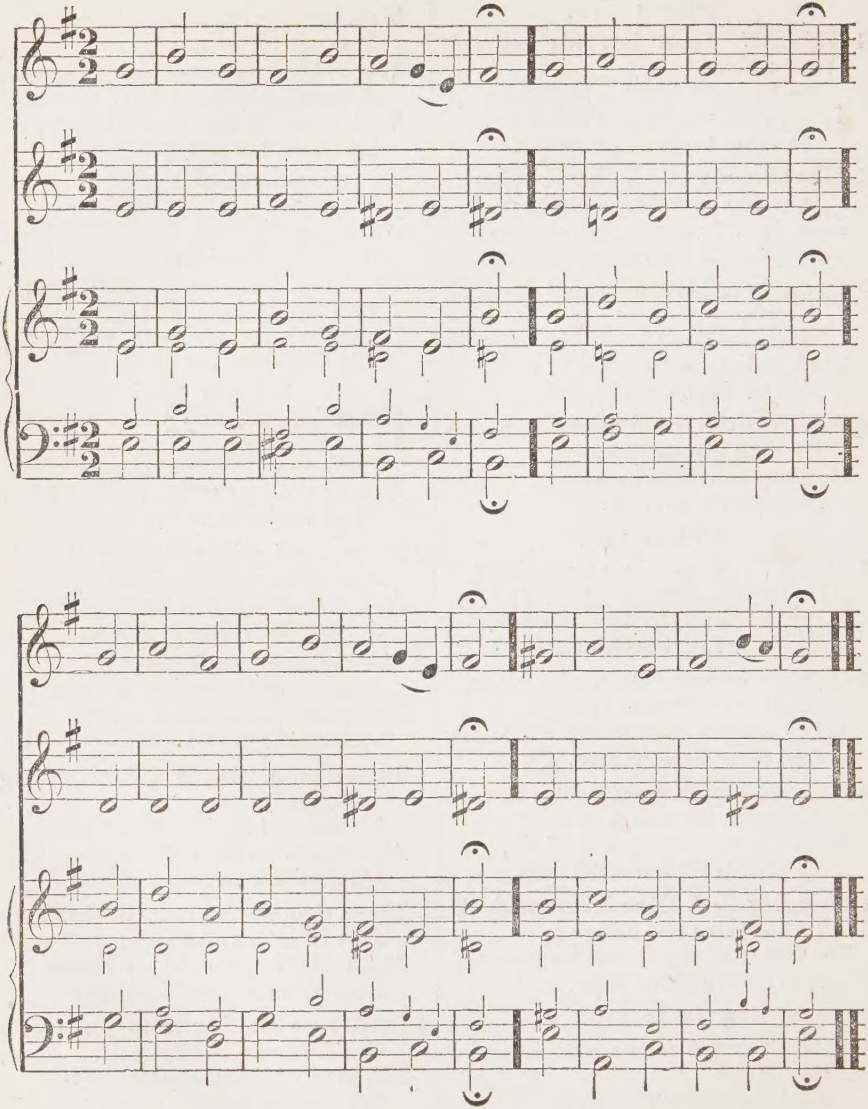
3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There, shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honors to his Name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

MARTYRS. C. M.



HYMN 20.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load:
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMM 59

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord:
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine;
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 158.

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan,
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns:
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep complaining sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 189.

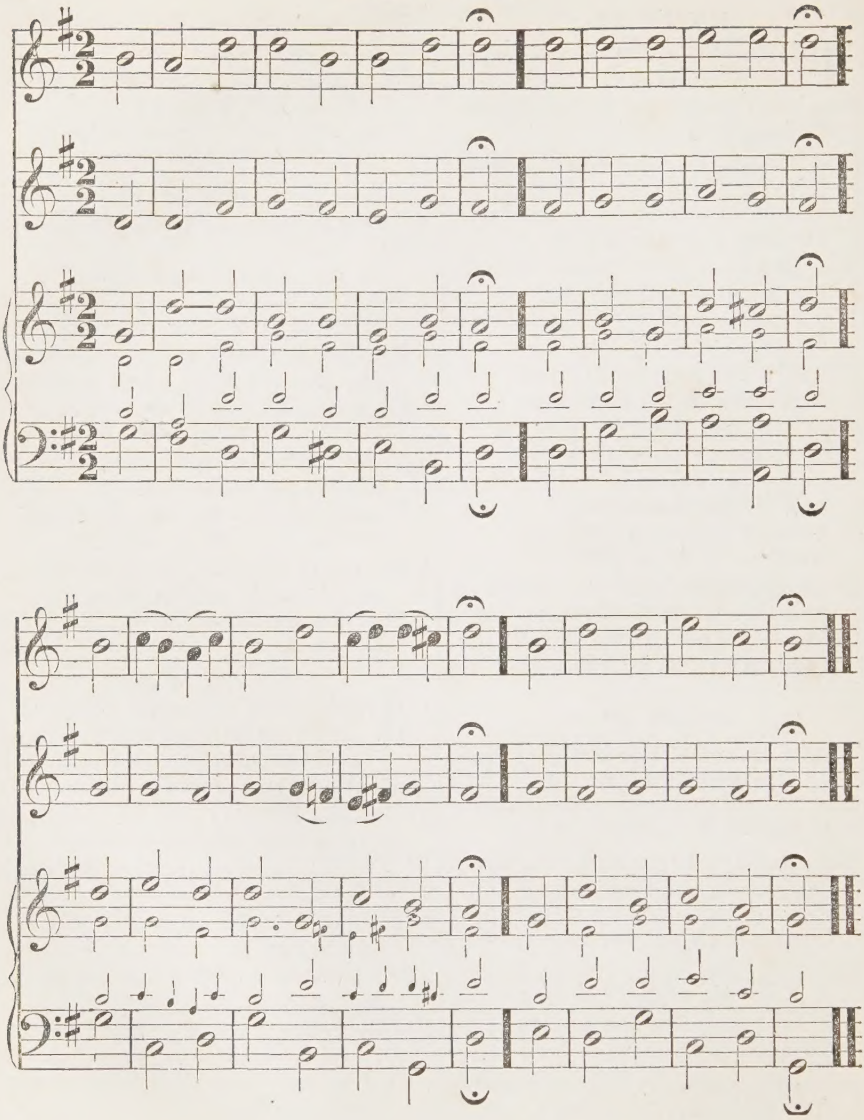
1 HARK! from the tombs a mournful sound
Mine ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers;
"The tall, the wise, the reverend head
"Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

MEAR. C. M.



SELECTION 78. From Psalm 99.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherubs' wings he sits enthroned;
Let earth's foundation shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers;
And thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.

3 Let therefore all with praise address
His great and dreadful Name;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
Before his footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might
His holiness extol.

6 With worship at his sacred courts
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.

SELECTION 80.

From Psalm 102.—Part III.

1 THE strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands, O Lord, the arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.

2 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

3 Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

4 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

* SELECTION 99. From Psalm 122.

1 O 'TWAS a joyful sound, to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal-day!

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

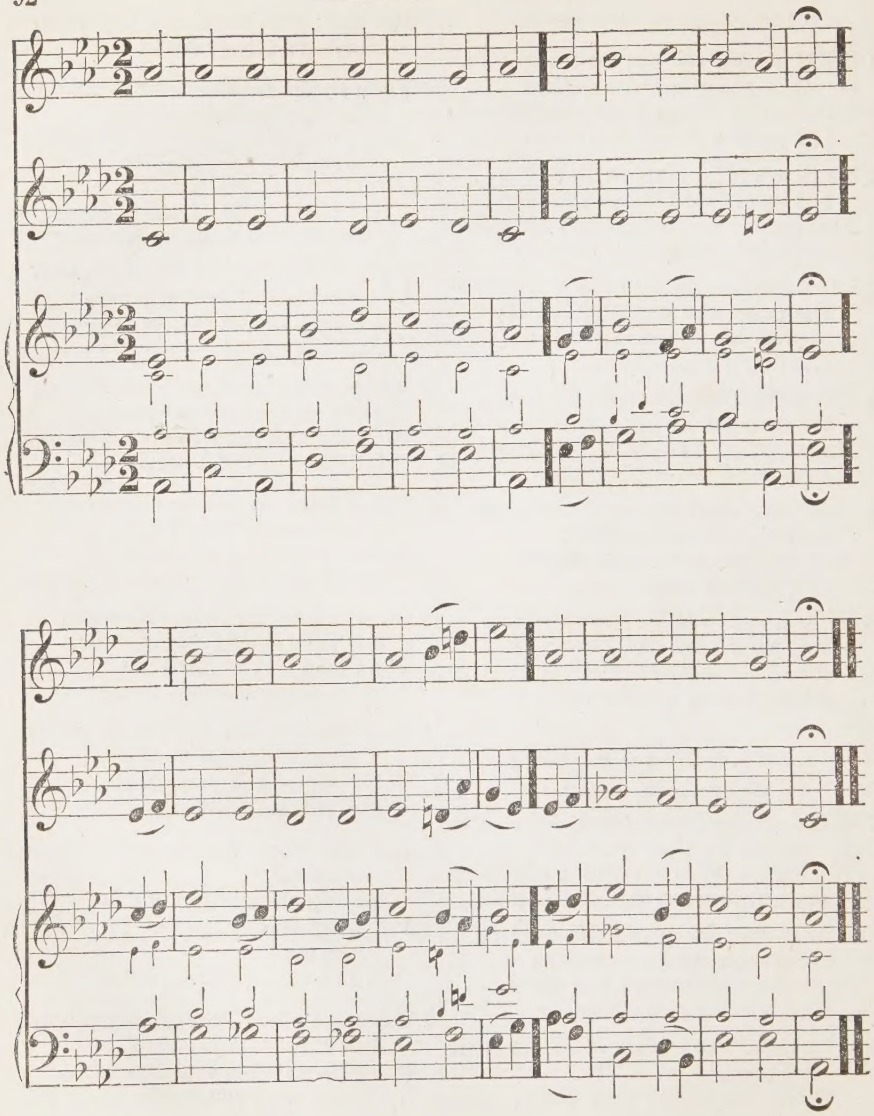
4 O, ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

5 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

6 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

7 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

MEDWAY. C. M.



SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part VIII.

1 O LORD, my God, my portion thou,
And sure possession art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

2 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

3 With deep reflection and strict care
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.

4 Prolonging not the time, my soul
Resolved without delay
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

5 To such as fear thy holy Name,
Myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

6 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O grant that I may truly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

SELECTION 121.

From Psalm 147.—Part I.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his Holy Name.

2 His holy city God will build,
Though levell'd with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispersed
Through all the nations round.

3 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.

4 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

5 To God the Lord, a hymn of praise
With grateful voices sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

6 He covers heaven with clouds, and rain,
Refreshing rain bestows;
And on the mountains, through his care,
The grass in plenty grows.

7 His care the beasts that loosely range
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.

8 The Lord to him that fears his Name
His tender love extends;
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

9 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address;
Whose strength secures their lasting gates,
Who does their children bless.

HYMN 76.

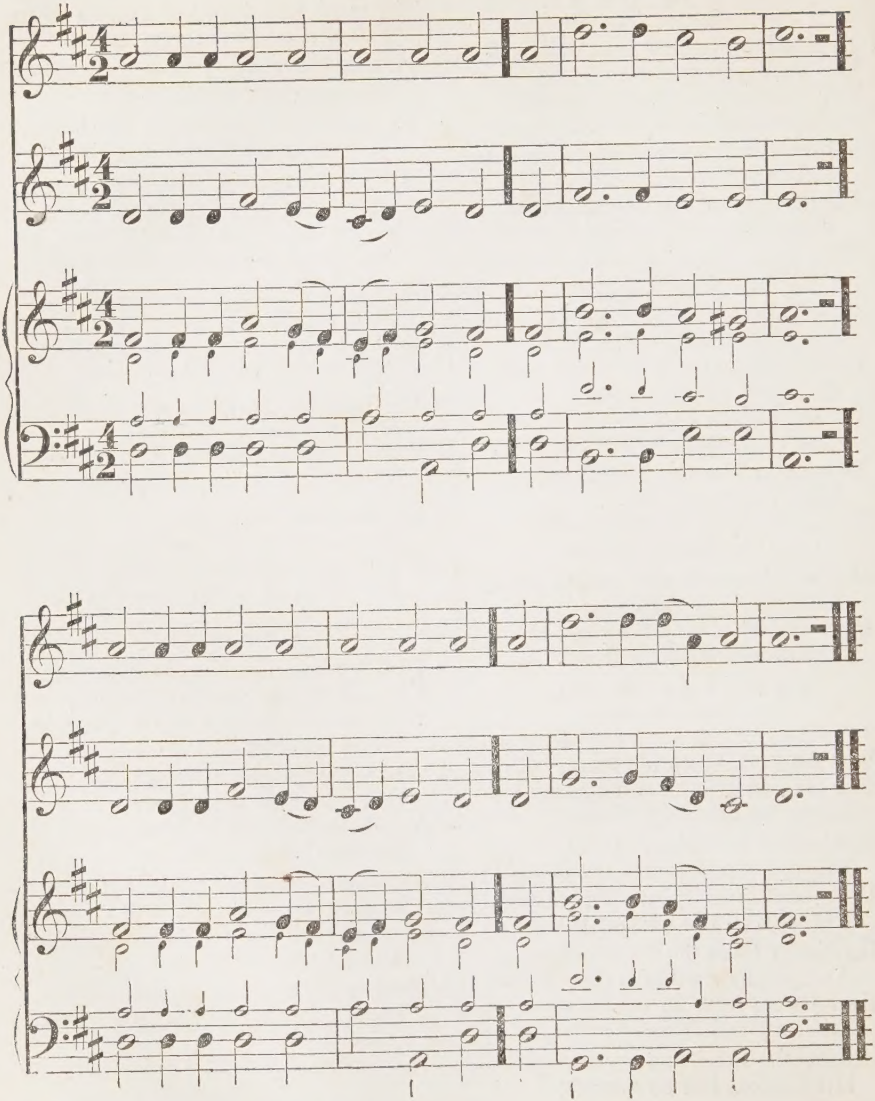
1 HE'S come, let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey,
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

NAOMI. C. M.



HYMN 133.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

HYMN 181.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

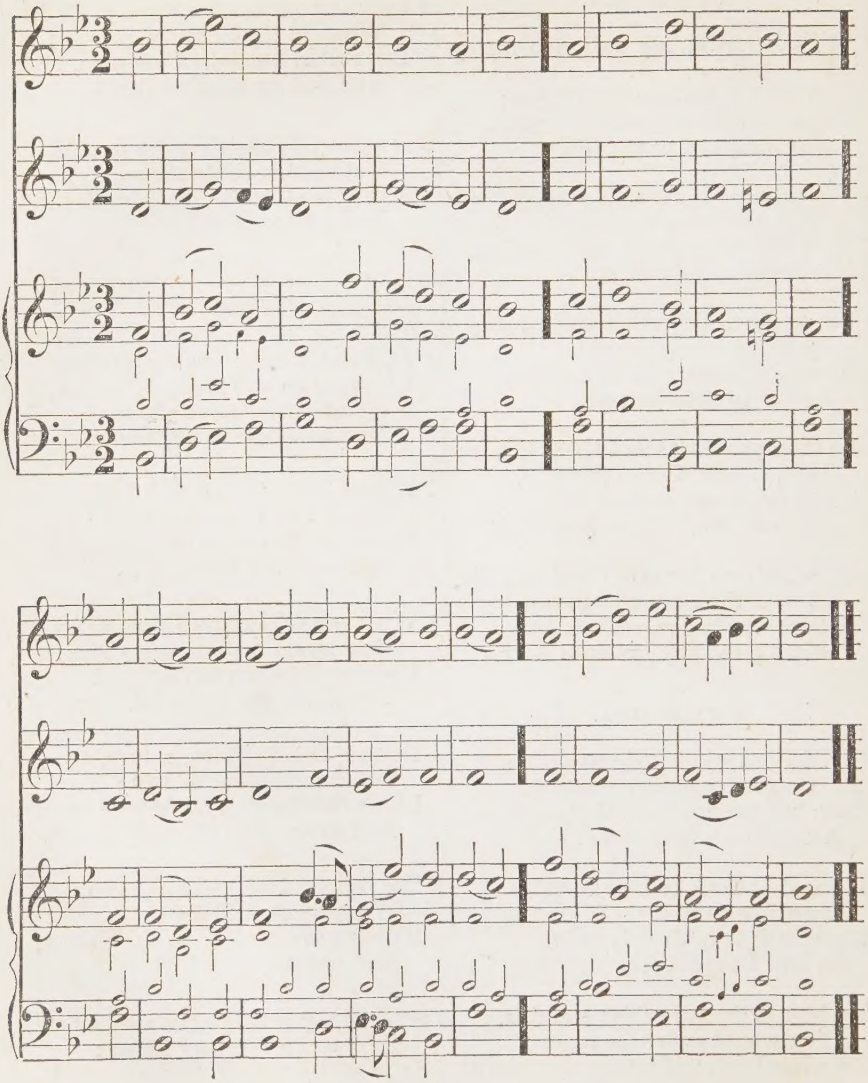
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still:
But now I feel an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

NEWTON. C. M.



SELECTION 15.

From Psalm 19.—Part I.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display;
Its bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 From east to west, from west to east,
His ceaseless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful [light
And vital warmth bestows.

SELECTION 39.

From Psalm 45.

1 WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.

2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.

3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.

4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift re-venge,
Does all thy foes pursue.

5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The piercing arrow flies.

6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.

7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wandering sinners rove.

8 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed;
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.

SELECTION 51.

From Psalm 66.—Part I.

1 LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

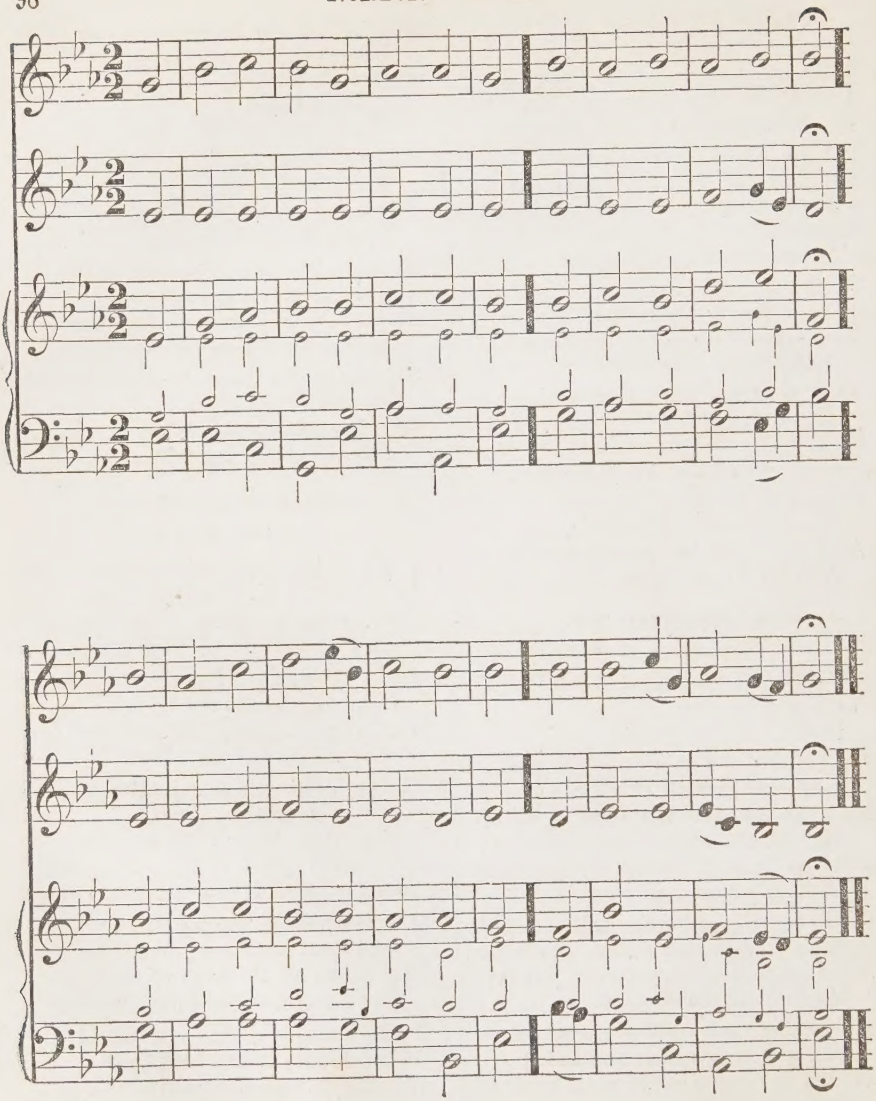
2 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

3 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee, their God, confess;
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.

4 O come, behold the works of God!
And then with me you'll own
That he to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgment shown.

5 O all ye nations, bless our God!
And loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

NORTON. C. M.



SELECTION 15.

From Psalm 19.—Part II.

1 GOD'S perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

6 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!

7 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

8 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

HYMN 2.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy Name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 209.

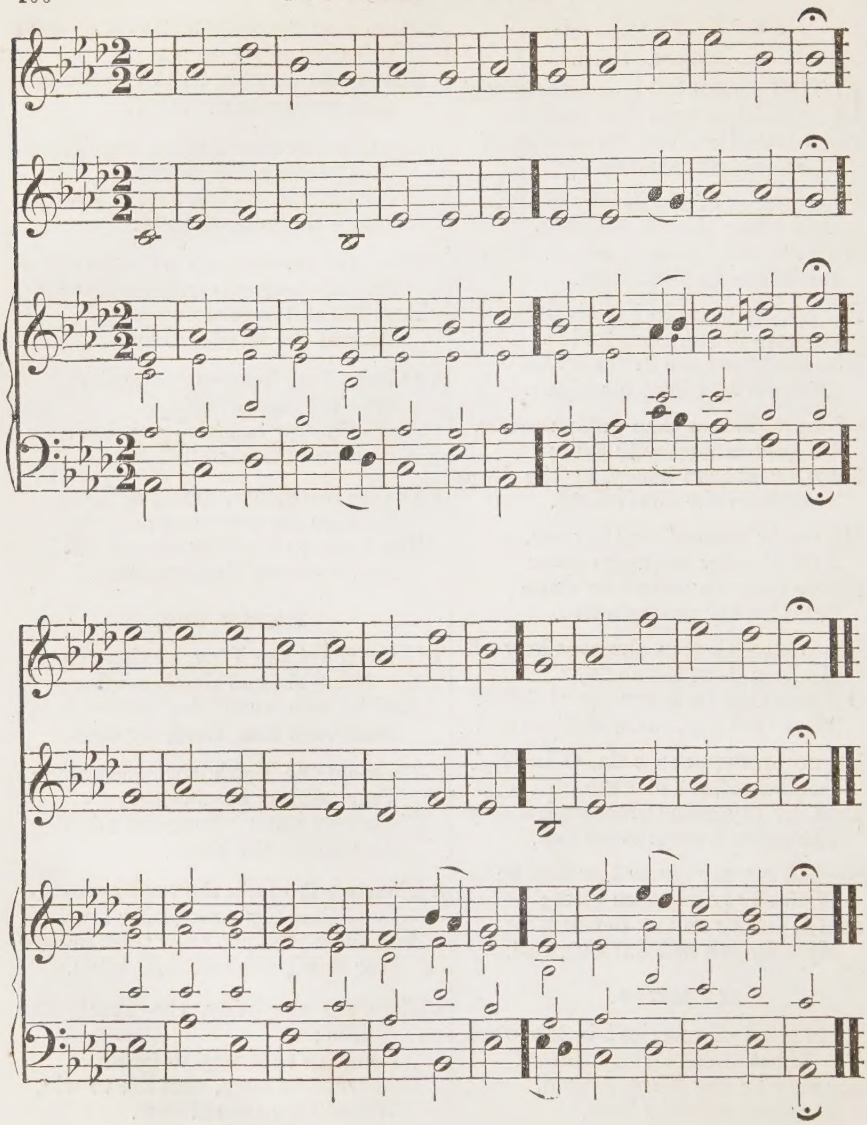
1 THOU art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M.



✻ SELECTION 19.

From Psalm 24.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes
With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

SELECTION 56.

From Psalm 72.

1 LO! hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness:

2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succor cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory filled,
For ever bless his Name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

SELECTION 101.

From Psalm 125.

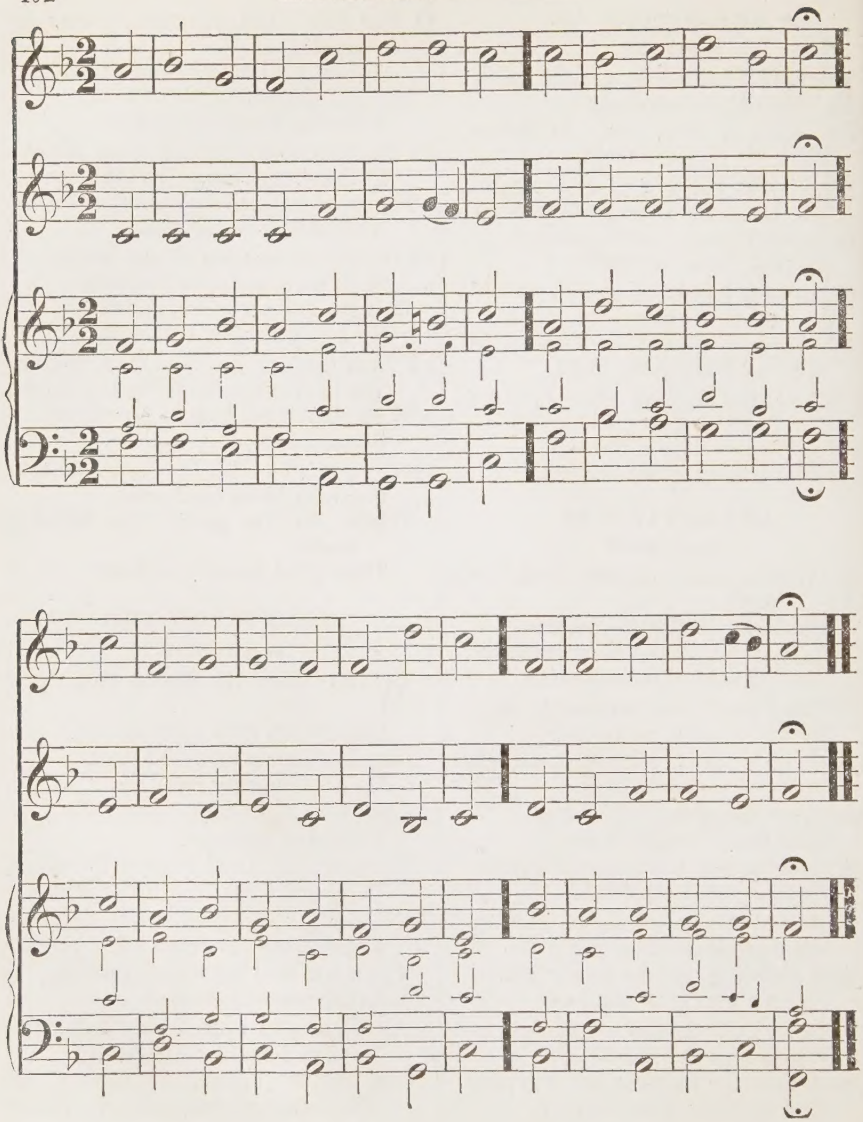
1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on every side,
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

3 Be good, O righteous God! to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

4 All those who walk in crooked paths,
The Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

RAVENSCROFT. C. M.



SELECTION 69.

From Psalm 90.—Part I.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding-place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word,
'Tis instantly obey'd. ["Return,"

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
We vanish hence like dreams—
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams;

6 But howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite
Before the evening close.

7 We by thine anger are consumed,
And by thy wrath dismay'd;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

8 Beneath thine anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.

9 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive:
But if, with more than common
To eighty we arrive— [strength

10 Yet then our boasted strength de-
To sorrow turn'd and pain: [cays,
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

SELECTION 73.

From Psalm 94.—Part I.

1 SAY ye, the Lord shall not regard,
Shall not your sins discern?
Take heed, ye foolish and unwise;
When will ye wisdom learn?

2 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
Or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish
Who his known will defy? [those

3 He fathoms all the hearts of men,
To him their thoughts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part III.

1 BE gracious to thy servant, Lord
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.

2 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they be-
Who thy just precepts learn. [hold,

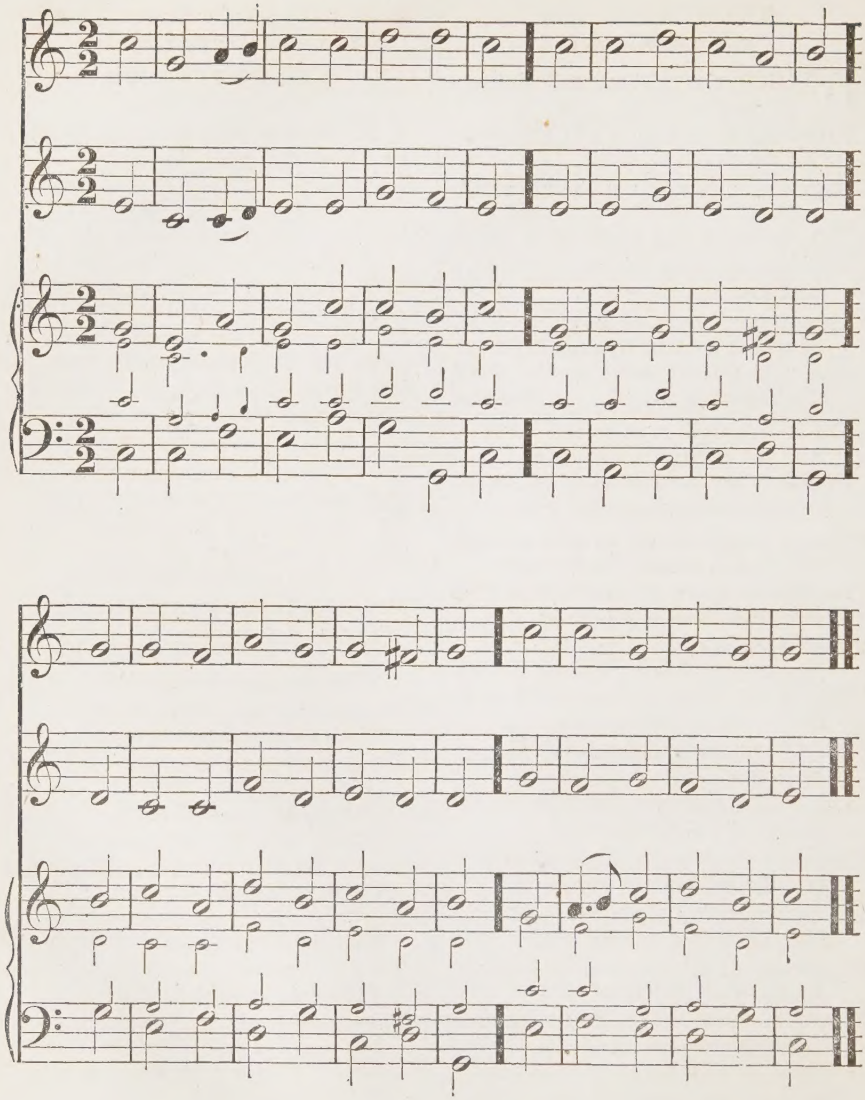
3 My fainting soul is almost pined,
With earnest longing spent,
While always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.

4 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.

5 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;
For I thy sacred law affect
With undissembled love.

6 For thy commands have alway been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn with prudent care
To guide my steps aright.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.



SELECTION 7.

From Psalm 8.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame, [thou!
Through all the world how great art
How glorious is thy Name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 Oh, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in my mind? [prov'st
Or what his offspring, that thou
To them so wondrous kind?

7 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame, [thou!
Through all the world how great art
How glorious is thy Name!

* HYMN 26.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke:
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven!
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven!

5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 31.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord:
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires;
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleased through Jesus Christ his
From sin he grants release; [Son,
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 141.

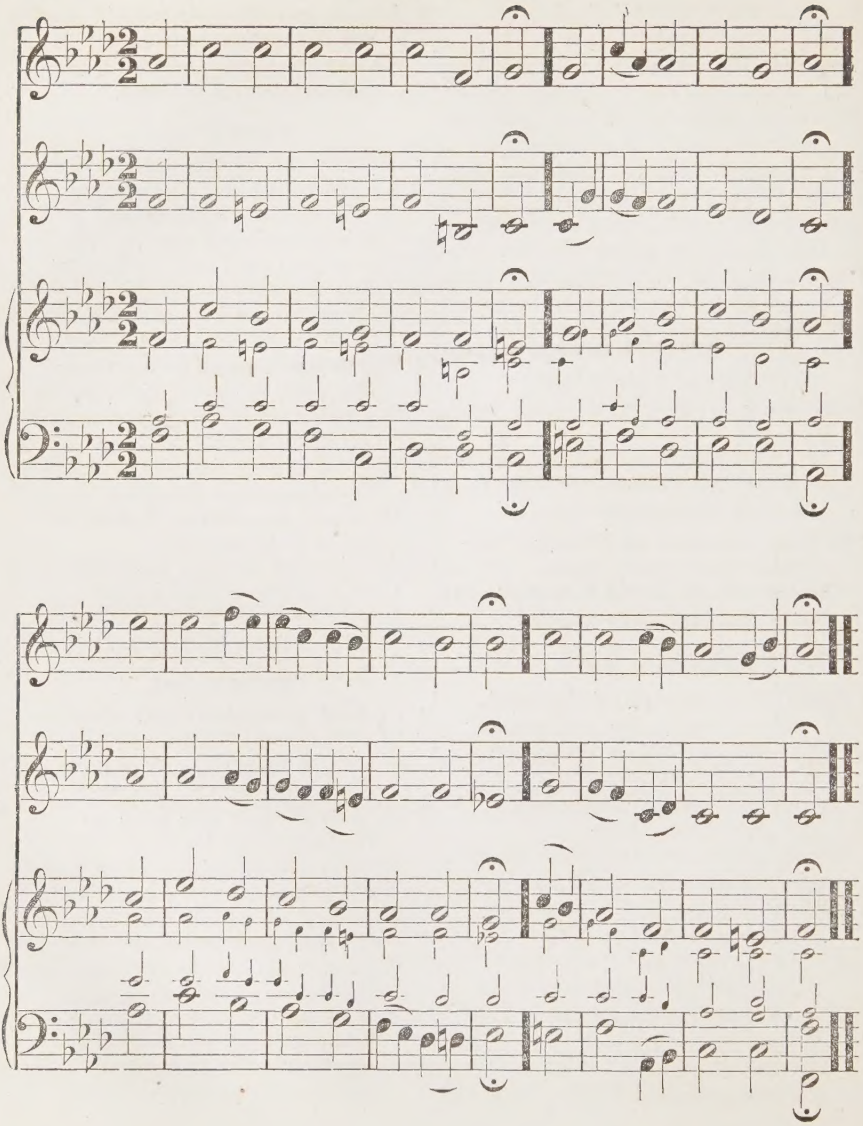
1 O LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe:
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified;
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

ST. ANTHONY. C. M.



SELECTION 65. From Psalm 86.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

4 Thou, Lord, art good; nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.

5 To my repeated humble prayer,
O Lord, attentive be;
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.

6 Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

7 Therefore their great Creator, thee
The nations shall adore;
Their long-misguided prayers and praise
To thy bless'd Name restore.

8 All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

9 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart;
In reverence to thy sacred Name
Devoutly fix my heart.

10 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Praise thee with heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting Name
Eternal trophies rear.

11 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
Transcends my power to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest deeps of hell.

12 And thou thy constant goodness didst
To my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,
Thou everlasting spring!

SELECTION 69.

From Psalm 90.—Part II.

1 BUT who thine anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

2 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

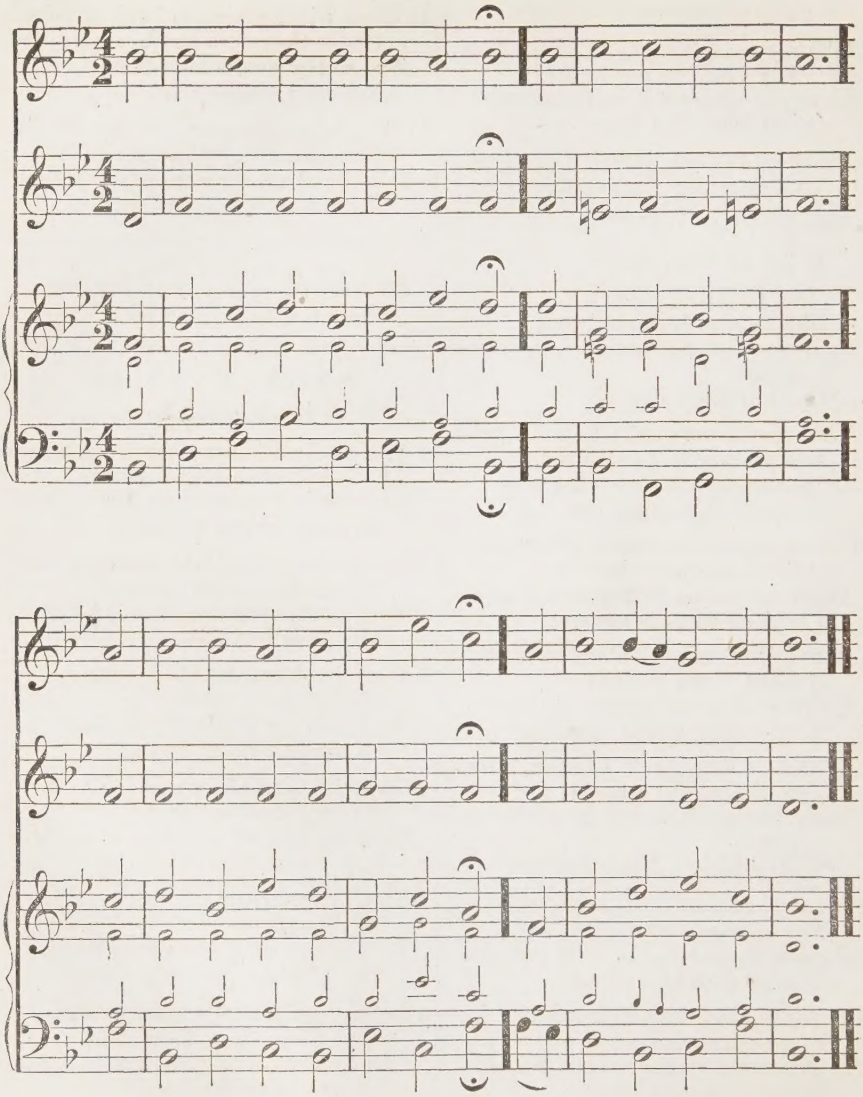
3 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent:
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

4 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

5 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known;
And to our offspring yet unborn,
Thy glorious power be shown.

6 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

ST. JAMES. C. M.



SELECTION 1.

From Psalm 1.

1 HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked
Before their Judge's face: [dumb
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's
To happiness they tend: [ways;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

SELECTION 23.

From Psalm 28.

1 ADORED forever be the Lord;
His praise I will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

2 He is my strength and shield; my
Has trusted in his Name; [heart
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.

3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.

4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve; [hearts,
Feed, strengthen, and support their
That they may never swerve.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part I.

1 HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous
Have still obedient been; [laws
And have with fervent humble zeal,
His favor sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

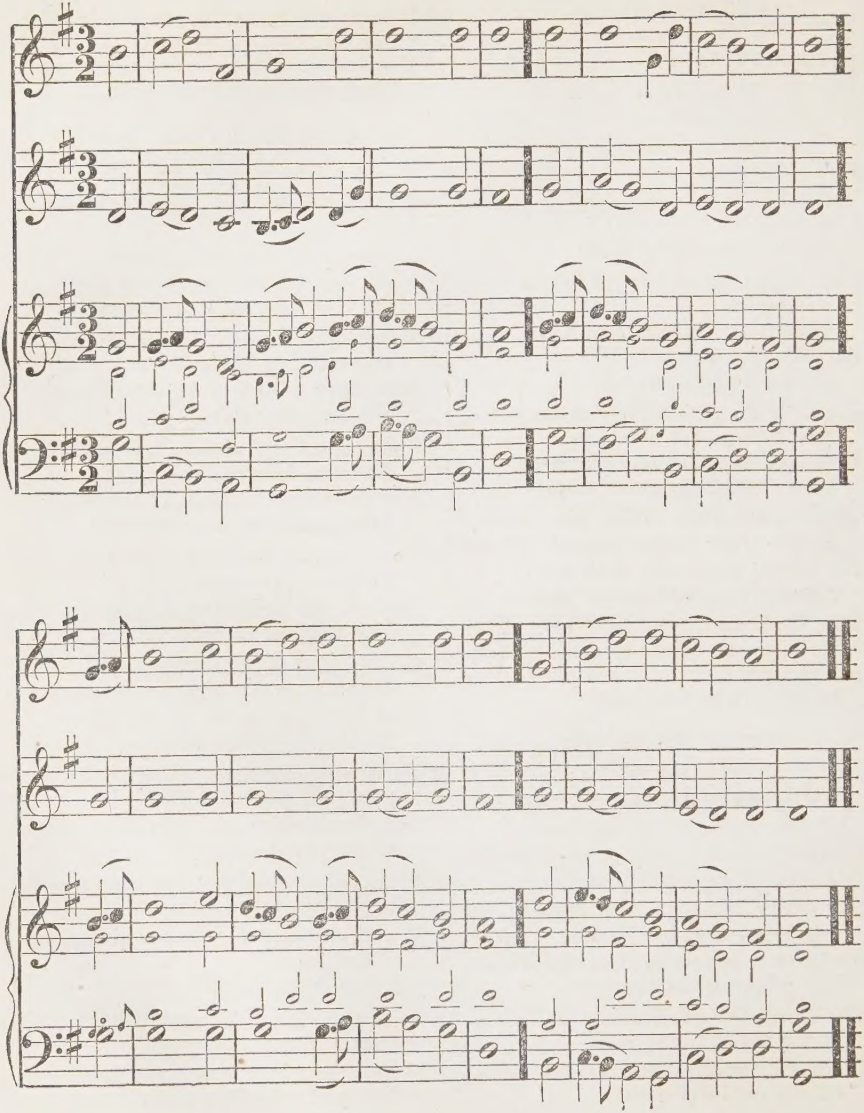
5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learned thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
Entire observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away!

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



SELECTION 60. From Psalm 78.

1 HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue shall oracles proclaim
Which ancient times have known;
The truths which our forefathers' care
To us has handed down.

3 We will not hide them from our sons,
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

4 For Jacob he his law ordain'd,
His league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race convey'd;

5 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs.

6 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
But keep his just commands.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XVII.

1 THE wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.

2 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

3 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

4 With favor, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

5 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine:
Thy statutes both to know and keep
My heart with zeal incline.

* HYMN 43.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.

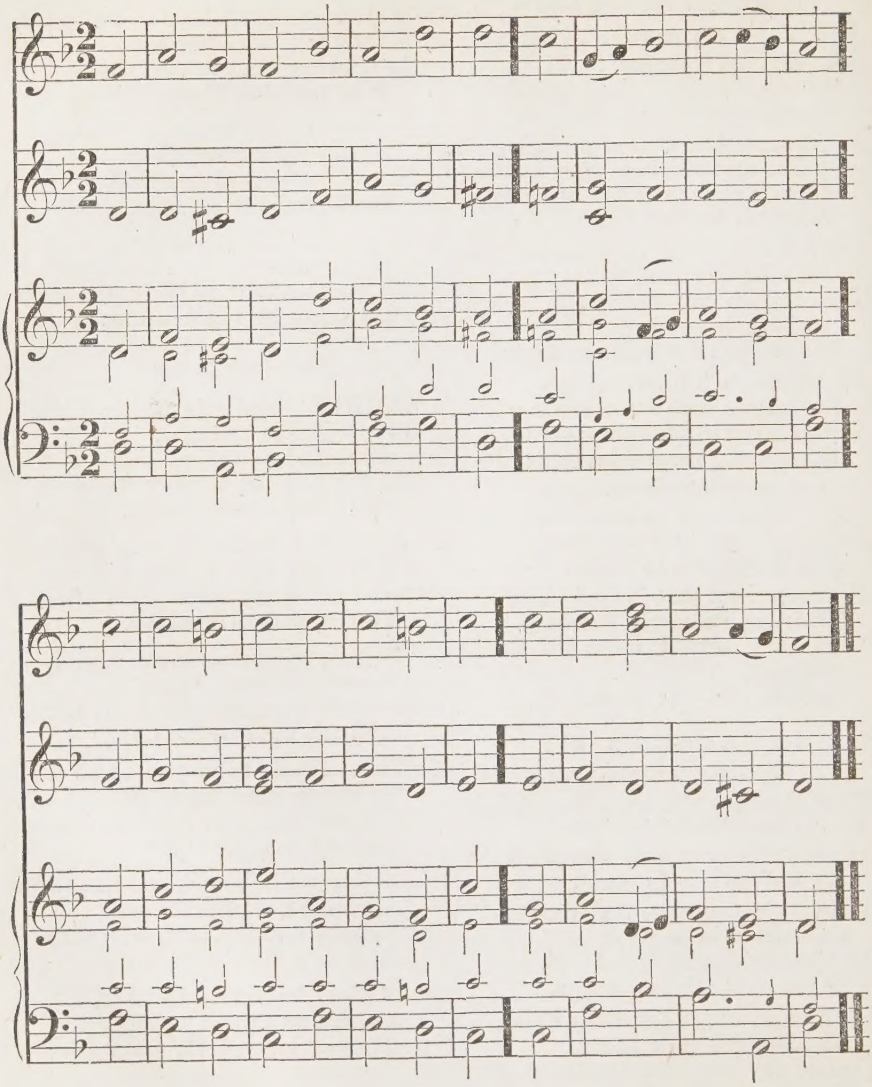
3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

ST. MARY'S. C. M.



SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XVI.

1 MINE eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held;
Till thy salvation they behold
And righteous word fulfill'd.

2 To me, thy servant in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.

3 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.

4 Thy laws and precepts I account
In all respects divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

HYMN 80.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near

HYMN 125.

1 WHEN those we love are snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power imprest,
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the faithful warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126.

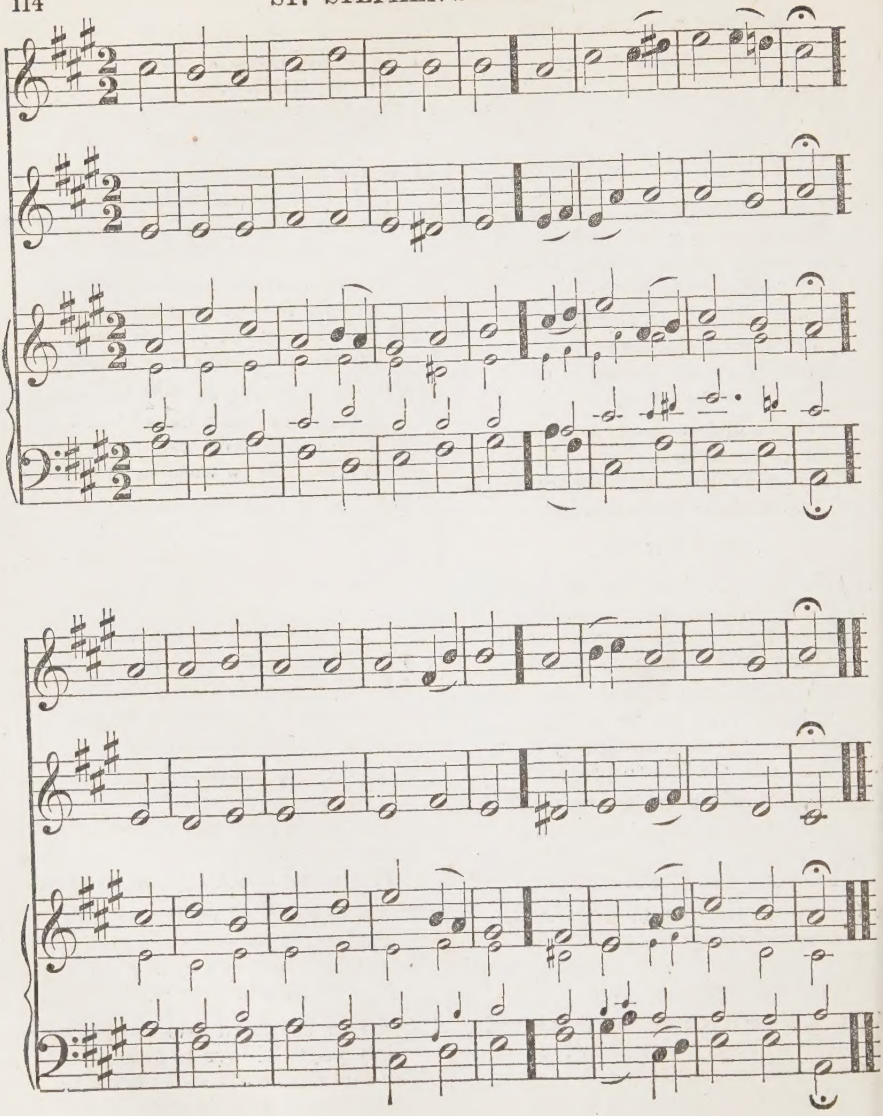
1 HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all *his* bloom:
The course but yesterday begun,
Now finish'd in the tomb.

2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight:
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow, mercy's open gate
May be forever barr'd.

4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain:
The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C. M.



SELECTION 29.

From Psalm 34.—Part I.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes
In trouble and in joy, [of life,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name:
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The Angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

SELECTION 98. From Psalm 121.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favor'd Israel keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th'Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 From common accidents of life
The Lord shall guard thee still;
'Tis even he that shall preserve
Thy soul from every ill.

5 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

HYMN 95.

1 AND are we now brought near to God
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above:
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King:
O may that love which spread this
Inspire us while we sing: [board,

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease."

HYMN 202.

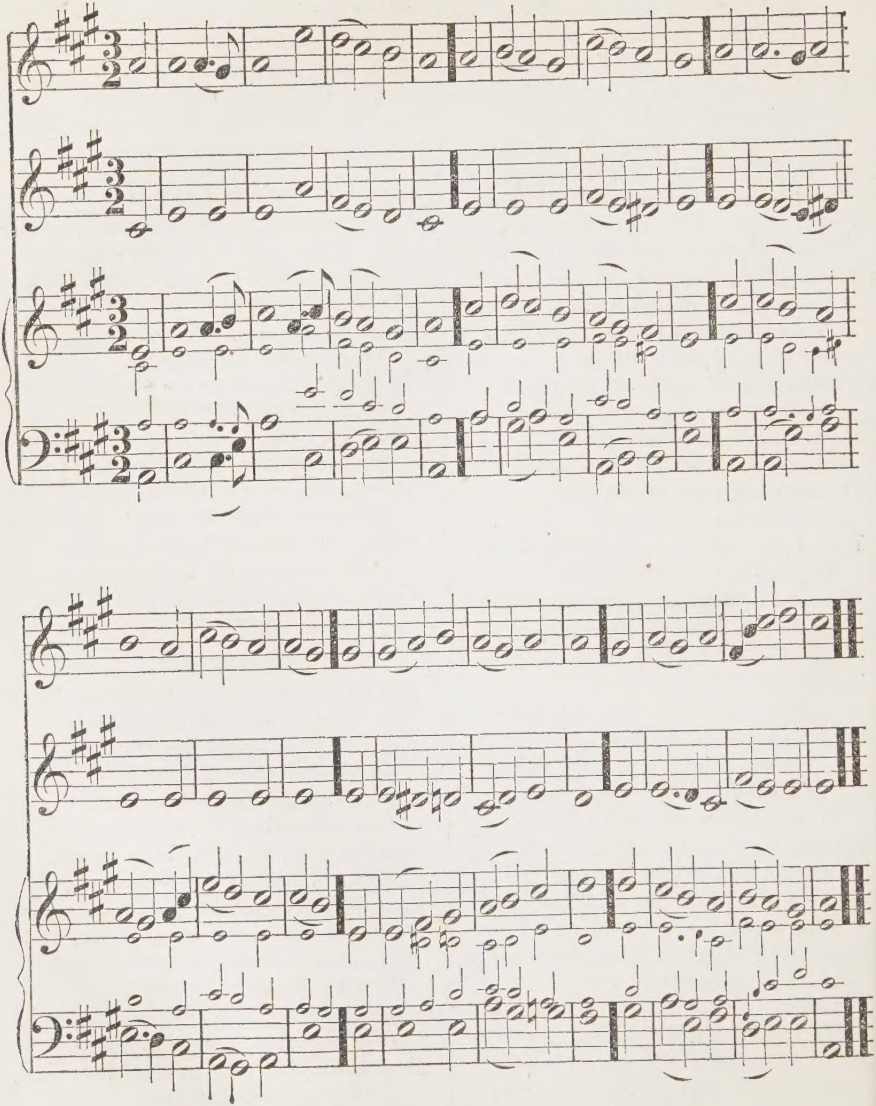
1 GOD of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage;
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's lov'd abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

SWANWICK. C. M.



SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XII.

1 FOR ever and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain;
Thy word, establish'd in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.

2 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou up-
By thine almighty hand. [hold'st

3 All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

4 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expired
In dark affliction's night.

5 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restored my dying heart.

6 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XIV.

1 THY word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show:
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

2 I've vow'd, and from my covenant,
Will never start aside, [Lord,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey;
And till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

HYMN 1.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with
On all thy works I look; [praise
But still thy wisdom, power, and
Shine brightest in thy book. [grace,

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

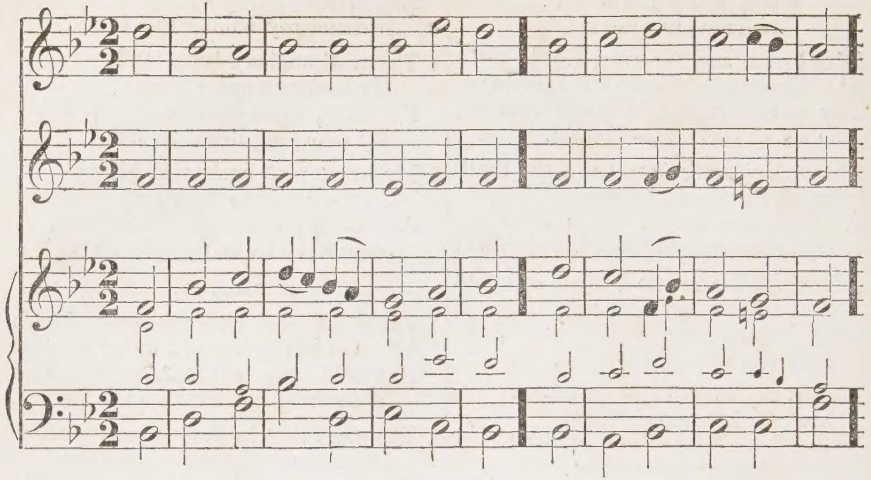
4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

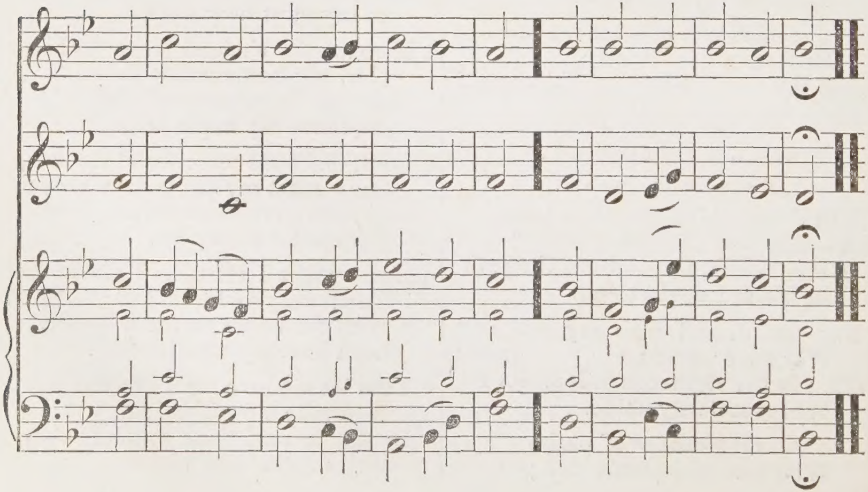
5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has
To save my soul from hell; [died
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

TIVERTON. C. M.





SELECTION 25.

From Psalm 30.

1 IN my distress to God I cried,
Who kindly did relieve,
And from the grave's expecting mouth
My hopeless life retrieve.

2 O to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favor no decay;
The night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.

4 Therefore, O Lord, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favors endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

SELECTION 62.

From Psalm 81.

1 TO God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing:
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and tuneful harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets at the festival
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious care observed,
By Israel's chosen seed.

* HYMN 16.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

* HYMN 68.

1 SINCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:

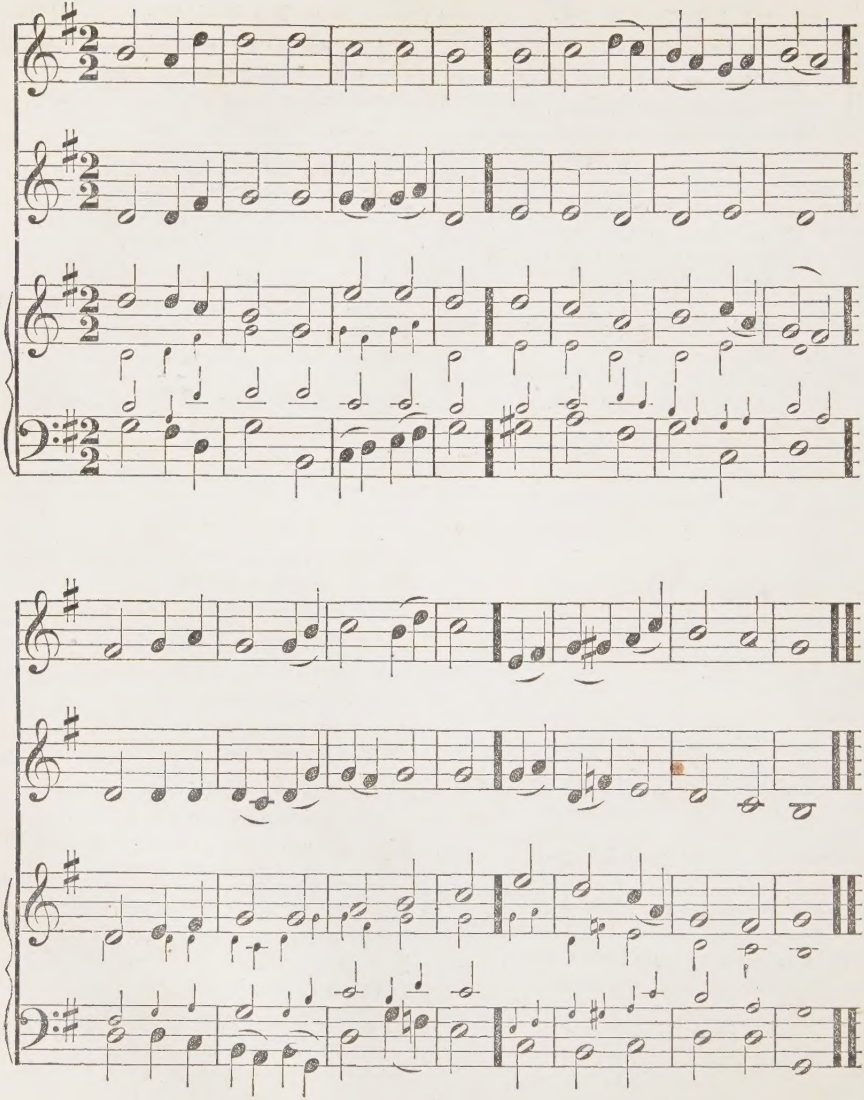
2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeigned sincerity,
And truth's unleavened bread.

3 Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

TOTTENHAM. C. M.



SELECTION 77. From Psalm 98.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd
Display'd his saving might, [world
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before th' Almighty King.

6 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all that seas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants
Join concert with the main.

7 Let floods and torrents clap their
With joy their homage pay; [hands,
Let echoing vales, from hill to hill,
Redoubled shouts convey:

8 To welcome down the world's great
Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

SELECTION 117.

From Psalm 145.—Part I.

1 THEE I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

3 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;
From age to age thy glorious Name
Successively descends.

4 Whilst I thy glory, and renown,
And wondrous works express,
The world with me thy might shall
And thy great power confess. [own,

5 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

6 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

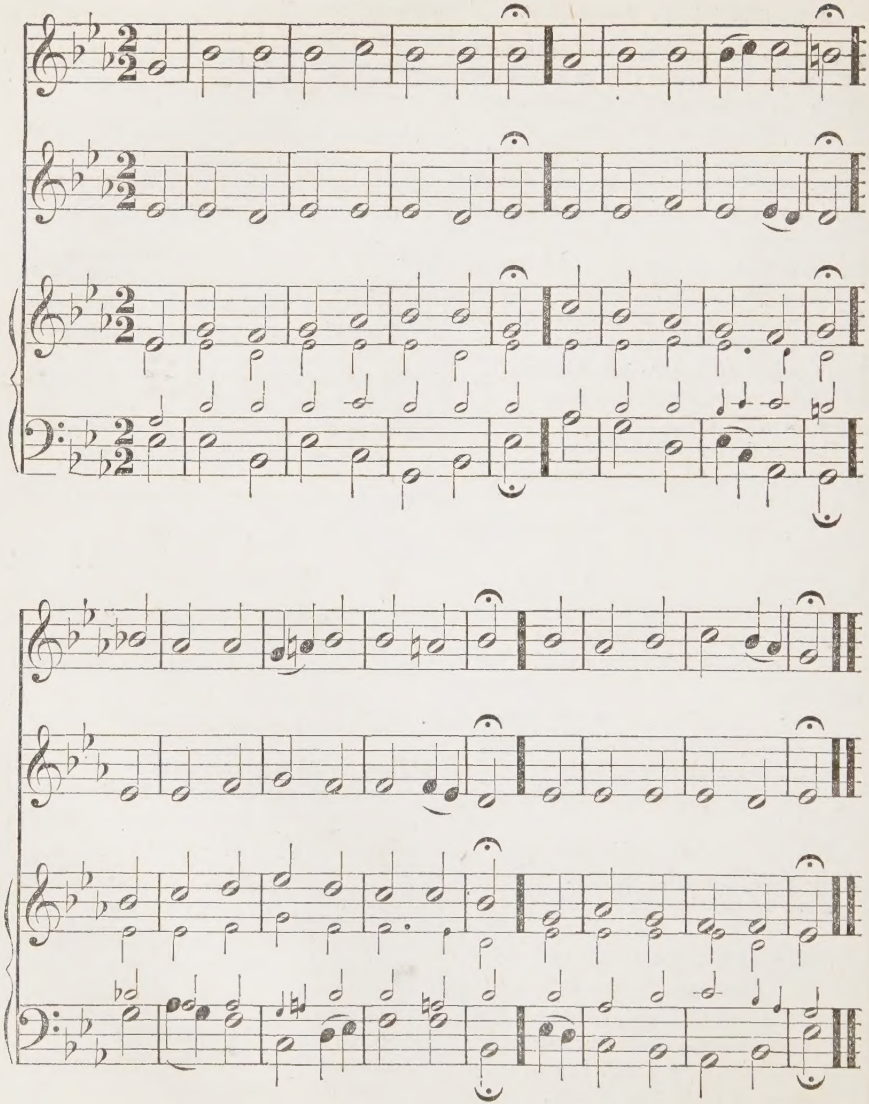
7 Thy love through earth extends its
To all thy works express'd; [fame,
These show thy praise, whilst thy
great Name
Is by thy servants bless'd.

8 They, with a glorious prospect fired,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great power, by all admired,
Their lofty subject make.

9 God's mighty works of ancient date,
Shall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's glorious state,
In all its splendor shown.

10 His steadfast throne, from changes
Shall stand for ever fast; [free,
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

VULPIUS. C. M.



SELECTION 4.

From Psalm 4.

1 CONSIDER that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice;
And when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.

2 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

3 The sacrifice of righteousness
Present to God on high;
And let your hope, securely fixed,
On him alone rely.

4 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see;
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

5 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true [wine
Than theirs, who stores of corn and
Successively renew.

6 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possessed.

SELECTION 12.

From Psalm 15.

1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
Whom righteousness directs;
Whose generous tongue disdains to
The thing his heart rejects. [speak

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

7 The man, who by this righteous course
Has happiness insured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XIII.

1 THE love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My raptured thoughts all day.

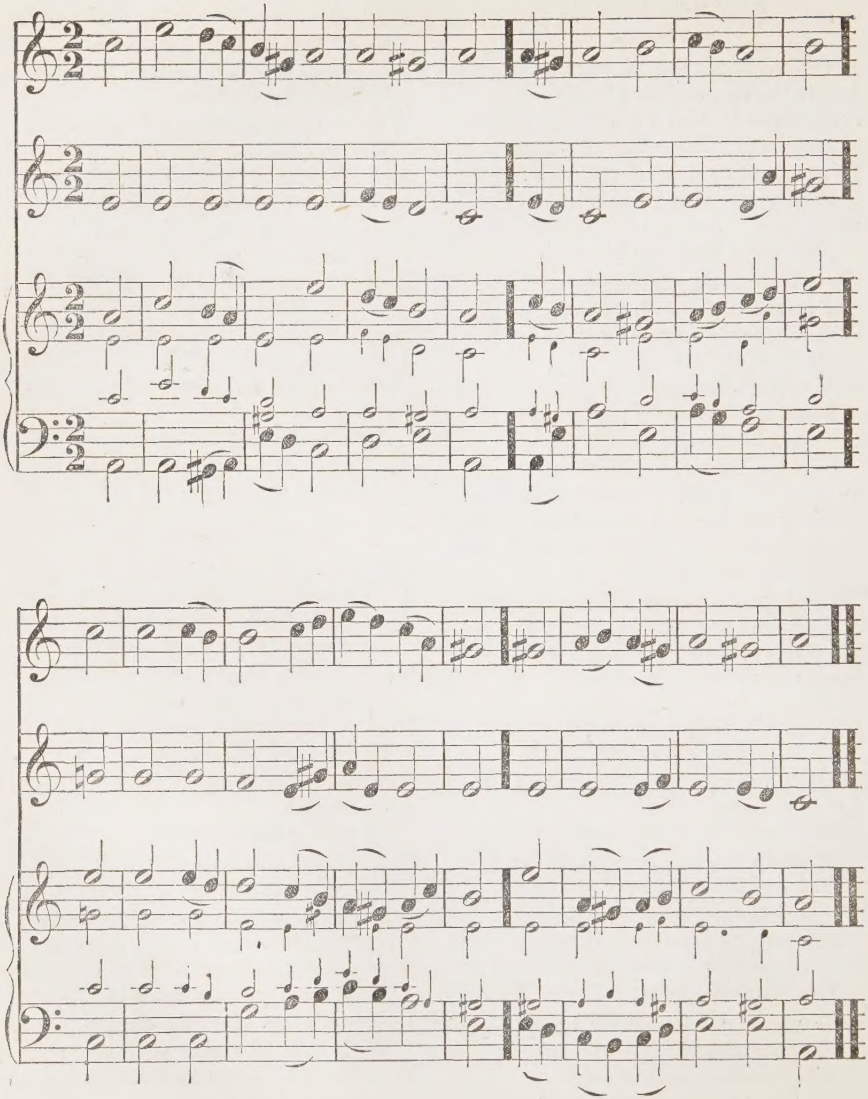
2 My feet with care I have refrained
From every sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.

3 I have not from thy judgments strayed
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

4 How sweet are all thy words to me;
Oh! what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

5 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blest;
Through which the treacherous ways
I utterly detest. [of sin

WALSAL. C. M.



SELECTION 32. From Psalm 38.

1 THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let on me the heavy storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.

4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart:
Make haste to my relief, O thou,
Who my salvation art.

HYMN 65.

1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize;
The sun as darkest night be black:
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis He,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed. nor die in vain.

HYMN 124.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die:
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high.

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside; [power;
The law gave sin its strength and
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he [raised
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O Grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 192.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
Oh! how shall I appear!

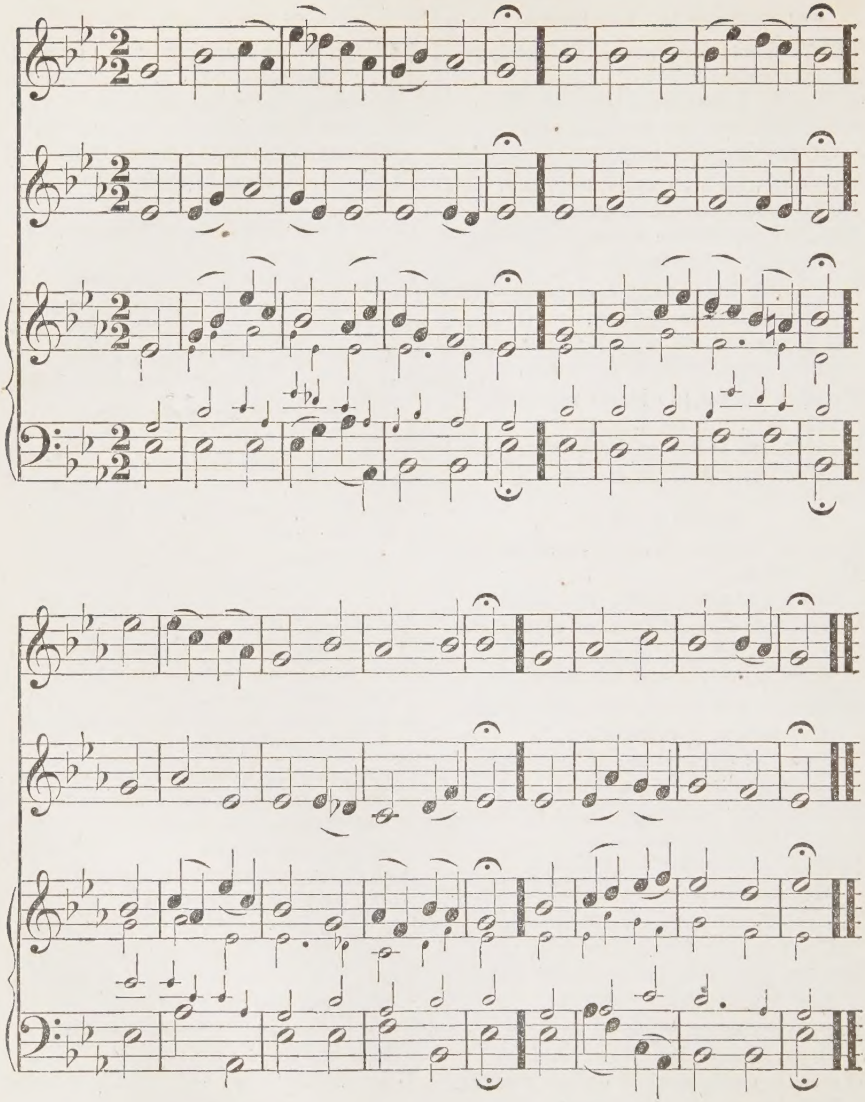
2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis- [closed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless wo prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

WARWICK. C. M.



SELECTION 71. From Psalm 92.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use designed.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part VI.

1 THY constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.

2 So shall I, whosoe'er upbraids,
This ready answer make:
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."

3 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth removed;
Since still my ground of steadfast hope,
Thy judgments, Lord, have proved.

4 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend;
And constantly my time to come
In their observance spend.

5 My soul shall gladly walk at large,
From all oppression free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

6 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy loved commandments I
My happy hours employ.

7 Then will I to thy holy laws
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

* HYMN 147.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:

4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

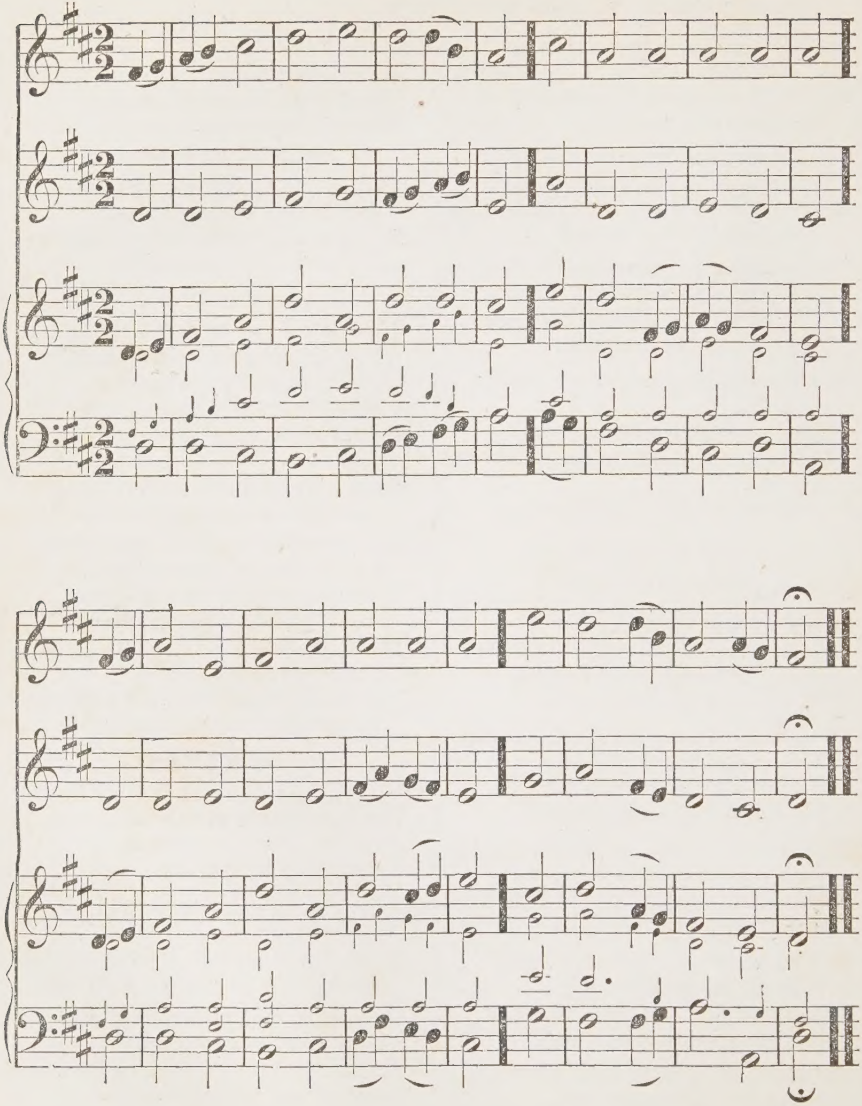
HYMN 170.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

WILLIAMS. C. M.



SELECTION 85. From Psalm 105.

1 O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord,
Invoke his sacred Name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assign'd.

SELECTION 95. From Psalm 117.

1 WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

* HYMN 17.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach:
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 44.

1 WHILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise.

2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng;
For angels no such love have known,
As we, to wake their song.

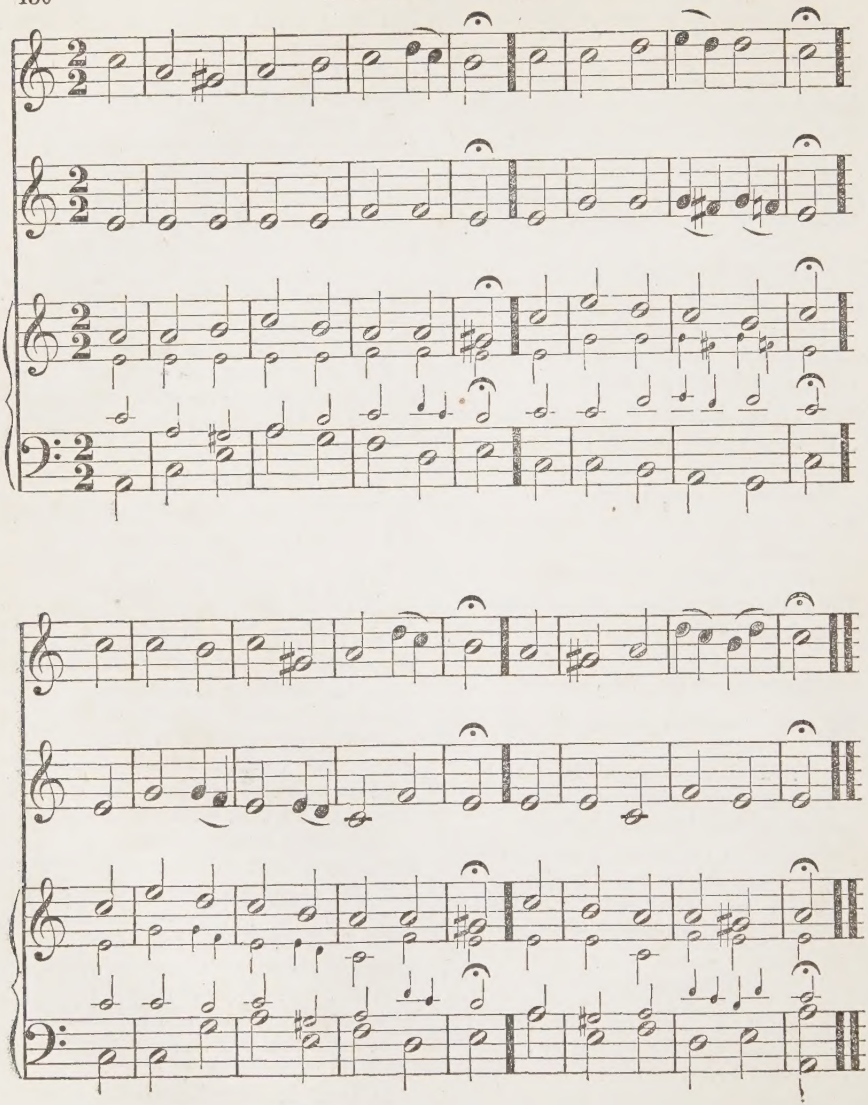
3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven.

4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promised child is born!"

5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd;

6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains.

WINDSOR. C. M.



SELECTION 17.

From Psalm 22.—Part I.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
Oh! why so far from me removed,
And from my loud complaint?

2 Lo! I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.

3 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say:

4 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
That he was Heaven's delight;
Let God come down to save him now,
And own his favorite."

5 Withdraw not then so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help, on which
Alone I can rely.

SELECTION 33. From Psalm 39.

1 LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end:
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
A cypher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

HYMN 63.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break Death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

HYMN 188.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
O man, of woman born:
Thy doom is written: "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

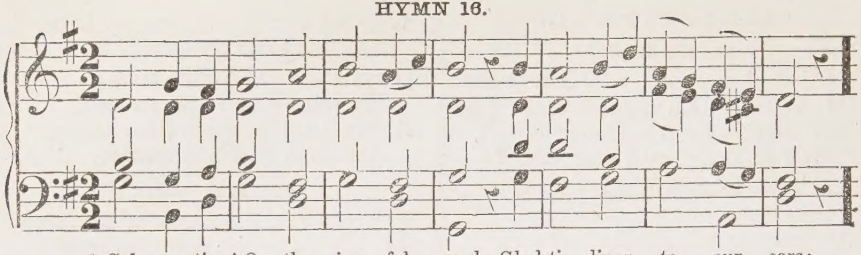
2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

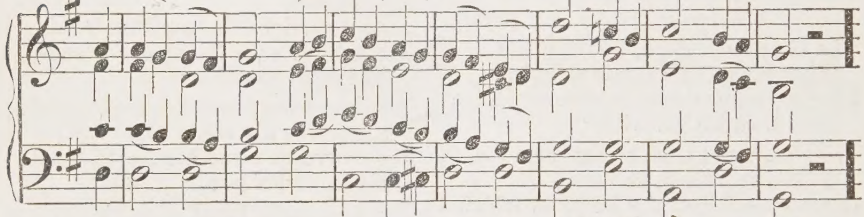
4 Great God, afflict not in thy wrath,
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

ASHLEY. C. M.

HYMN 16.

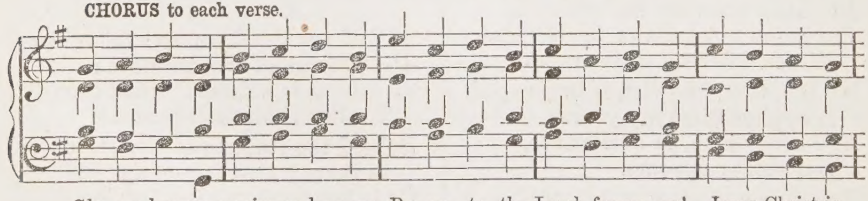


1 Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound, Glad ti - dings to our ears;
2 Sal - va - tion! bur - ied once in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3 Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly, The spa - cious earth a - round;
4 Sal - va - tion! O thou bleed - ing Lamb, To thee the praise be - longs:

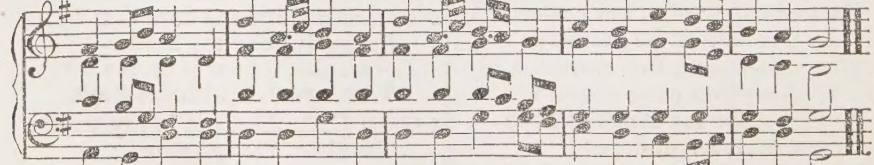


A sove-reign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
But now we rise by grace di - vine, And see a heaven - ly day.
While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
Our hearts shall kin - dle at thy Name, Thy Name in - spires our songs.

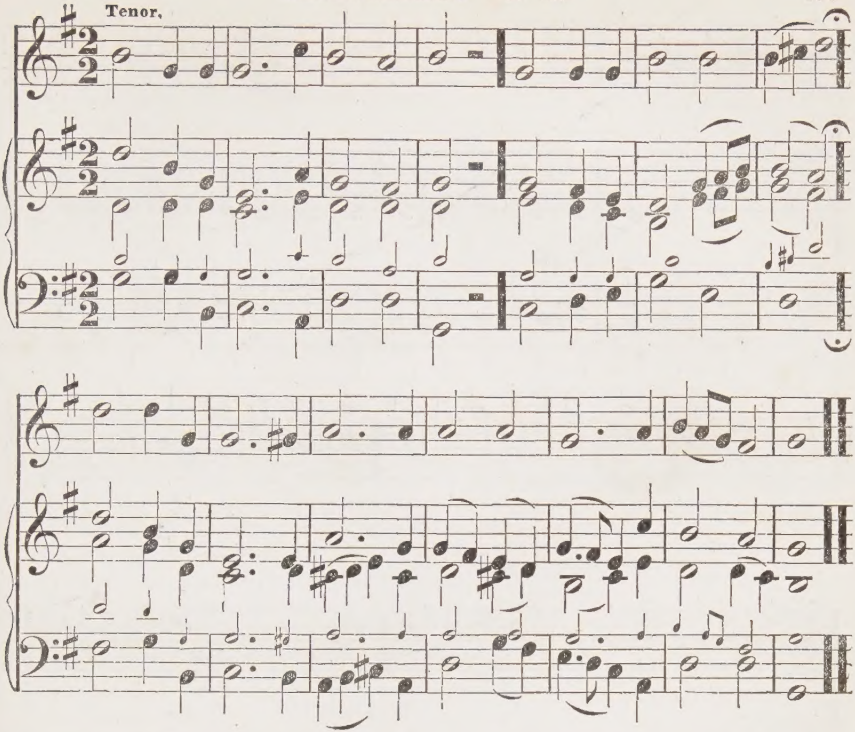
CHORUS to each verse.



Glo - ry, honour, praise and power, Be un - to the Lamb for-ev - er! Jesus Christ is



our Re-deem-er! Hal-le - lu-jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!



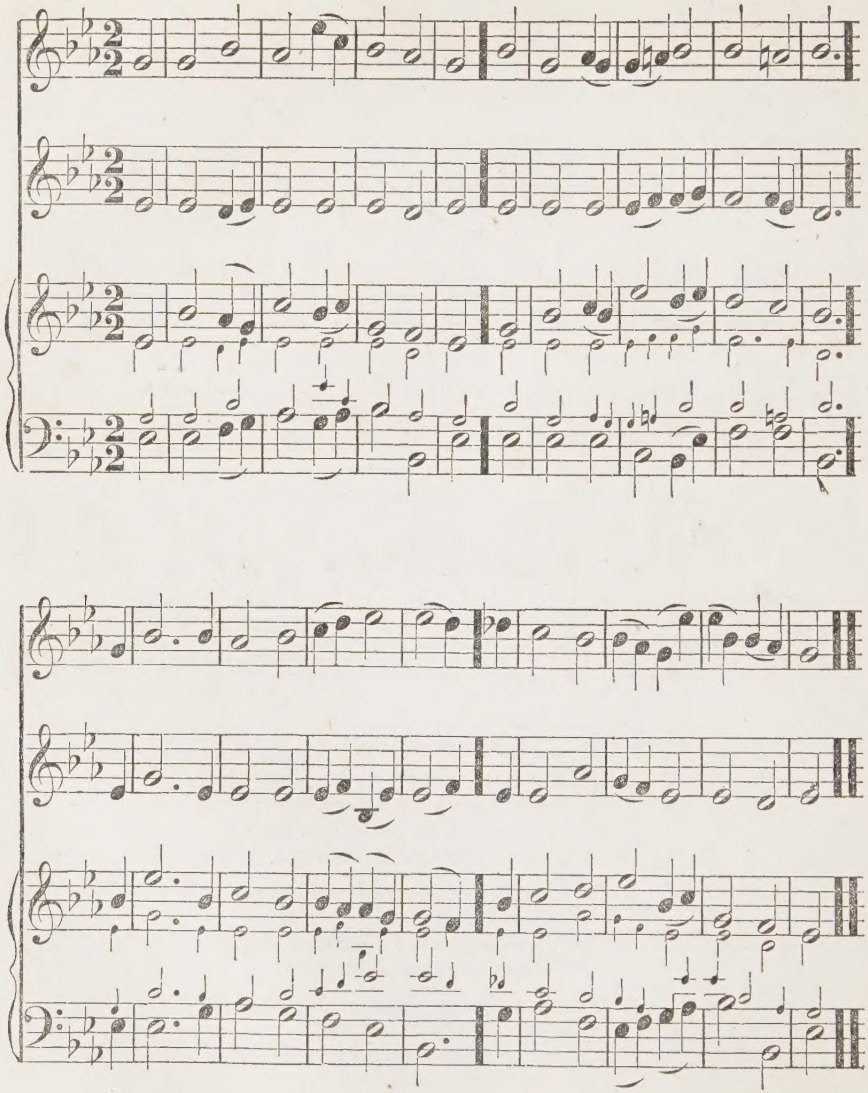
HYMN 48.

1 TIME hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.

ALFRETON. L. M.



SELECTION 48. From Psalm 62.

1 MY soul, for help on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose;
My rock and health will strength supply,
To bear the shock of all my foes.
2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send:
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.
3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.
4 The Lord has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known;
To be of boundless power possess'd,
Belongs of right to God alone.
5 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight;
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

HYMN 33.

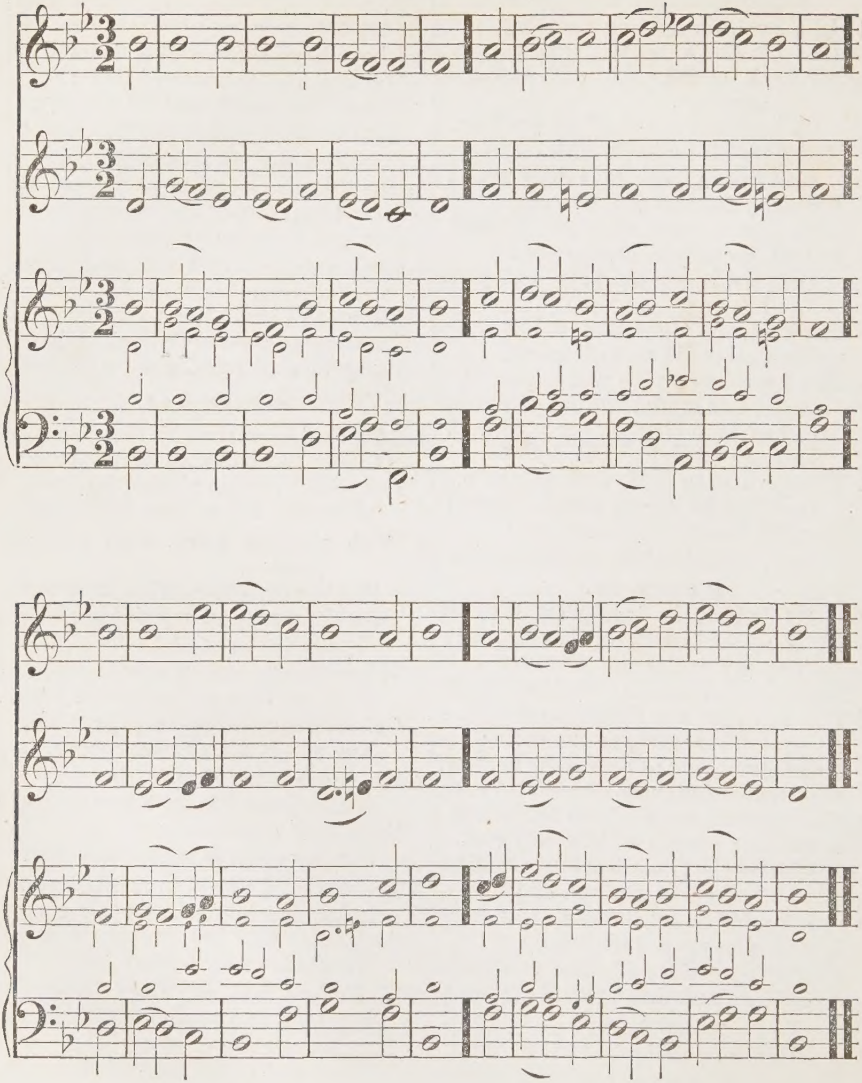
1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.
2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And Heav'n that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but those who feel it know.
3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

HYMN 113.

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee;
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 123.

1 MY God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restored by thine almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.
2 With troubles worn, with pain oppprest,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.
3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.
4 His anger is but short: his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.
5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may forever live.
6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three;
The One sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.



HYMN 37.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 72.

1 HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies:
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach, the anguish view,
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, instruct, and save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN 165.

1 ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise,
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

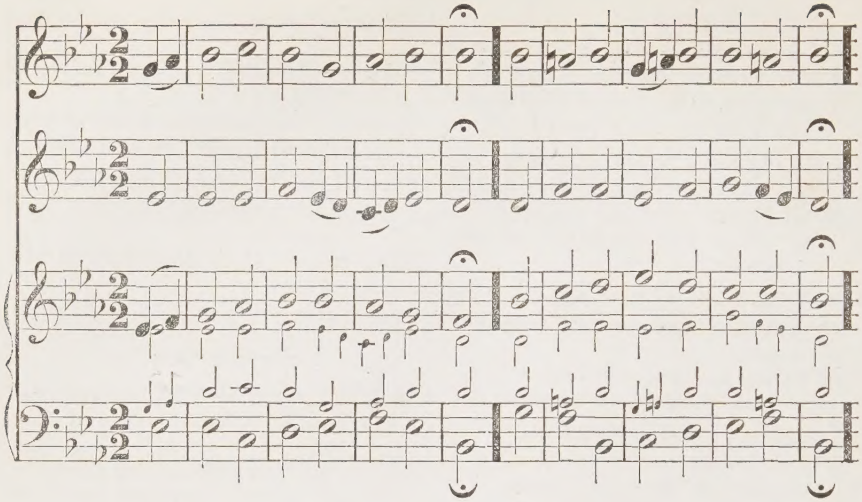
2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee.

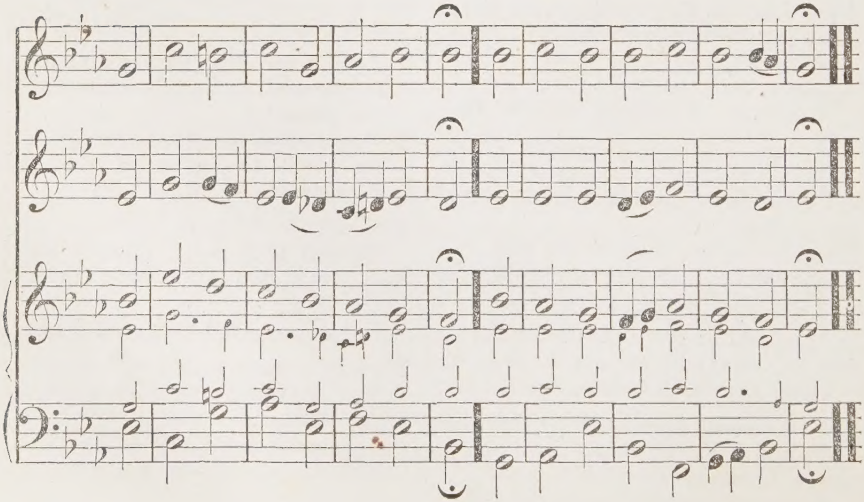
3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is thron'd in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise—

4 And will He deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness, He will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve Thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase:
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

ALMIN. L. M.





SELECTION 113.

From Psalm 139.

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light;
If to the world unseen, my God,
There also hast thou thine abode.

6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
E'en there, in earth's remotest land,
I still should find thy guiding hand.

7 Or, should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

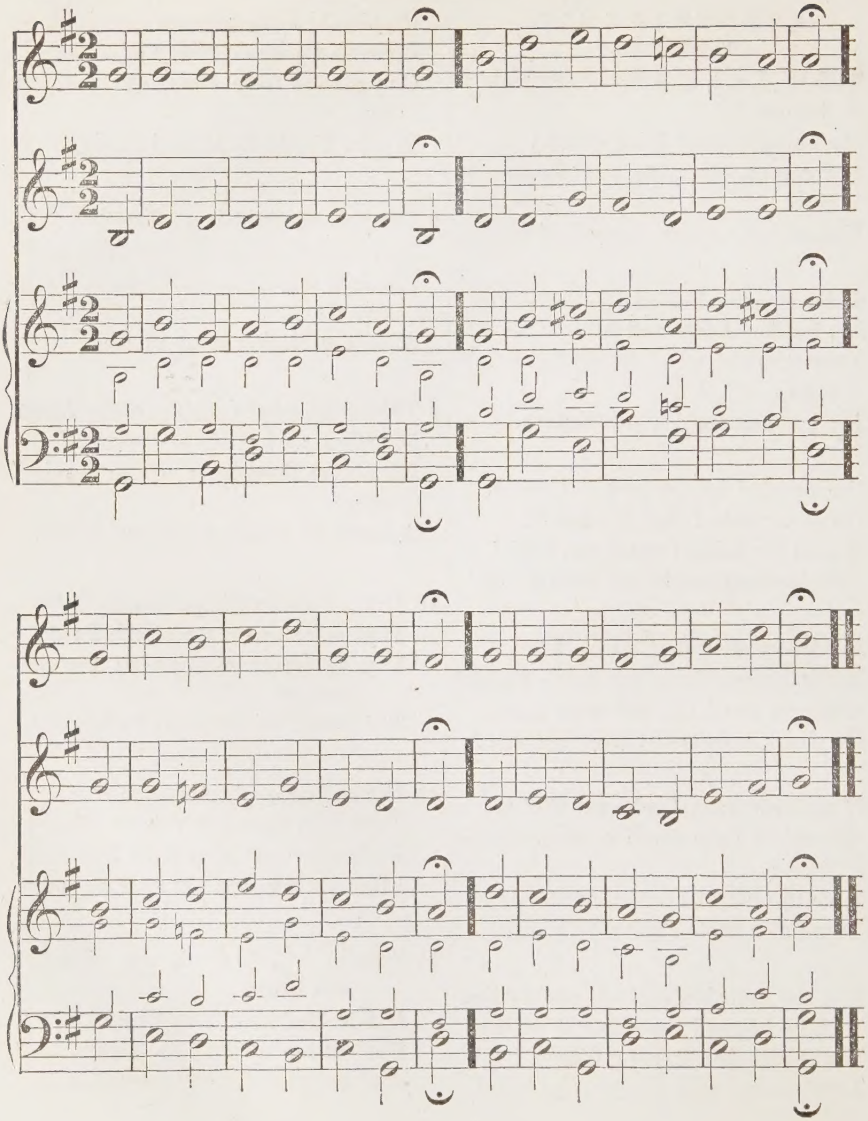
9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part:
I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came
A work of such a wondrous frame.

10 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

11 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore,
Each morn, revising what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

12 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

ANGEL'S HYMN. L. M.



* SELECTION 14.

From Psalm 18.—Part I.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

SELECTION 38. From Psalm 43.

1 LET me with light and truth be bless'd;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy; [praise,
And well-tuned harps, with songs of
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down? my soul, and why [care?
So much oppress'd with anxious
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

SELECTION 83.

From Psalm 104.—Part II.

1 HOW various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

2 All creatures, both of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

3 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

4 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn; [race
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's
Decay, and to their dust return.

5 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth,
Inspiring vital energy;
Nature's restored; replenish'd earth,
Joyous, her new creation sees.

6 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleased with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the waste of time repair

HYMN 96.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord, [adored,
That name in heaven and earth
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

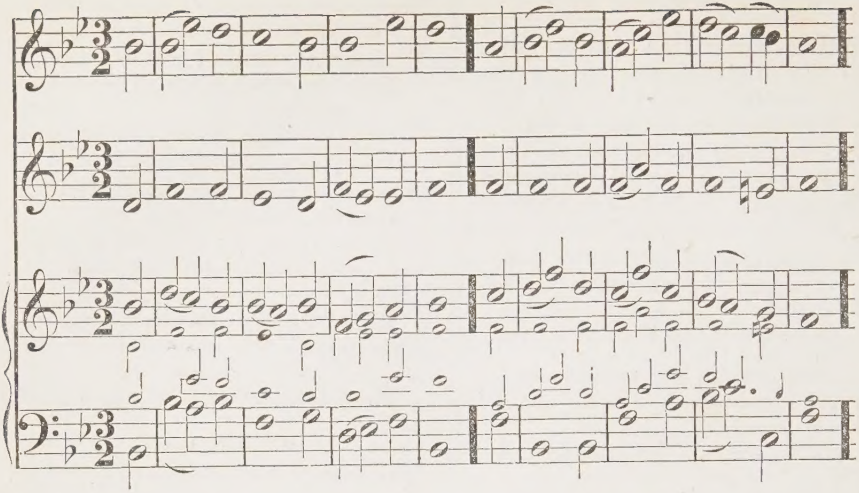
3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

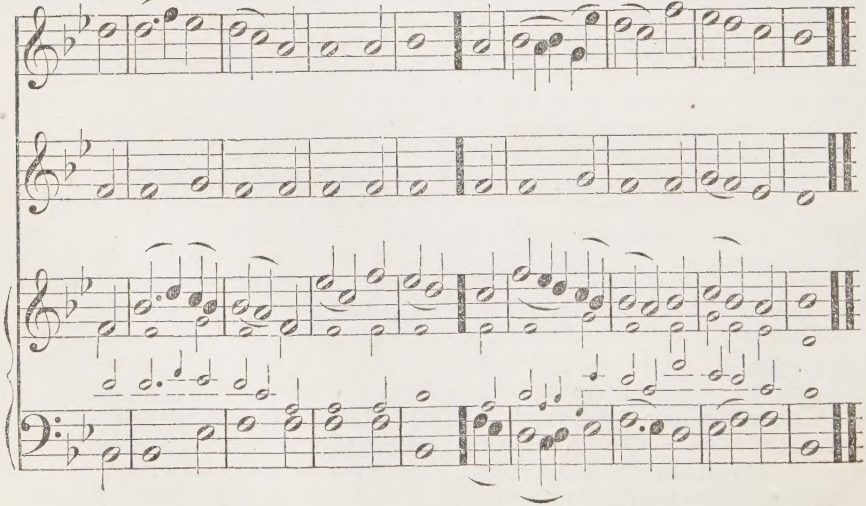
4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and [wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

ATLANTIC. L. M.





SELECTION 50.

From Psalm 65.—Part II.

1 LORD, from thy unexhausted store,
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

2 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills:
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blest increase distils.

3 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

4 They drop on barren deserts, changed
By them to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about, in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

5 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

SELECTION 83.

From Psalm 104.—Part I.

1 BLESS God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honor thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All prompt to do their sovereign's will.

5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

HYMN 85.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

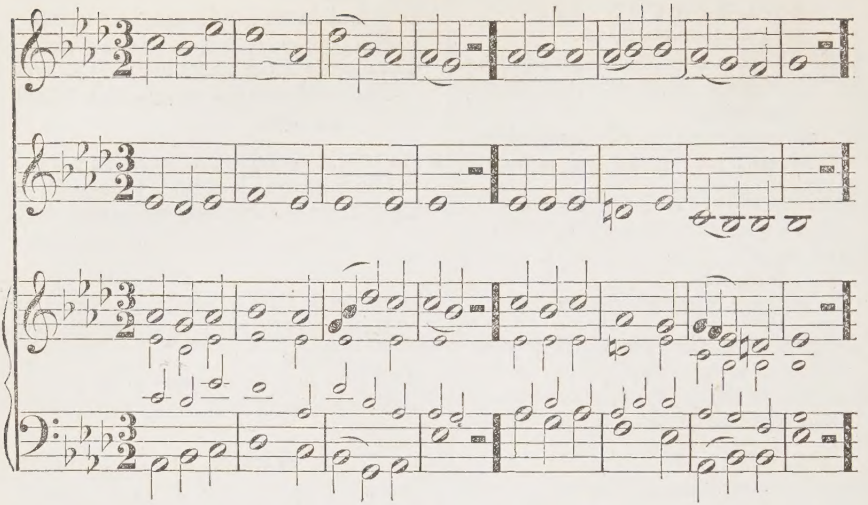
2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

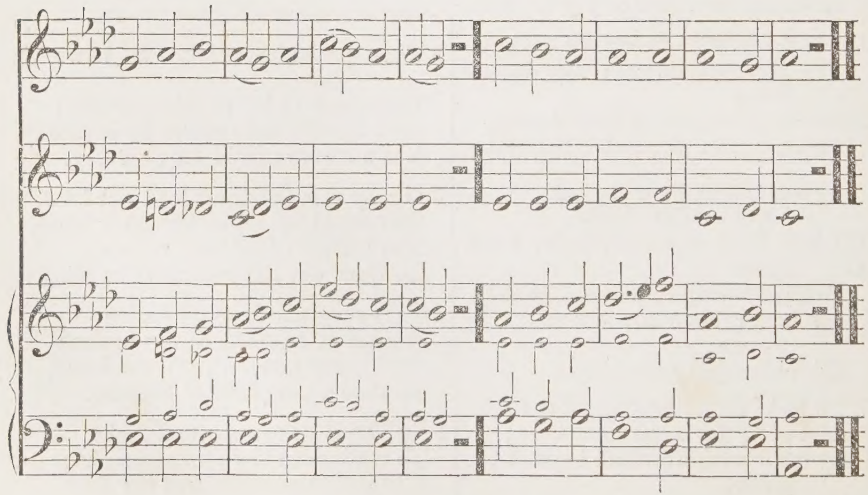
3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King:

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

BOWEN. L. M.





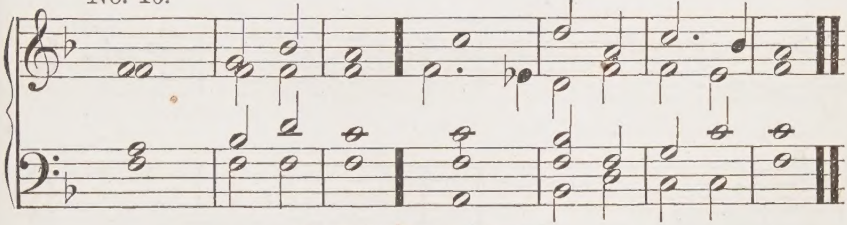
SELECTION 30. From Psalm 36.

1 O LORD, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
2 Thy justice like the hills remains, [are;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.
3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just [make,
Thy sheltering wings their refuge
And saints to thy protection trust!
4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favor gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

* HYMN 186.

1 AS, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still;
2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows past;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

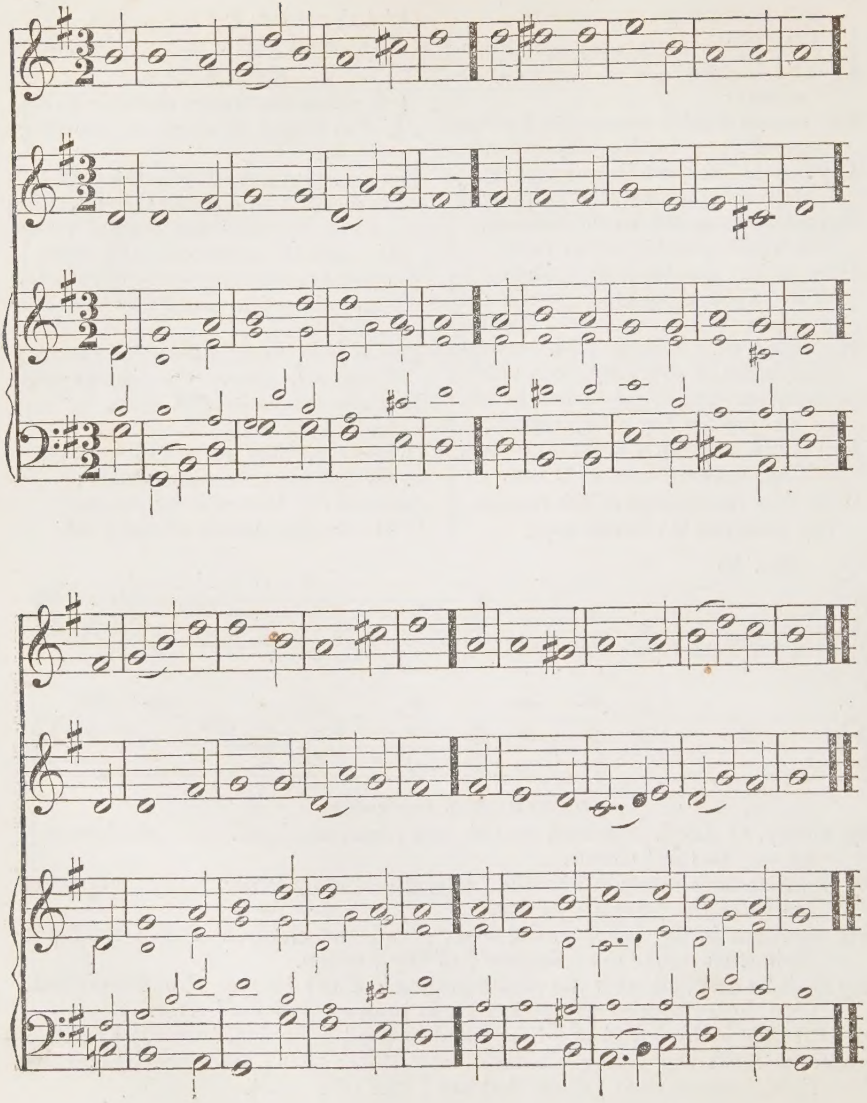
No. 46.



CANTICLE 1. From Psalm 36.

Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth un | to the | heavens, ‖ and thy faithfulness | un — | to the | clouds.
Thy righteousness standeth like the | strong — | mountains: ‖ thy judgments are | like the | great — | deep.
How excellent is thy | mercy, O | God; ‖ and the children of men shall put their trust under the | shadow | of thy | wings.
They shall be satisfied with the plenteousness | of thy | house; ‖ and thou shalt give them drink of thy pleasures, as | out — | of the | river.
For with thee is the | well of | life; ‖ and in thy | light shall | we see | light.
O continue forth thy loving-kindness unto | them that | know thee, ‖ and thy righteousness unto | them that are | true of | heart.

CHISHOLM. L. M.



SELECTION 81. From Psalm 103.

1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his favors mindful prove, [press.
And still thy grateful thanks ex-

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 He with good things thy mouth sup-
Thy vigor eagle-like restores; [plies,
He to the sufferer promptly flies,
Who, wrong'd, his righteous help implores.

4 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

5 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

6 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

7 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.

8 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flowers must fade away.

9 Whilst they are nipp'd with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts
To those that fear him, and their race.

10 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

11 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.

12 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

13 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

HYMN 70.

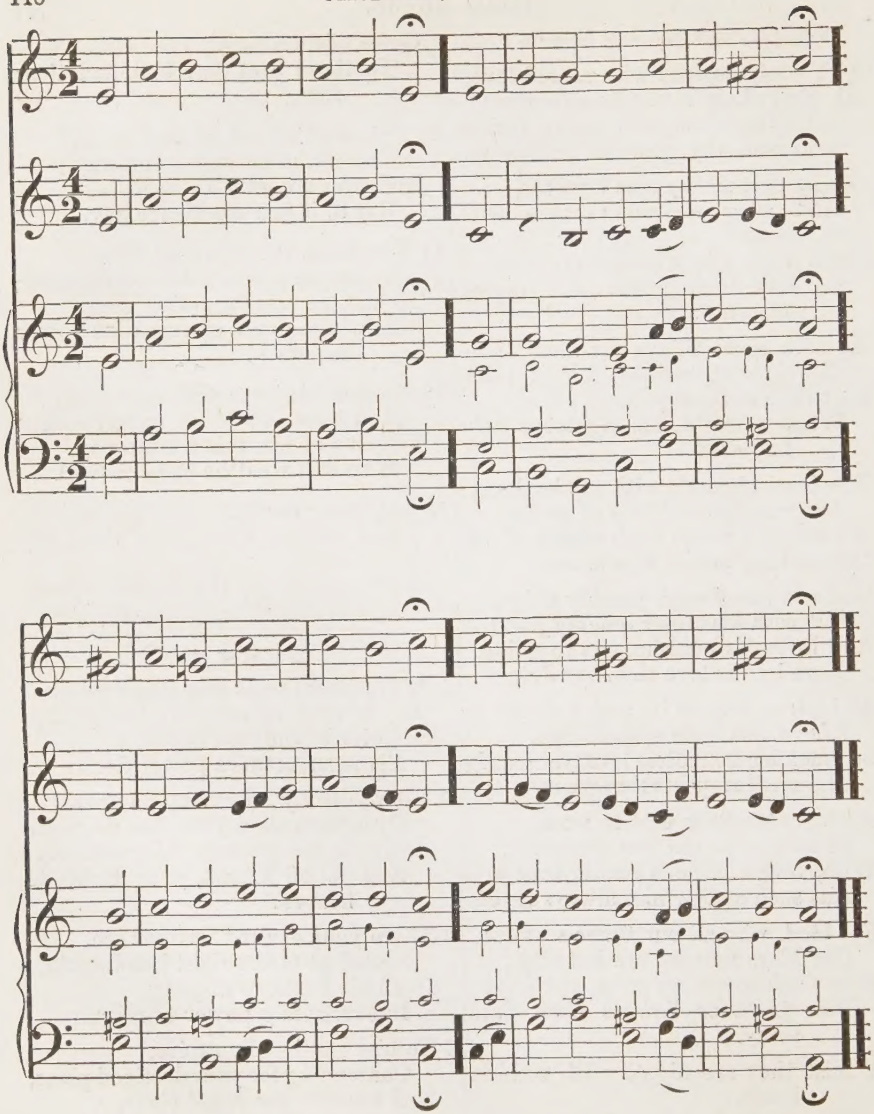
1 YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

CHORALE. L. M.



SELECTION 76.

From Psalm 97.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the lands, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

4 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

5 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

6 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

HYMN 77.

1 O HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

* HYMN 154.

From Psalm 100.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy,
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

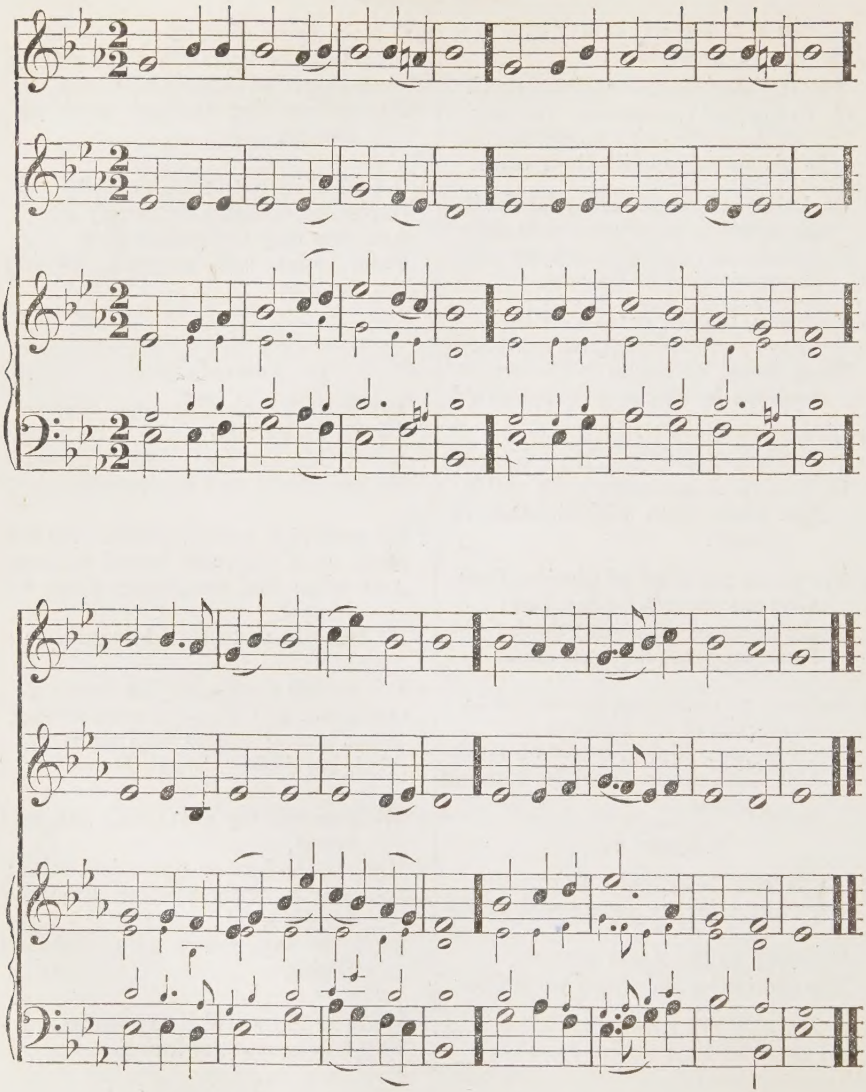
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



SELECTION 74. From Psalm 95.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs:

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Twas made by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we;
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

SELECTION 86. From Psalm 106.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;
Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

6 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord!

* HYMN 102.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

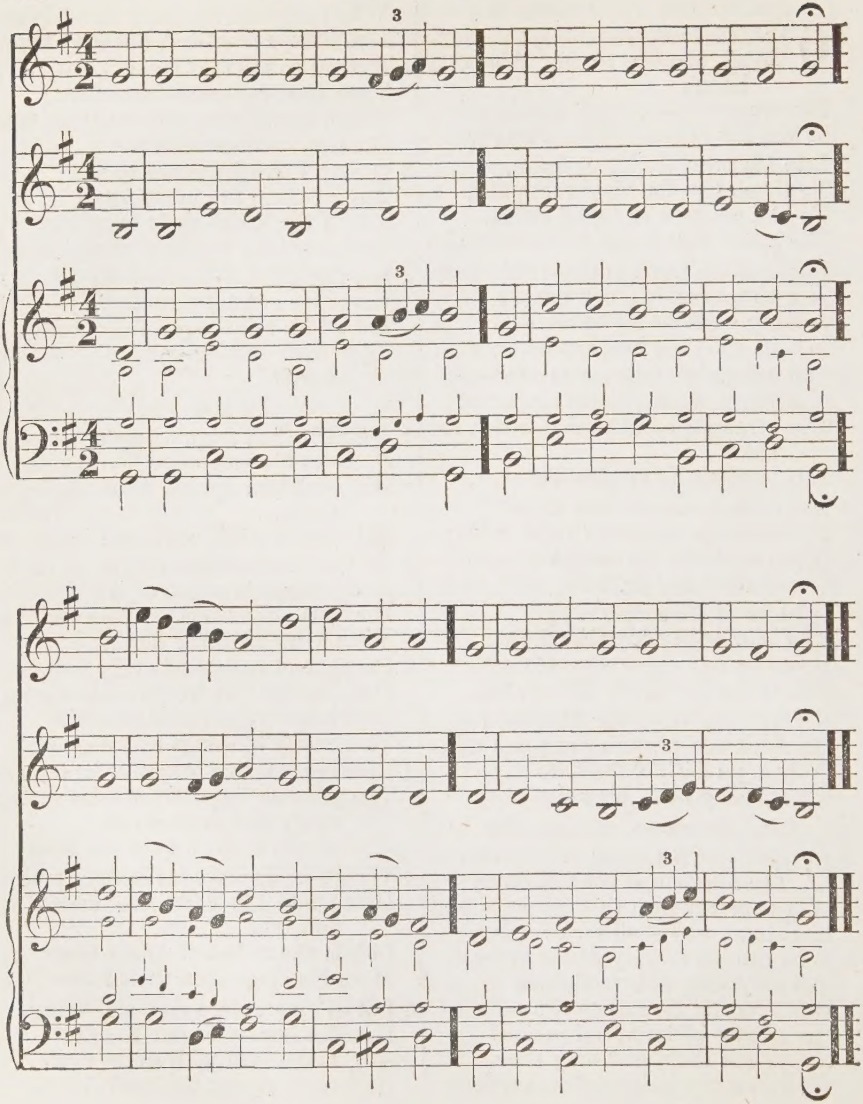
3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.



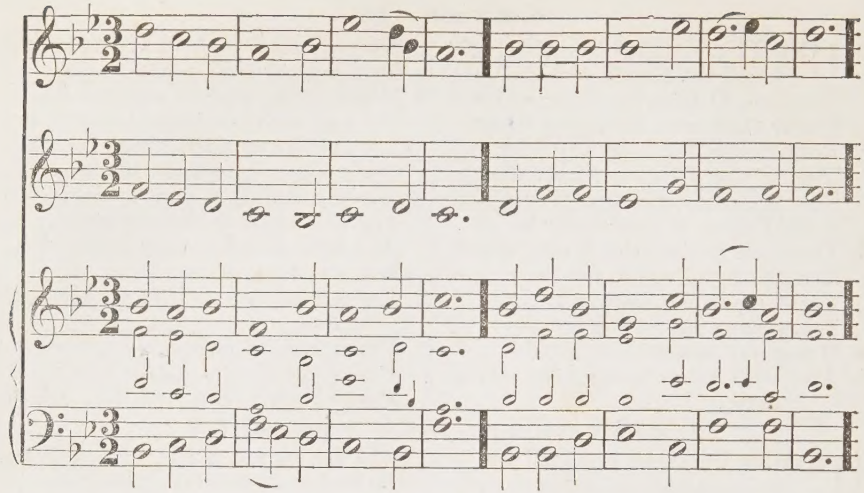
* HYMN 168.

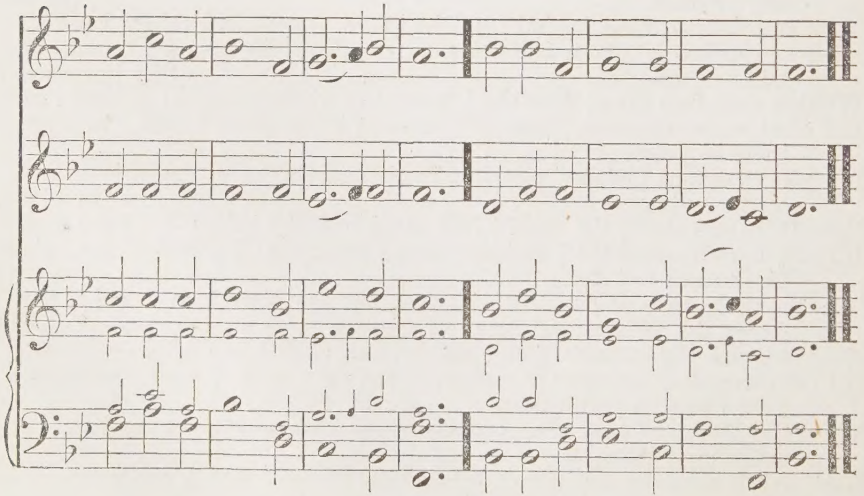
1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.
2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.
4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts sup-
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, [ply:
No powers of darkness me molest.
6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.
7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CANTICLE 2. Psalm 139. To Chant No. 21 or 33.

O LORD, thou hast searched me | out, and | known me. ‖ Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising; thou understandest my | thoughts— | long be | fore. [ways.
Thou art about my path, and a | bout my | bed; ‖ and | spiest out | all my |
For lo, there is not a word | in my | tongue, ‖ but thou, O Lord, | knowest it | alto | gether. [on me.
Thou hast fashioned me behind | and be | fore, ‖ and | laid thine | hand up |
Such knowledge is too wonderful and | excellent | for me; ‖ I cannot at | tain — | unto | it. [thy | presence?
Whither shall I go then | from thy | Spirit, ‖ or whither shall I | go then | from
If I climb up into heaven, | thou art | there; ‖ if I go down to hell, | thou art | there — | also.
If I take the wings | of the | morning, ‖ and remain in the uttermost | parts — | of the | sea; [hold me.
Even there also shall | thy hand | lead me, ‖ and thy | right — | hand shall |
If I say, Peradventure the | darkness shall | cover me; ‖ then shall my | night be | turned to | day.
Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee, but the night is as clear | as the | day; ‖ the darkness and light to | thee are | both a | like. [sum of them!
How dear are thy counsels unto | me, O | God; ‖ O how | great — | is the |
If I tell them, they are more in number | than the | sand: ‖ when I wake up, | I am | present | with thee.
Try me, O God, and seek the ground | of my | heart; ‖ prove me, | and ex | amine my | thoughts.
Look well if there be any way of wickedness | in — | me; ‖ and lead me in the | way — | ever | lasting.

GERMAN AIR. L. M.





HYMN 50.

1 THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!
3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
I shall retain this vital breath, [death?"
Thus far, at least, in league with
4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
5 To thee our spirits we resign, [thine;
Make them and own them still as
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.
6 Thy children panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.
7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:
8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
9 O long-expected year! begin;
Dawn on this world of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

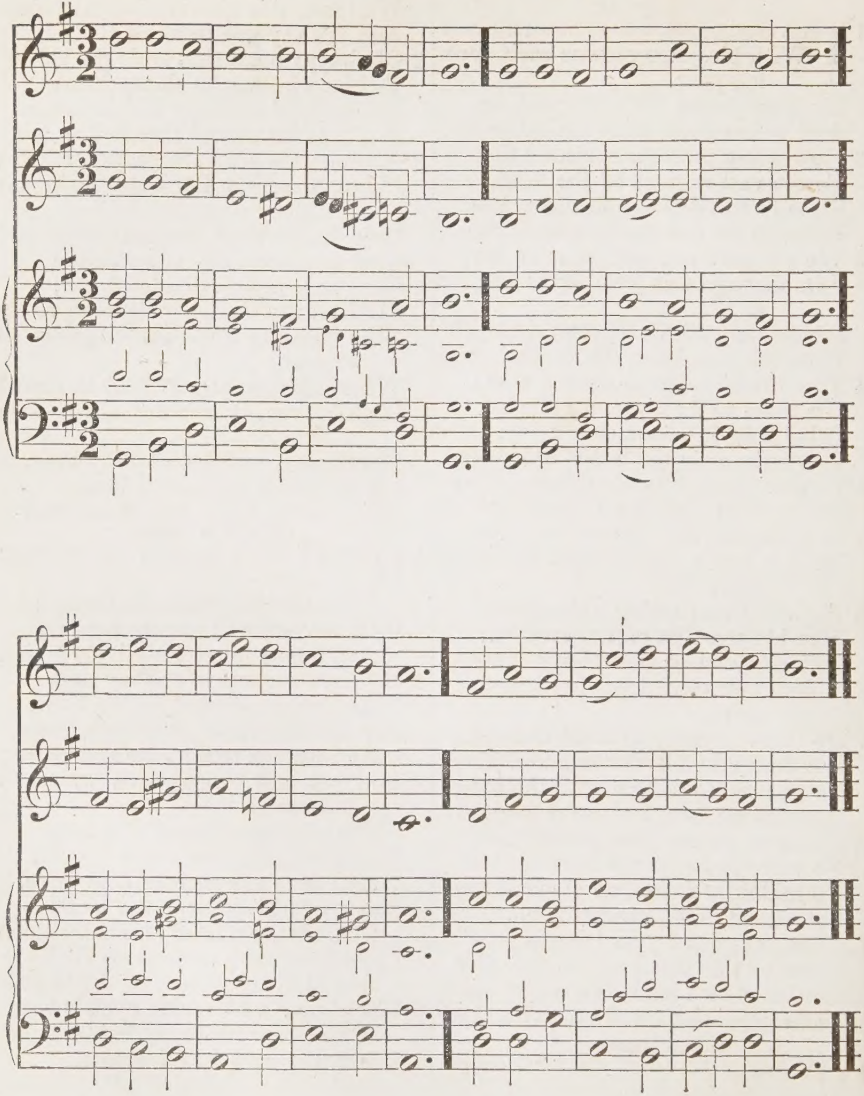
* HYMN 89.

1 OH happy day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God:
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine:
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
4 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast?
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 169.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.
4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.



HYMN 39.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, bless the word,
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 100.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain.
We share the blessings they obtain.

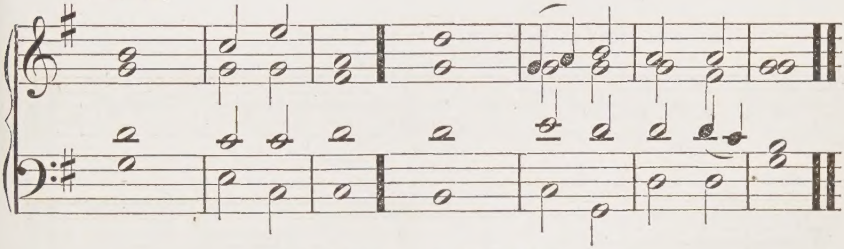
3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

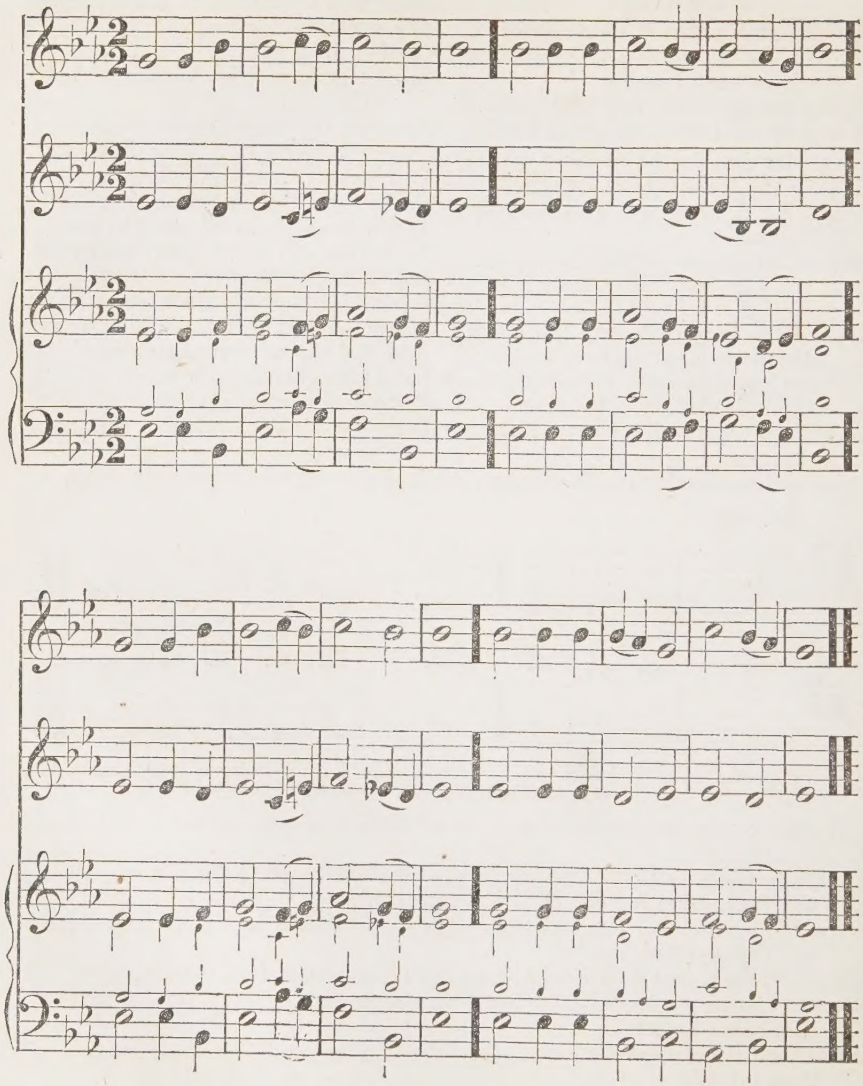
No. 47.



CANTICLE 3. Psalm 48.

WE wait for thy loving-kindness, | O — | God, ‖ in the | midst — | of thy | temple.
O God, according to thy Name, so is thy praise unto the | world's — | end; ‖ thy right hand is | full of | righteous | ness.
Let the Mount Sion rejoice, and the daughter of | Judah be | glad, ‖ be | cause of | thy — | judgments.
Walk about Sion, and go | round a | bout her; ‖ and | tell the | towers there | of.
Mark well her bulwarks, set | up her | houses, ‖ that ye may tell | them — | that come | after.
For this God is our God for | ever and | ever: ‖ he shall be our | guide — | unto | death.

HAMBURG. L. M.



HYMN 57.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 60.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee,
O burst its bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear, [near.
No harm, while thou, my God, art

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

HYMN 66.

1 'TIS finish'd; so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and died:
'Tis finish'd: yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd: this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finish'd: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

HYMN 78.

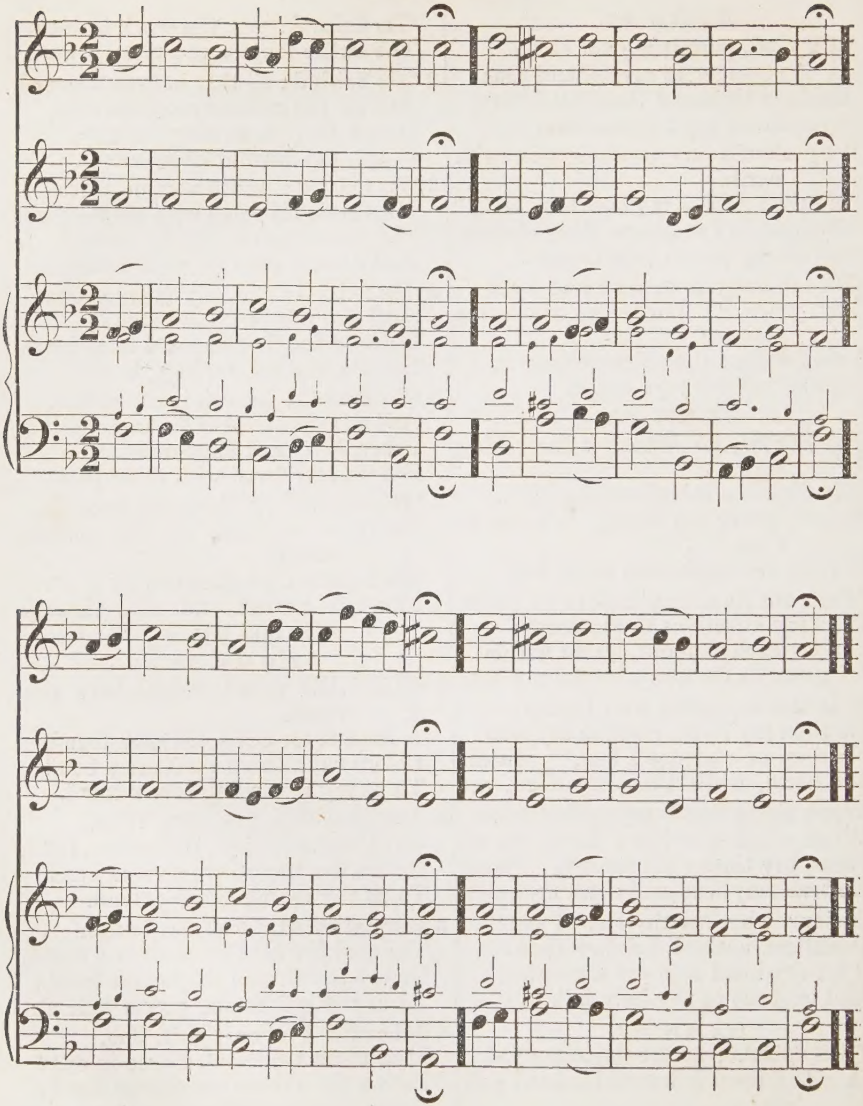
1 FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in one!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

INVOCATION. L. M.



SELECTION 113. From Psalm 139.

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would [vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

4 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?

12 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and [heart,
If mischief lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

* HYMN 135.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners [lie,
cry,
Though all my crimes before thee
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring,
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 137.

1 OH, that my load of sin were gone,
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

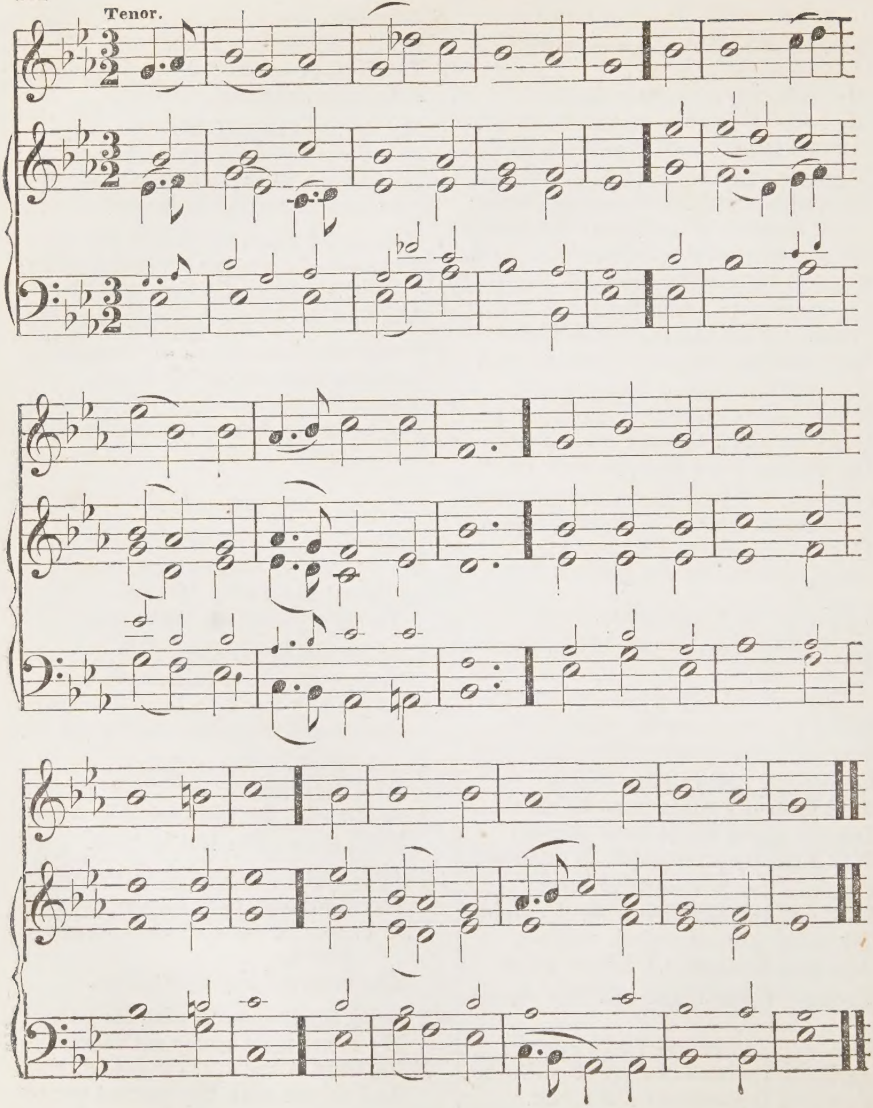
2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

LUTON. L. M.



SELECTION 90. From Psalm 111.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works for greatness though renown'd, [found
His wondrous works with ease are
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our fathers sign'd.

6 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and reverend is his Name.

8 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

* HYMN 97.

1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my Name,
Sweetly the Gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart, [lies;
And teach them where salvation
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show [above.
That ye're commissioned from

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

HYMN 99.

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the Apostle's honor'd
Sacred beyond heroic fame; [name,
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,
And hence the Evangelic page.

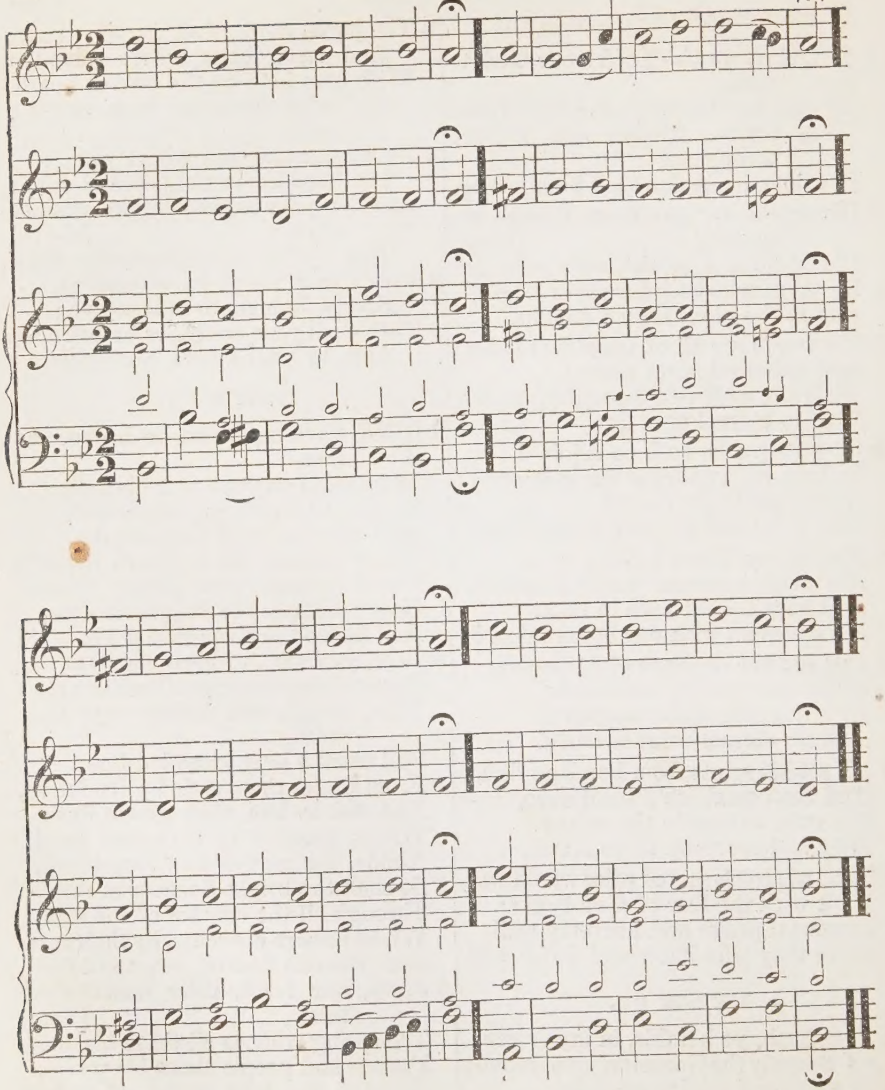
3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and Teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long-extended line:

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright Succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know, [flow;
The spring whence all these blessings
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

MEINEKE. L. M.



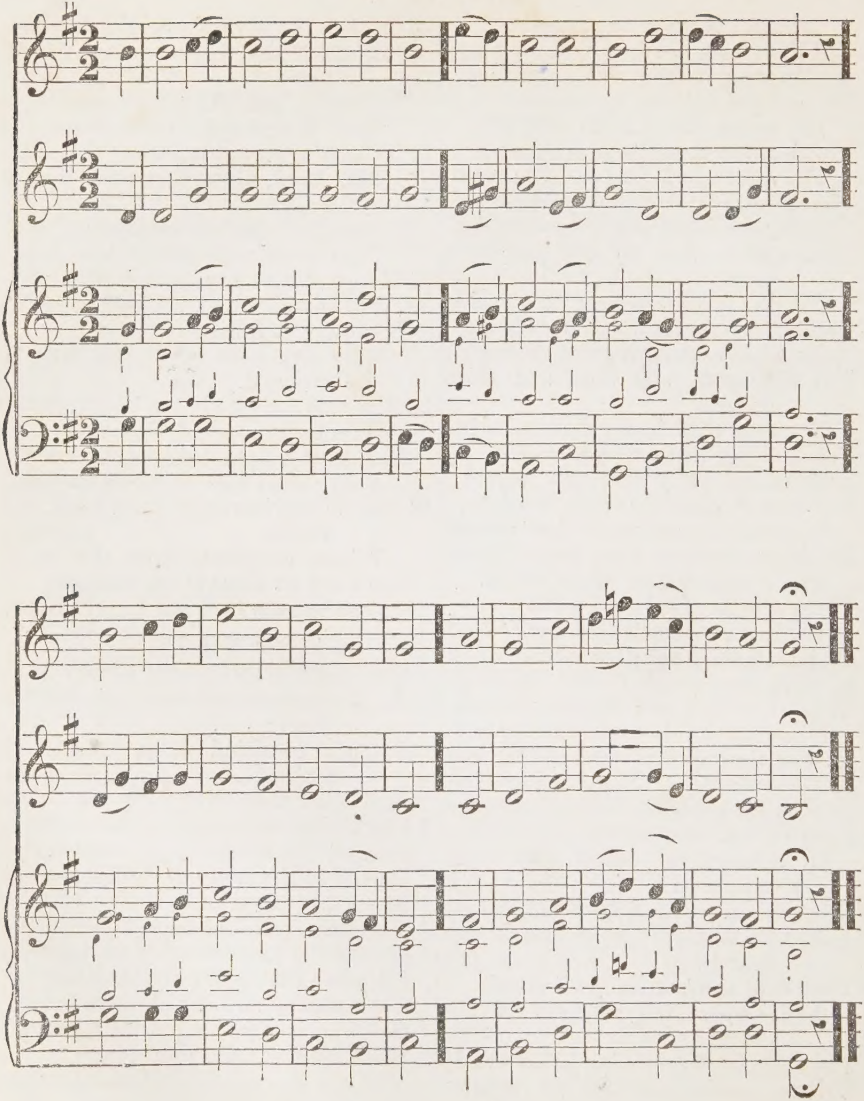
SELECTION 68. From Psalm 89.

1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last; [tain,
Thy truth, that does the heavens sus-
Like them shall stand for ever fast.
3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
"With David I a league have made;
To him, my servant, and my choice,
By solemn oath this grant convey'd:
4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
To them thy throne I will ensure,
They shall to endless ages reign."
5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises
By choirs of angels sung above, [owe,
And by assembled saints below.
6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty Name confess.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renown'd?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?
9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll;
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
10 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
11 Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command, [tain.
Thou truth and mercy dost main-
12 Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
13 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be raised on high.
14 For in thy strength they shall advance, [spring:
Whose conquests from thy favor
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

HYMN 29.

1 TRIUMPHANT Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length, [strength.
And gird thee with thy Saviour's
2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.



HYMN 8.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

* HYMN 164.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last:
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
"Glory to thee, eternal King."

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
Oh, may I never more do ill.

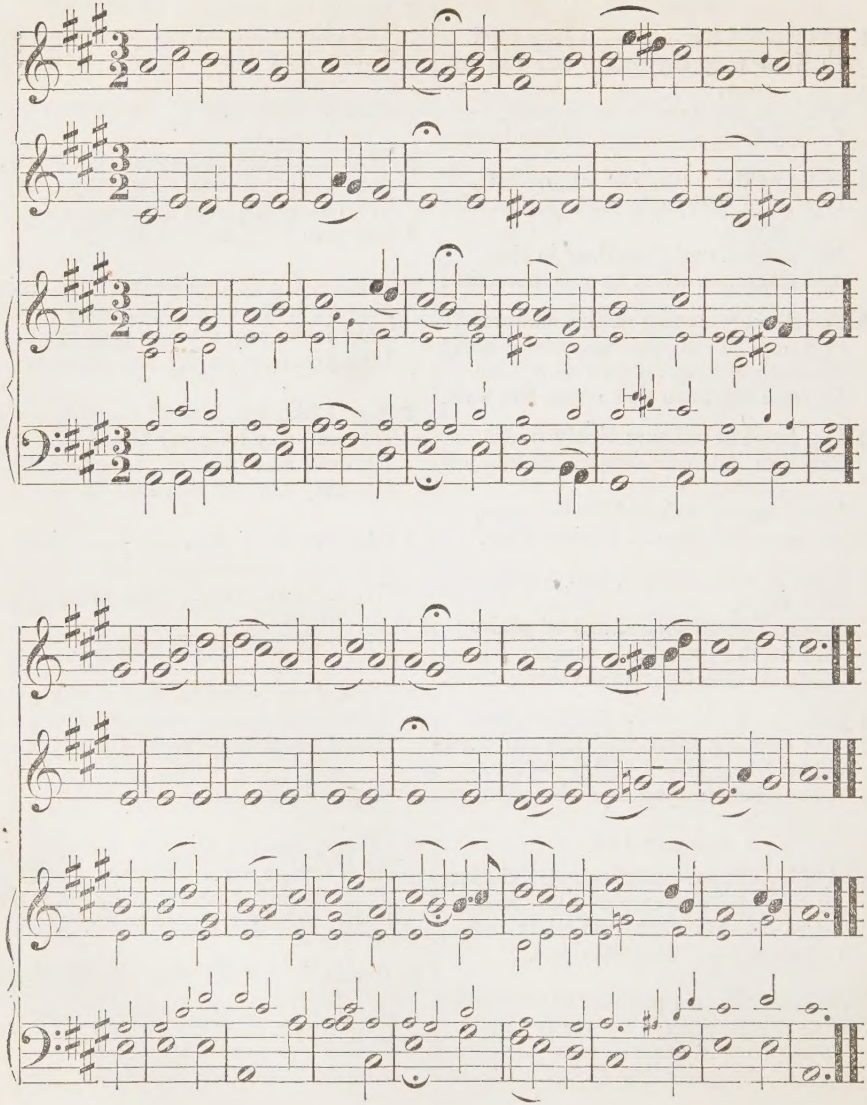
7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost

MOZART. L. M.



SELECTION 81. From Psalm 103.

1 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy Name for ever bless;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

4 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

5 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

13 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

SELECTION 116. From Psalm 144.

1 LORD, what's in man, that thou should'st love
Of him such tender care to take?
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?

2 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain,
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

3 To thee, almighty King of kings,
In new-made hymns my voice I'll raise,
And instruments of many strings
Shall help me to adore and praise.

HYMN 67.

1 HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise,
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

8 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home;
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing?

HYMN 163.

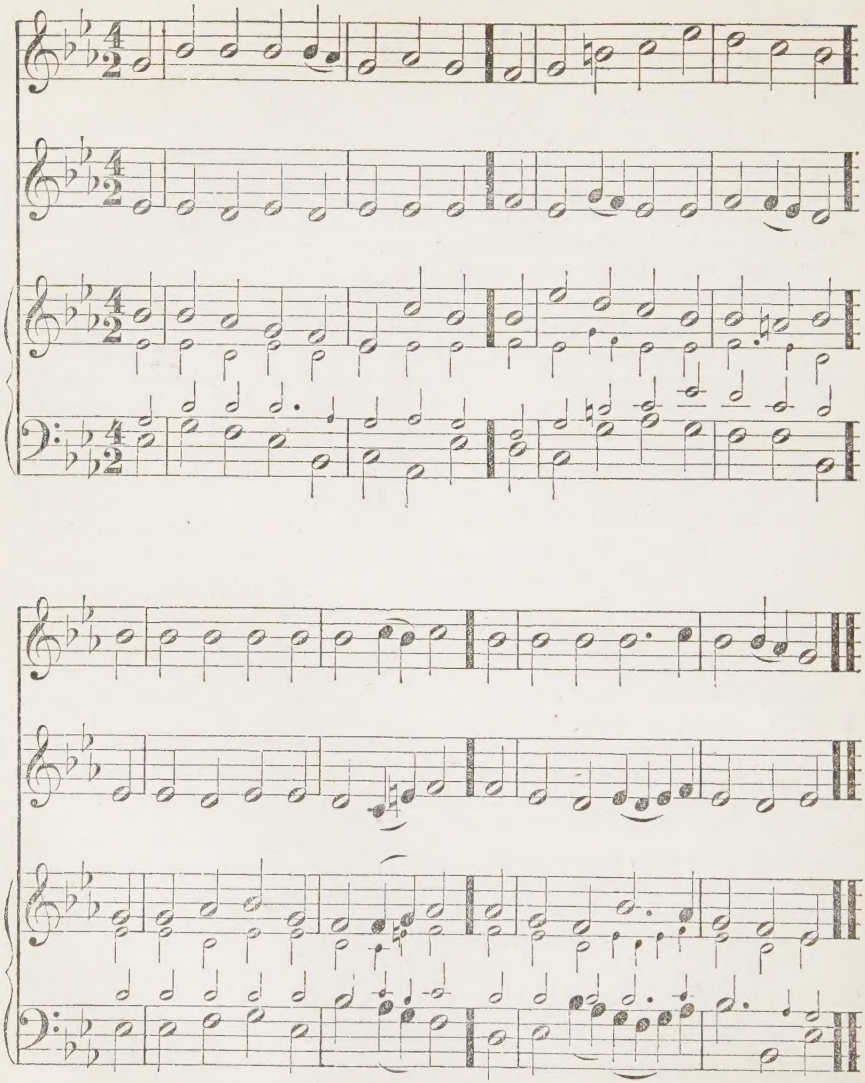
1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee, my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

NAZARETH. L. M.



SELECTION 27. From Psalm 32.

1 HE 's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

HYMN 157.

1 BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

HYMN 175.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee:
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

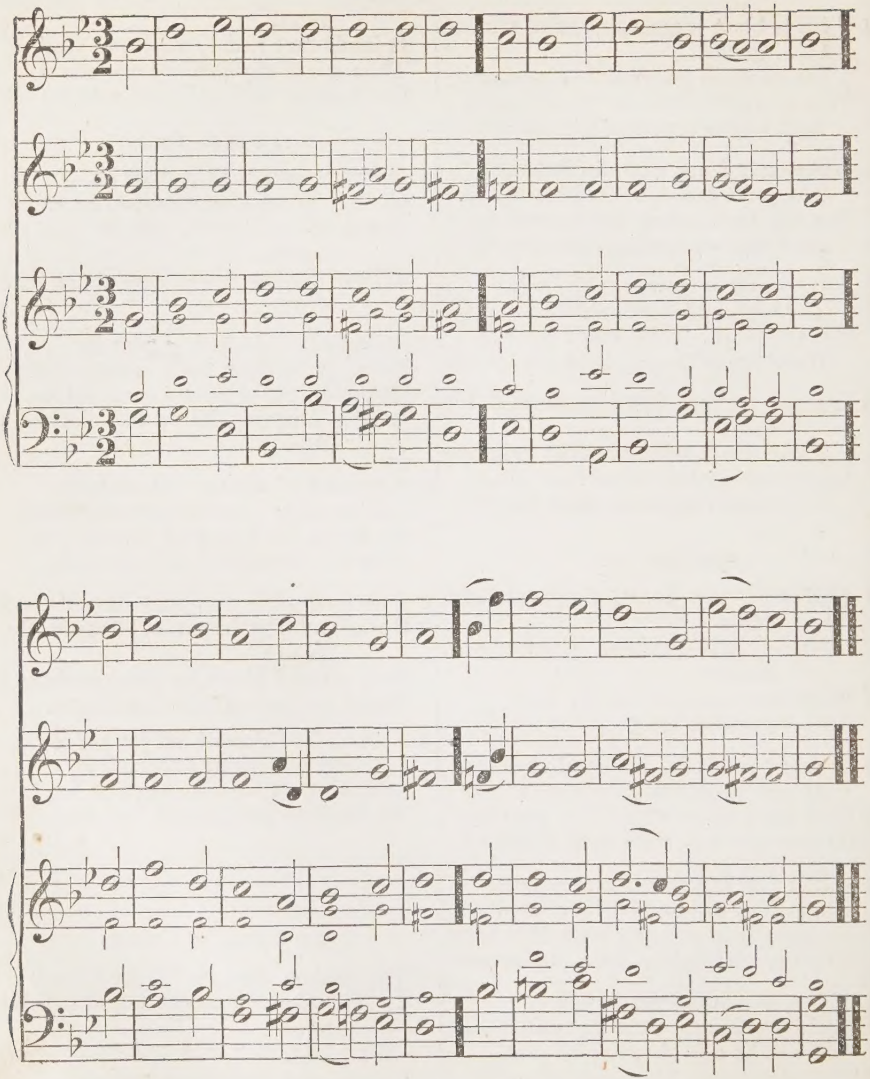
3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.



SELECTION 11.
From Psalm 14.

1 THE Lord look'd down from heaven's high tower,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any own'd his power,
If any truth or justice knew;

2 But all, he saw, were gone aside, [base;
All were degenerate grown and
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

3 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake!
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

4 O that from Sion he'd employ [band!
His might, and burst th' oppressive
Then shouts of universal joy [land.
Should loudly echo through the

SELECTION 67.
From Psalm 88.

1 GOD of my life, O Lord most high,
To thee by day and night I cry;
Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear.

2 Like those whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance

3 Wilt thou by miracle revive [have.
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?

4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

5 Companions dear, and friends beloved,
Far from my sight thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafe to hear my mournful cry!

SELECTION 111.
From Psalm 137.

1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream, [press'd,
We wept, with doleful thoughts op-
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that wither'd there.

3 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move!

4 If I to mention thee forbear,
Perpetual silence be my doom;
Or if my chiefest joy compare
With thee, Jerusalem, my home!

HYMN 108.

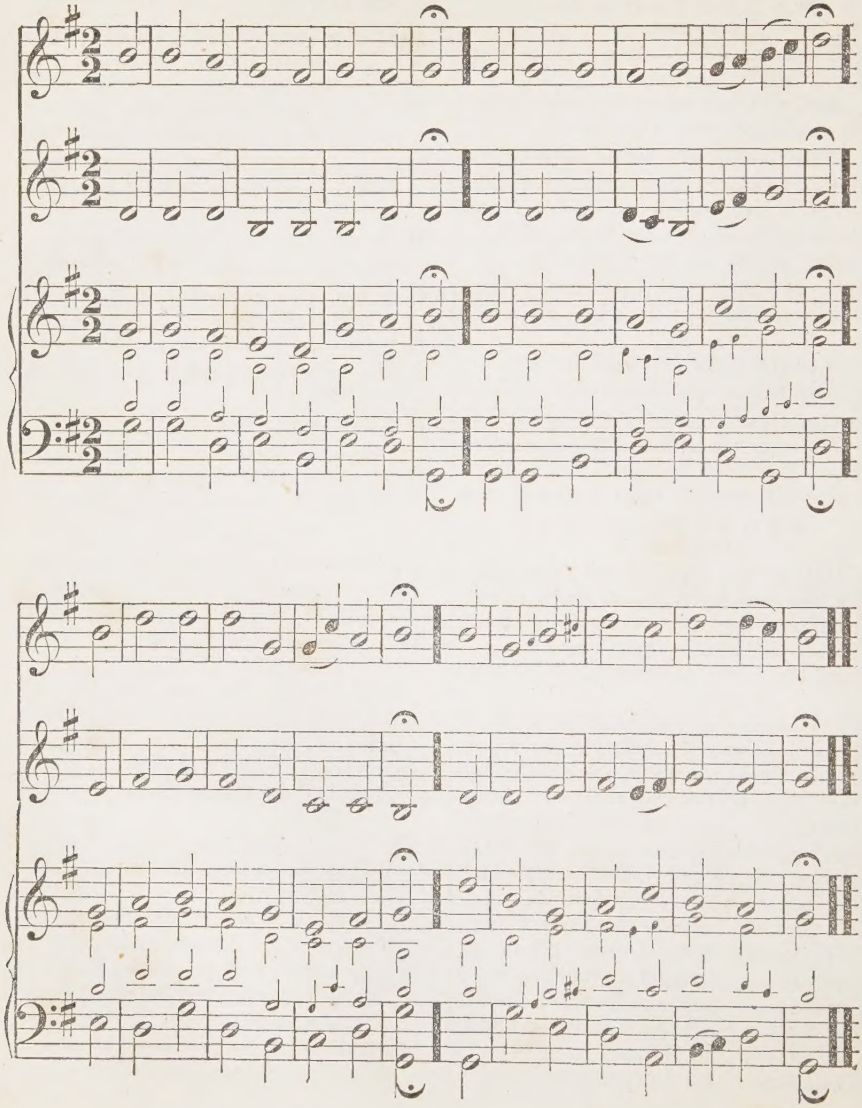
1 DISOWN'D of Heaven, by man oppress'd, [ground,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once bless'd, [around?
Still roam the scorning world

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race, [bring;
Back to thy fold the wanderers
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent-stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long!
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



* SELECTION 79. From Psalm 100.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;
2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
3 Oh! enter then his temple-gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.
4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

* HYMN 77.

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord! [name,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy
Forever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.
2 O Jesus! Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.
3 O Holy Spirit! from above
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.
4 O God Triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 101.

1 AND wilt thou, O Eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.
2 These walls we to thine honor raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.
3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
4 And in the last decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

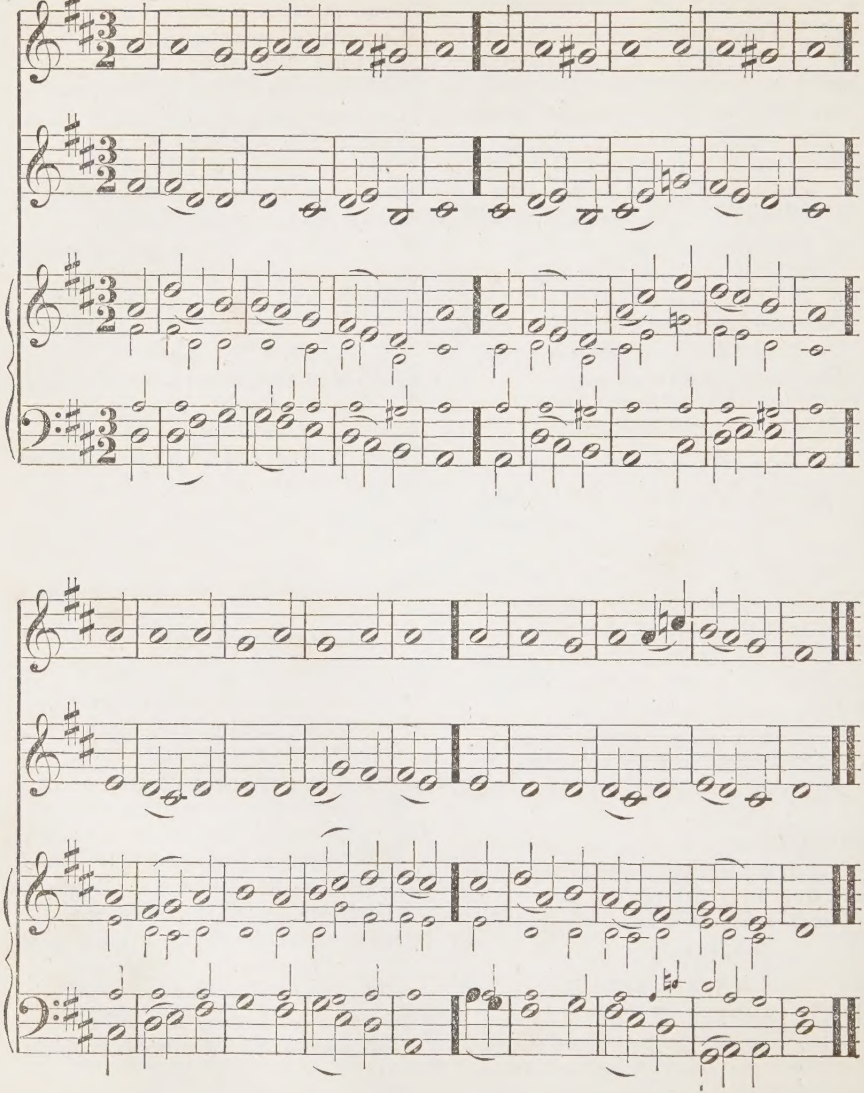
HYMN 103.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

* HYMN 104.

1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

OLD ST. GEORGE'S. L. M.



SELECTION 54.

From Psalm 69.—Part II.

1 MY soul, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore:
Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

2 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

3 For God regards the poor's complaint,
And frees the captive from restraint;
Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

SELECTION 90. From Psalm 111.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our fathers sign'd.

6 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

7 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and reverend is his Name.

8 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

HYMN 29.

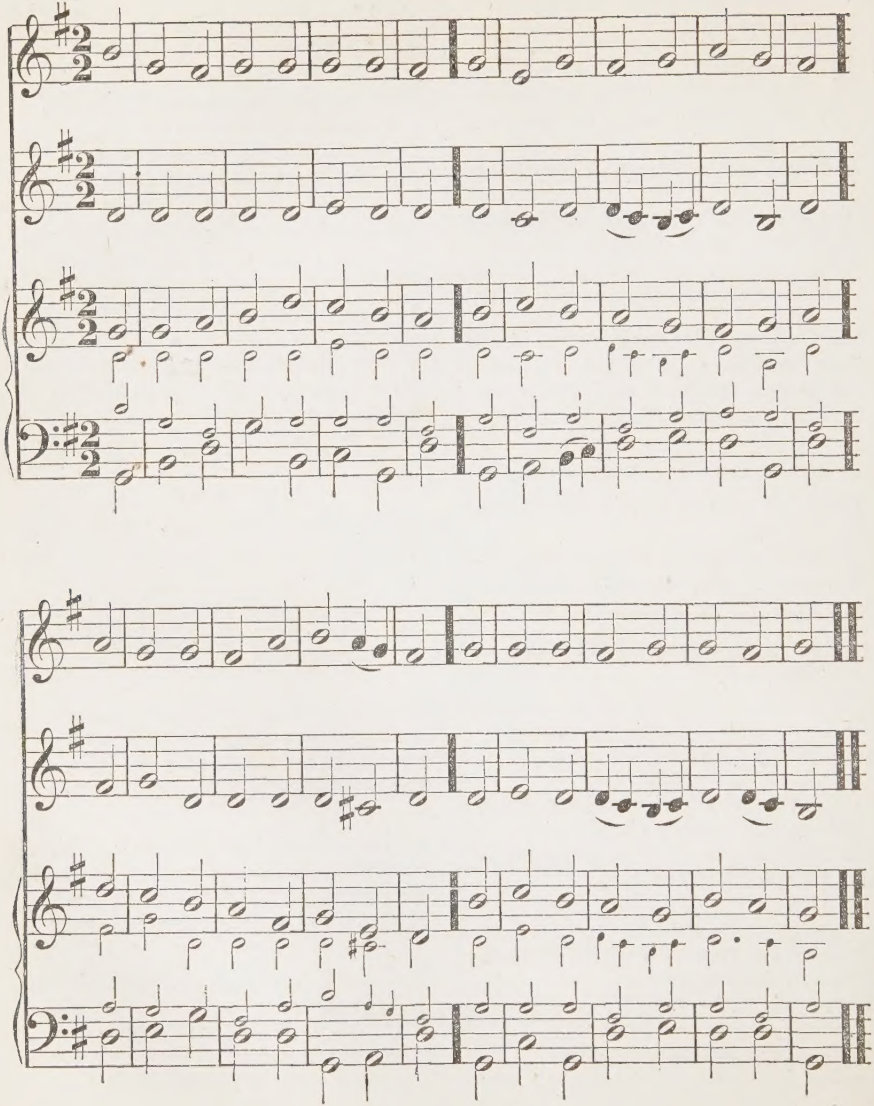
1 TRIUMPHANT Sion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead:
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

PLAYFORD. L. M.



SELECTION 57. From Psalm 73.

1 THY presence, Lord, hath me supplied,
Thou my right hand support dost give;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

2 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favor I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
Compared with thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succor me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

4 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

5 But as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

SELECTION 91. From Psalm 112.

1 THAT man is bless'd who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honors crown'd.

2 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.

3 His liberal favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

* HYMN 94.

1 MY God, and is thy table spread,
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

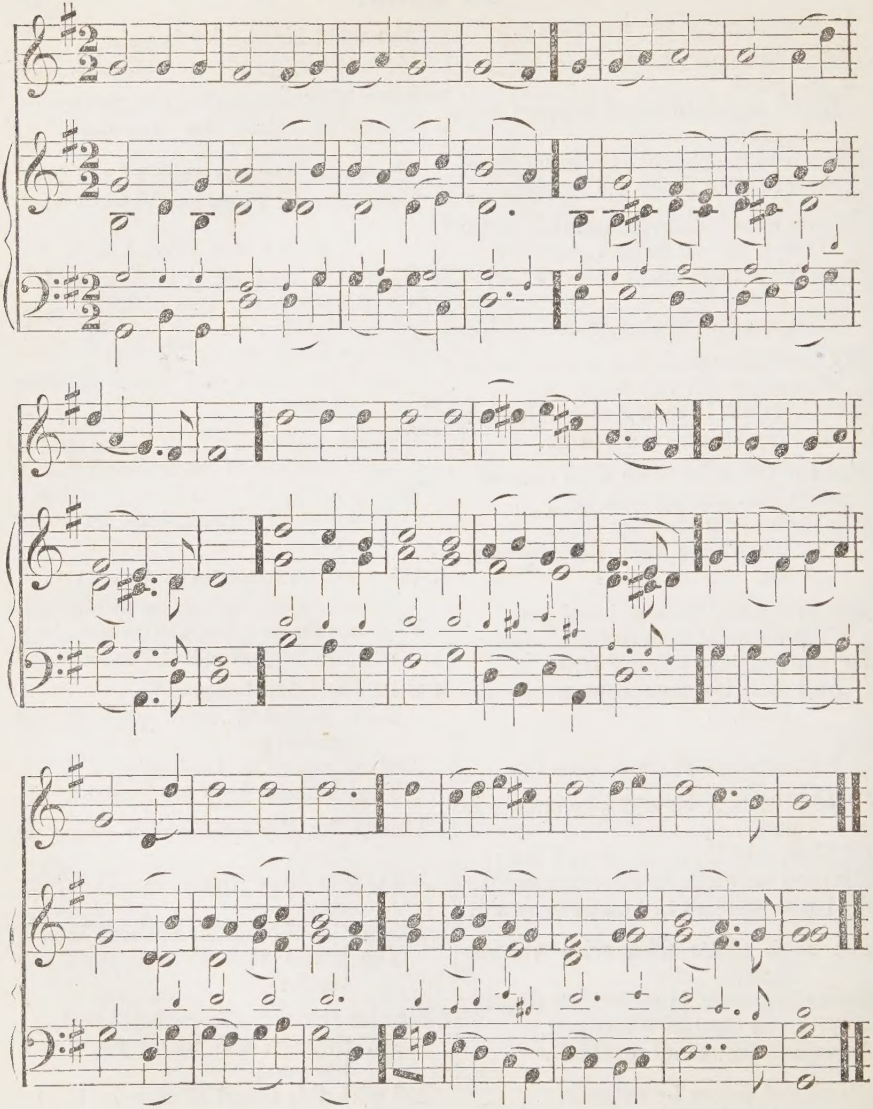
3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb:

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light, or feel the sun.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. L. M.



* HYMN 15.

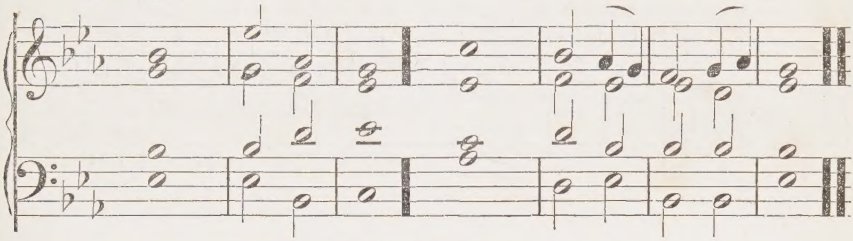
1 ALL glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise;
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view.

2 Once we were fallen, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state!

No. 48.

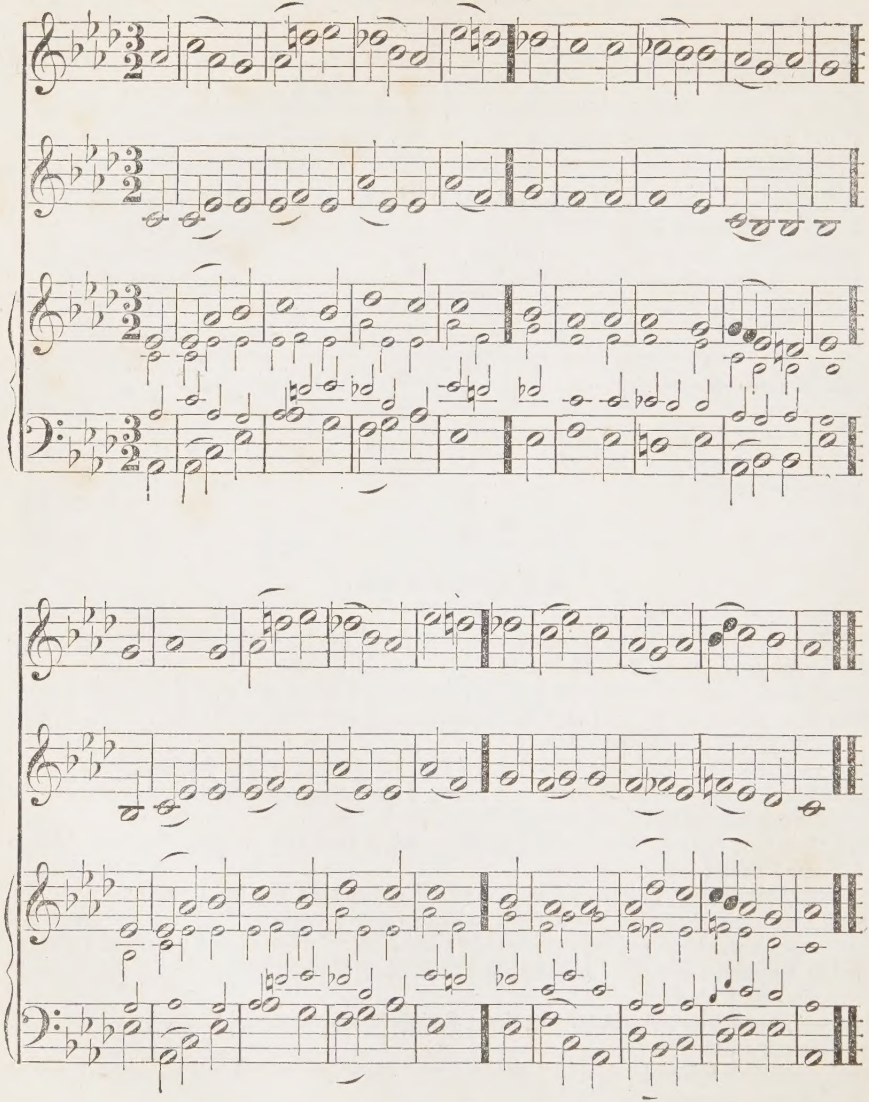


CANTICLE 4.

Psalm 85.

LORD, thou art become gracious un | to thy | land; ‖ thou hast turned away the cap | tivi | ty of | Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the offence | of thy | people, ‖ and | covered | all their | sins.
Thou hast taken away all | thy dis | pleasure, ‖ and turned thyself from thy | wrathful | indig | nation.
Turn us then, O | God our | Saviour, ‖ and let thine | anger | cease from | us.
Wilt thou be displeased at | us for | ever; ‖ and wilt thou stretch out thy wrath from one gener | ation | to an | other?
Wilt thou not turn a | gain, and | quicken us, ‖ that thy people | may re | joice in | thee?
Show us thy mercy, | O — | Lord, ‖ and | grant us | thy sal | vation.
I will hearken what the Lord God will say con | cerning | me; ‖ for he shall speak peace unto his people, and to his saints, | that they | turn not | again.
For his salvation is nigh | them that | fear him; ‖ that glory may | dwell — | in our | land.
Mercy and truth are | met to | gether: ‖ righteousness and | peace have | kissed each | other.
Truth shall flourish out | of the | earth, ‖ and righteousness hath | looked | down from | heaven.

PRAISE. L. M.



HYMN 36.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone:
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 161.

1 LORD, unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path how long I stray'd:
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe.

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised,
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thy abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

HYMN 178.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive:
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

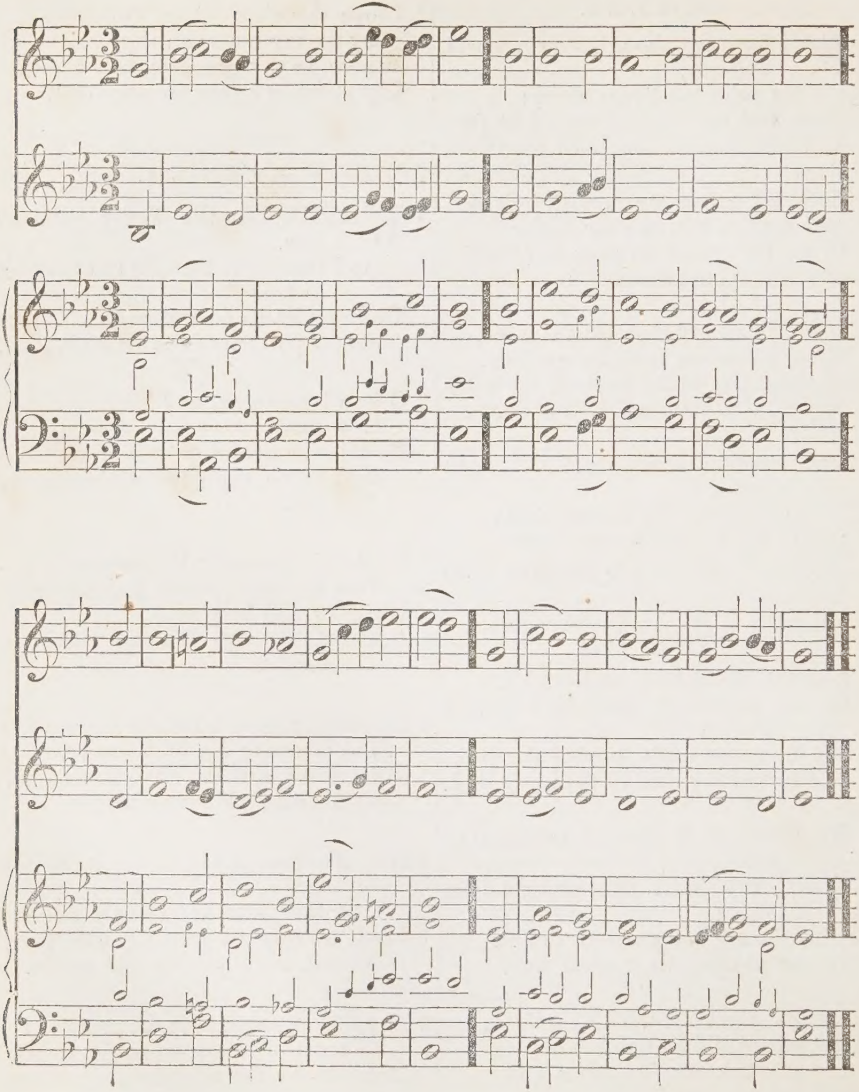
3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside;
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



SELECTION 34. From Psalm 40.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsafed a kind reply;
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

3 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

4 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought!
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

5 I've learned that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.

6 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart:
'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

7 In full assemblies I have told [large;
Thy truth and righteousness at
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold [charge;
From uttering what thou gav'st in

8 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace:
But preach'd thy love, for all design'd,
That all might that and truth embrace.

9 Then let those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

SELECTION 61. From Psalm 80.

1 O THOU whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

2 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land;
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

3 Before it thou prepared'st the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root;
Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

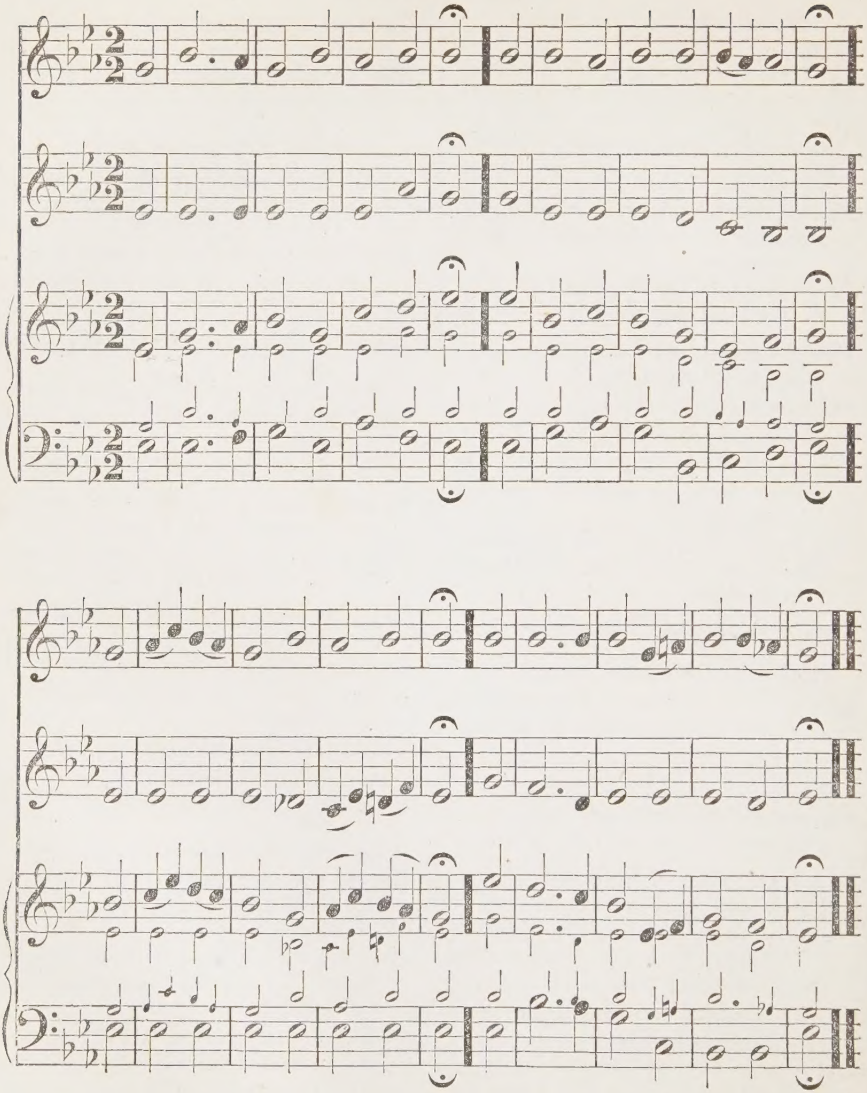
4 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reached to proud Euphrates' stream.

5 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray,
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

6 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long, [free,
And keep that branch from danger
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now, [away.
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass

SAMSON. L. M.



SELECTION 47.

From Psalm 57.

1 O GOD, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

SELECTION 53.

From Psalm 68.

1 THE servants of Jehovah's will
His favor's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful Name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honor'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

5 E'en rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

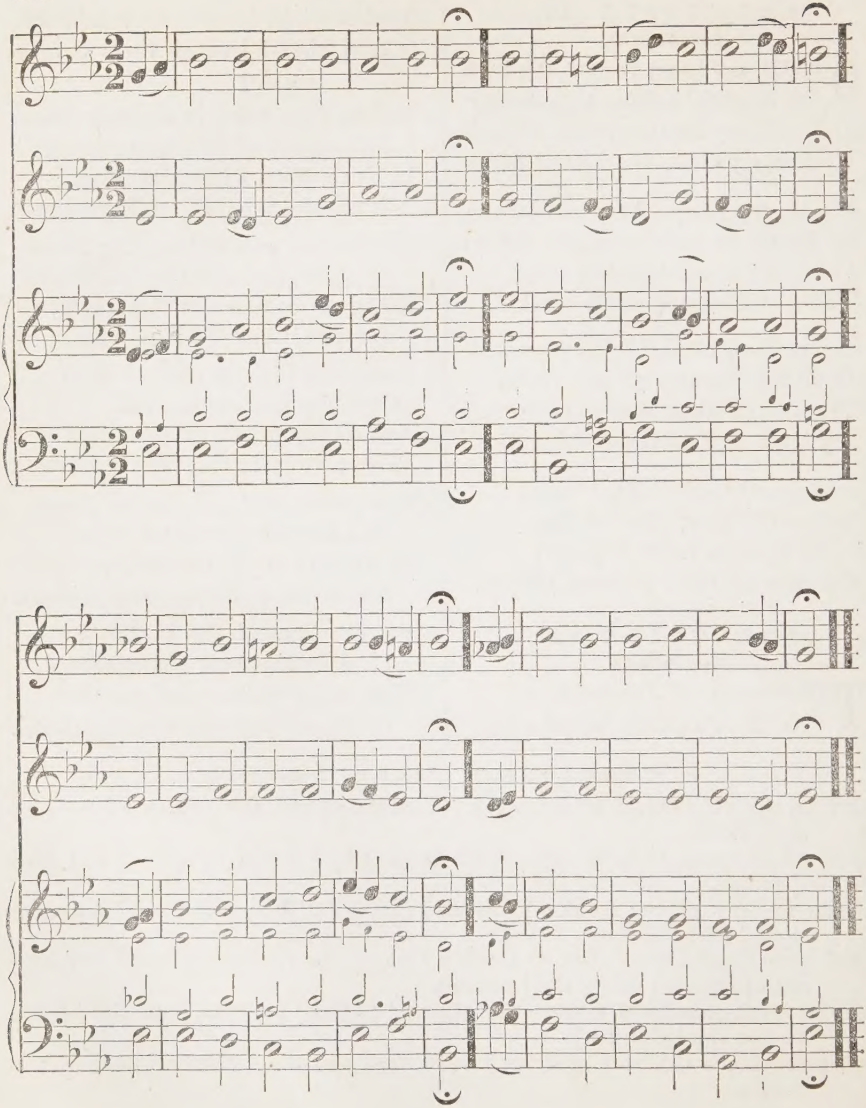
6 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great Name adored,
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

CANTICLE 5.

From Psalm 57. To Chant 85.

SET up thyself, O God, a | bove the | heavens; ‖ and thy | glory a | bove all the | earth.
My heart is fixed, O God, my | heart is | fixed; ‖ I will | sing — | and give | praise.
Awake up, my glory; awake, | lute and | harp: ‖ I myself | will a | wake right | early.
I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, a | mong the | people; ‖ and I will sing unto | thee a | mong the | nations.
For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth un | to the | heavens, ‖ and thy | truth un | to the | clouds.
Set up thyself, O God, a | bove the | heavens; ‖ and thy | glory a | bove all the | earth.

SEBASTIAN. L. M.



SELECTION 24. From Psalm 29.

1 YE that in might and power excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.

2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise, [ed.
Where he's with solemn state ador-

3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

4 How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crowned!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears, [es round.
And strews their scattered branch-

5 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease: [ply,
His saints with strength he will sup-
And bless his own with constant peace.

SELECTION 50. From Psalm 65.—Part I.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Thou, who to every humble prayer,
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man, who near thee placed
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

SELECTION 68. From Psalm 89.

1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last; [tain,
Thy truth, that does the heavens sus-
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises
By choirs of angels sung above, [owe,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?

7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty Name confess.

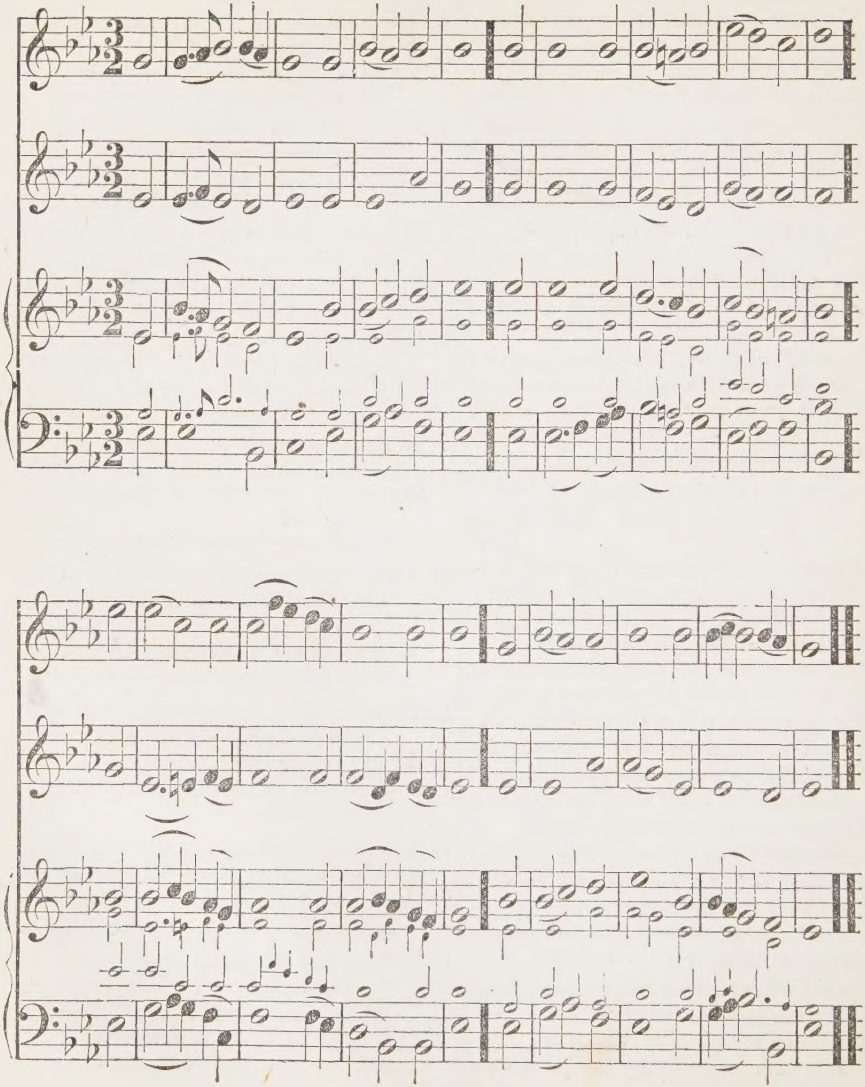
11 Thine arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
Possess'd of absolute command, [tain.
Thou truth and mercy dost main-

12 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

13 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoyed,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be raised on high.

14 For in thy strength they shall advance, [spring:
Whose conquests from thy favor
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

STONEFIELD. L. M.



SELECTION 50.

From Psalm 65.—Part I.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Thou, who to every humble prayer,
Dost always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Bless'd is the man, who near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

* SELECTION 72. From Psalm 93.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

SELECTION 124. From Psalm 150.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows,
Praise him in heaven where he his face,
Unveiled, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice,
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalteries silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

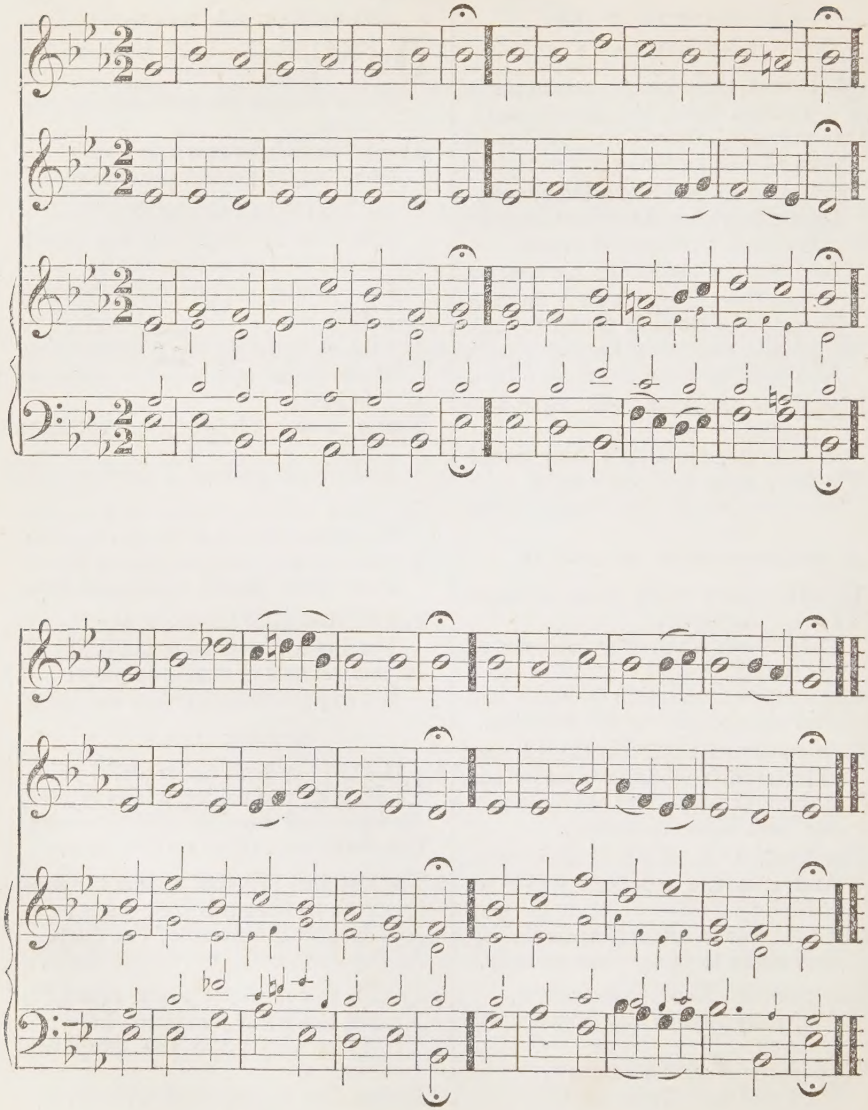
HYMN 118.

1 GOD of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious power adored
Among the watery nations, Lord:
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves.

ST. PAUL'S. L. M.



HYMN 140.

1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

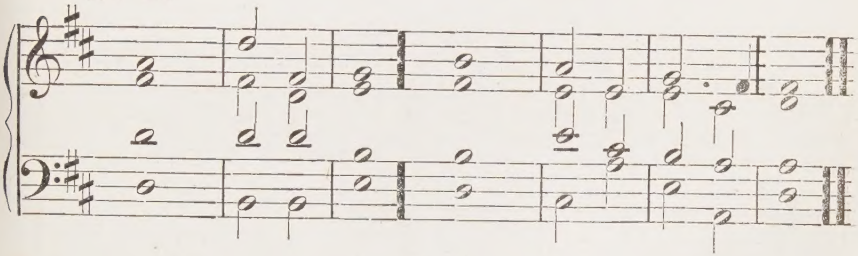
4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith, we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distress'd;
By faith subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

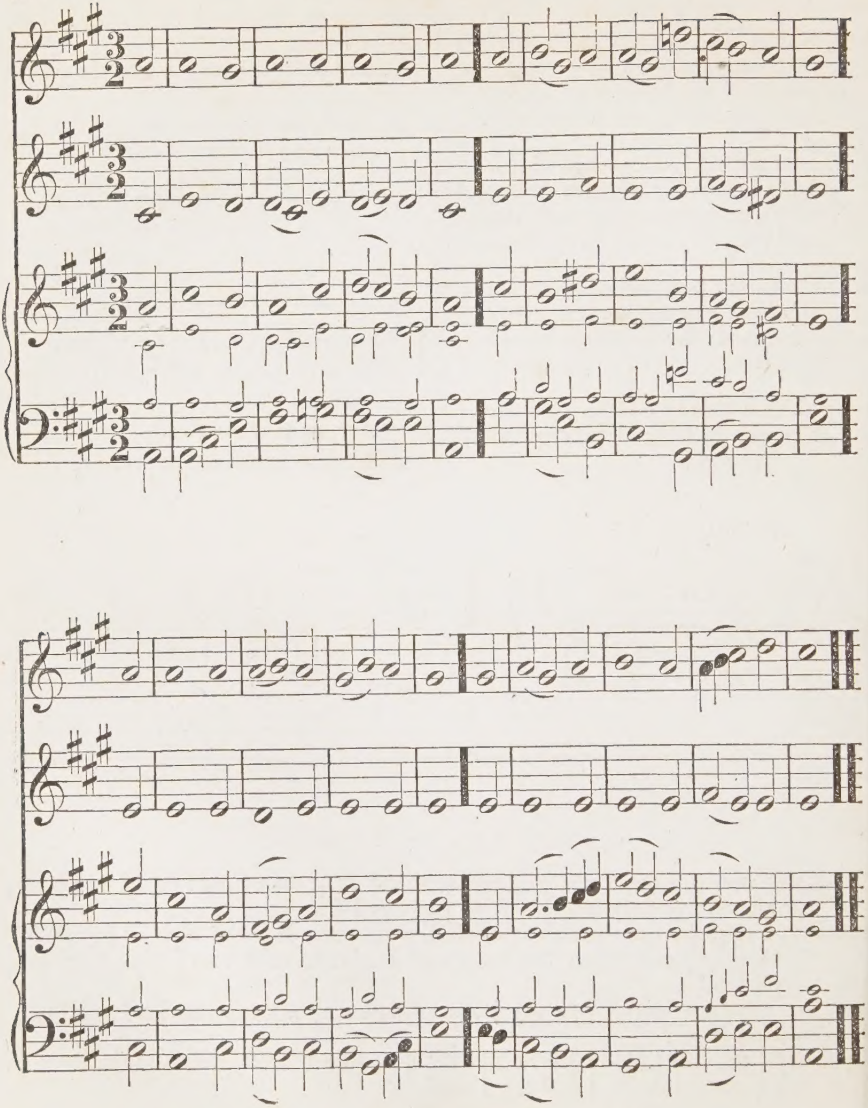
No. 49.



CANTICLE 6. From Psalm 43.

O SEND out thy light and thy truth, that | they may | lead me, ‖ and bring me unto thy holy hill, | and — | to thy | dwelling.
And that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my | joy and | gladness; ‖ and upon the harp will I give thanks unto | thee, O | God, my | God.
Why art thou so heavy, | O my | soul; ‖ and why art thou so dis | quieted | within | me?
O put thy | trust in | God; ‖ for I will yet give him thanks, which is the help of my | countenance, | and my | God.

ST. PETER'S. L. M.



SELECTION 14.

From Psalm 18.—Part II.

1 THOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind;
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

2 Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

3 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

4 Who then deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

5 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest!
To highest heavens his Name be raised,
Who me with his salvation bless'd.

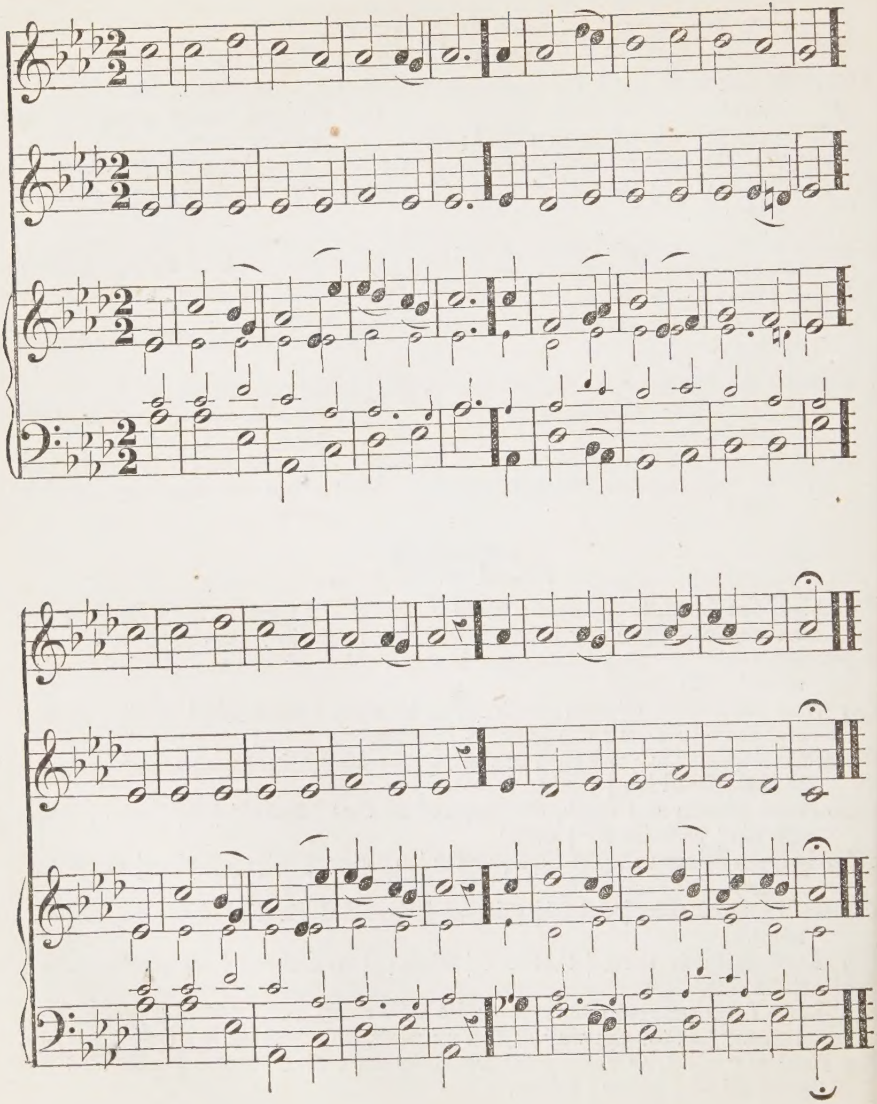
6 My God, to celebrate thy fame,
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise,
And nations, strangers to thy Name,
Shall learn to sing thy glorious praise.

CANTICLE 7.

Psalm 146. To Chant No. 84.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul: while I live, will I | praise the | Lord; ‖ yea, as long as I have any being, I will sing | praises | unto my | God.
O put not your trust in princes, nor in any | child of | man; ‖ for | there is | no help | in them.
For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again | to his | earth, ‖ and then | all his | thoughts — | perish.
Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob | for his | help, ‖ and whose hope is | in the | Lord his | God:
Who made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that | therein | is; ‖ who | keepeth his | promise for | ever;
Who helpeth them to right that | suffer | wrong; ‖ who | feed— | eth the | hungry.
The Lord looseth men | out of | prison; ‖ the Lord giveth | sight — | to the | blind.
The Lord helpeth them | that are | fallen; ‖ the Lord | careth | for the | righteous.
The Lord careth for the strangers; he defendeth the fatherless | and the | widow: ‖ as for the way of the ungodly, he | turneth it | upside | down.
The Lord thy God, O Sion, shall be King for | ever | more, ‖ and throughout | all — | gener | ations.

STRATFORD. L. M.



SELECTION 121.

From Psalm 147.—Part II.

1 JEHOVAH speaks: swift from the skies
To earth the sovereign mandate flies;
The elements confess their Lord,
With prompt obedience to his word:

2 The thick descending flakes of snow
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
And glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
Binds nature fast in icy chains.

3 He speaks: the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Softly the vernal breezes blow,
And murmuring waters freely flow.

4 But nobler works his grace record:
To Israel he reveals his world;
To them, his chosen flock, alone,
He makes his sacred precepts known.

5 Such bliss no heathen nation shares,
His oracles are only theirs:
Let Israel then their voices raise,
And bless their God in songs of praise!

HYMN 8.

1 ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips em-
While in thy temple we appear, [ploy,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light, and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 205.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's more fervent ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

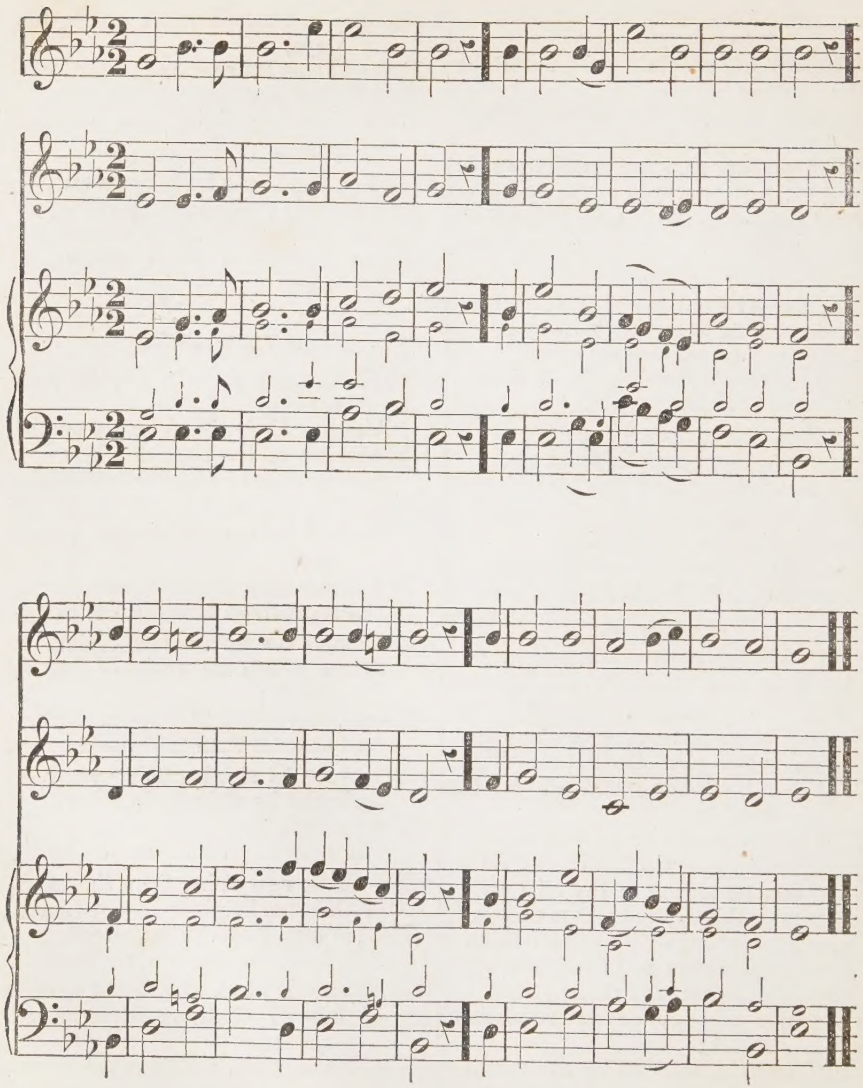
3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

4 But, worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

TRURO. L. M.



SELECTION 41. From Psalm 47.

1 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob his delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

* HYMN 73.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

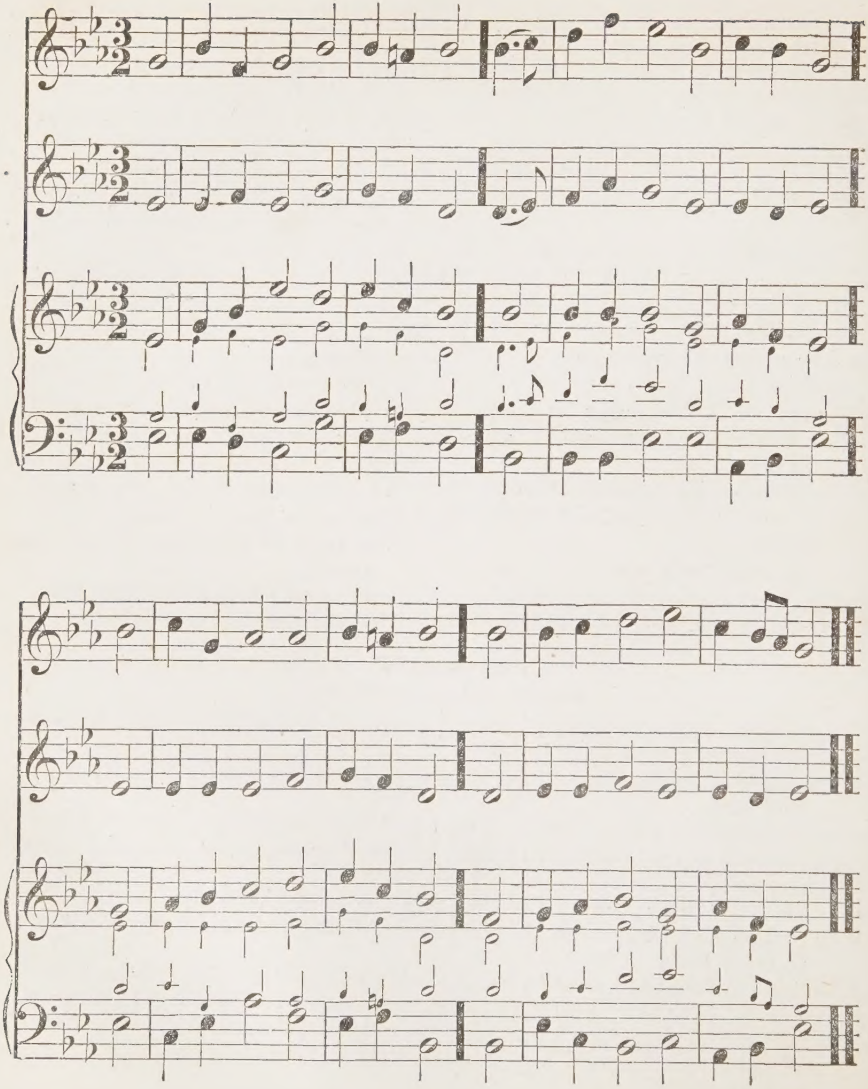
6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

CANTICLE 8.

Psalm 47. To Chant No. 80 or 48.

O CLAP your hands together, | all ye | people: ‖ O sing unto God | with the | voice of | melody.
For the Lord is high, and | to be | feared; ‖ he is the great | King upon | all the | earth.
He shall subdue the people | under | us, ‖ and the | nations | under our | feet.
He shall choose out a | heritage | for us, ‖ even the worship of | Jacob, | whom he | loved.
God is gone up with a | merry | noise, ‖ and the Lord | with the | sound of the | trump.
O sing praises, sing praises un | to our | God; ‖ O sing praises, sing | praises un | to our | King.
For God is the King of | all the | earth: ‖ sing ye | praises with | under | standing.
God reigneth | over the | heathen; ‖ God sitteth up | on his | holy | seat.
The princes of the people are joined unto the people of the | God of | Abraham: ‖ for God, which is very high exalted, doth defend the earth, | as it | were with a | shield.

WELLS. L. M.



HYMN 14.

1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and wo:

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd:
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found!

HYMN 82.

1 NOW may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

HYMN 98.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
Explain to them my sacred word,
Bid them believe, obey, and live.

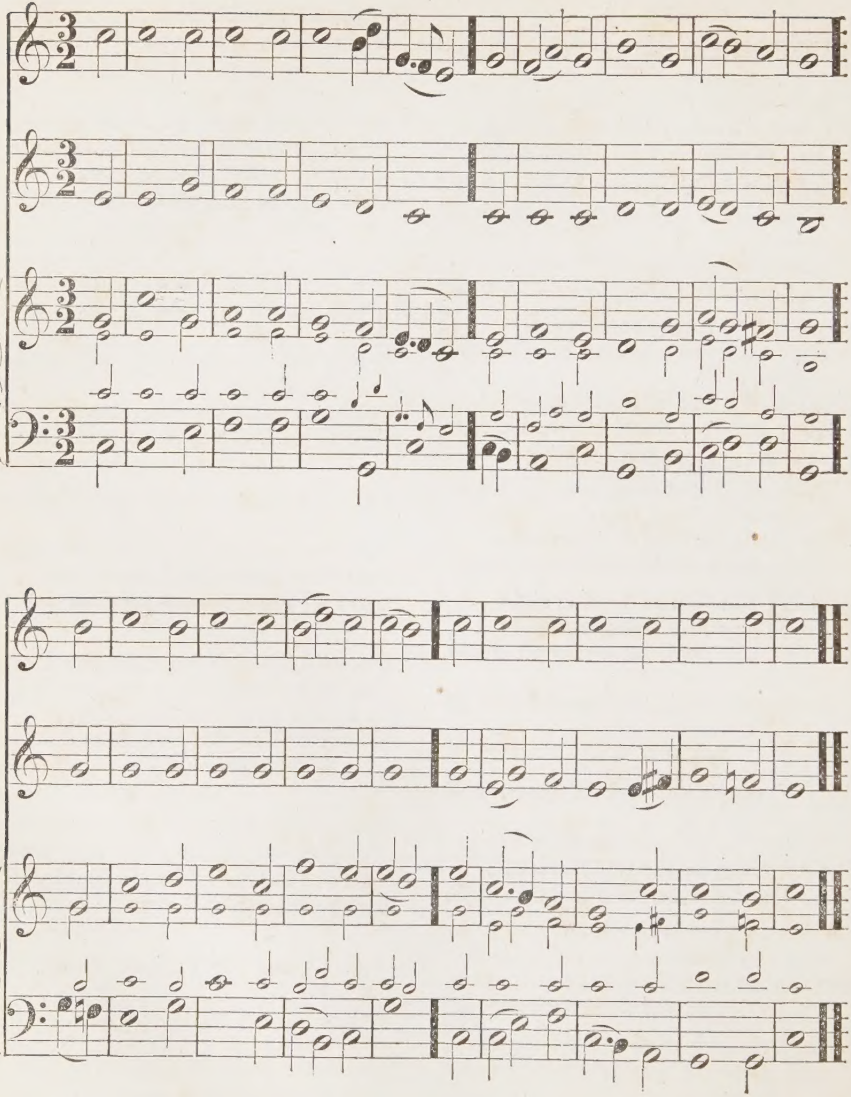
2 "I'll make my great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
Go, cast out devils in my Name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

WINCHESTER. L. M.



SELECTION 74. From Psalm 95.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his Name belongs:

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'Twas made by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.

6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His flock and pasture-sheep are we;
O then, ye faithful flock, to-day
His warning hear, his voice obey.

SELECTION 124. From Psalm 150.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice,
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

HYMN 85.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe.

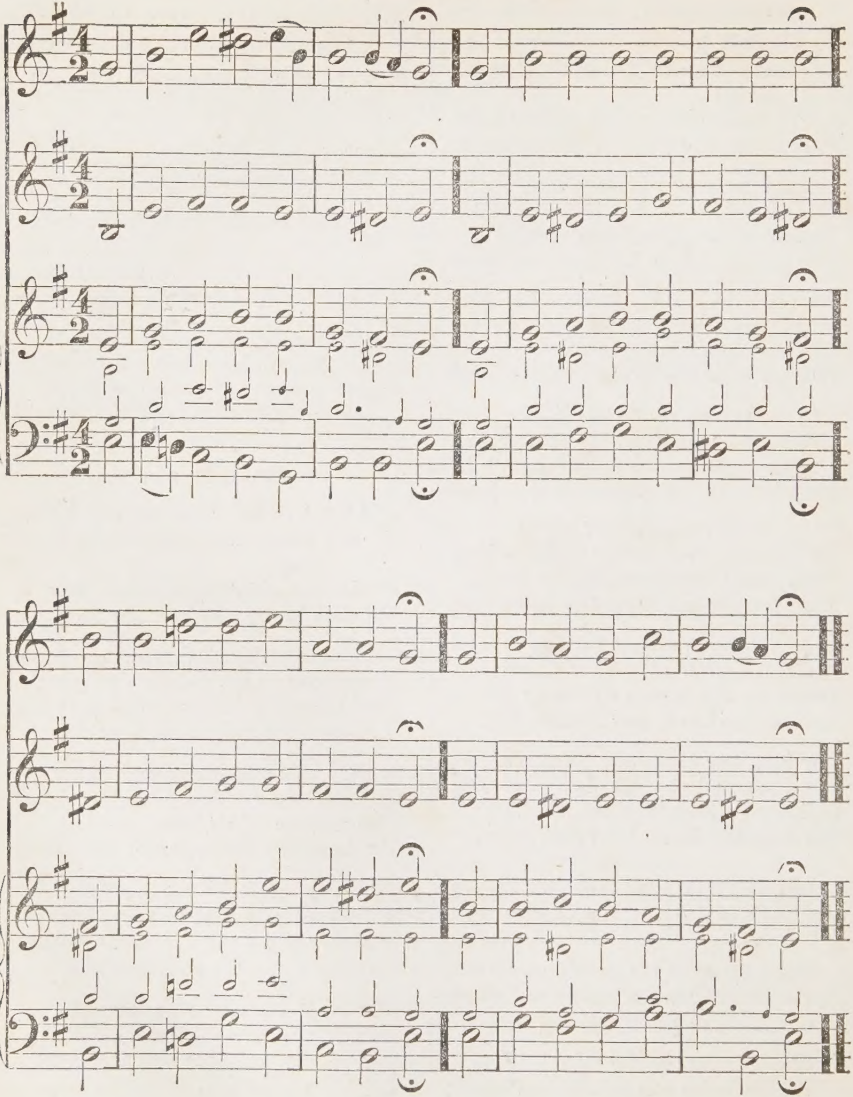
2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

WINDHAM. L. M.



SELECTION 54.

From Psalm 69.—Part I.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll
And press to overwhelm my soul:
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
2 O Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store,
Display thy truth's preserving power.
3 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From all my foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.
4 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.
5 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.
6 With hunger pined, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.
7 For, new afflictions they procured
For him who had thy stripes endured;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

HYMN 62.

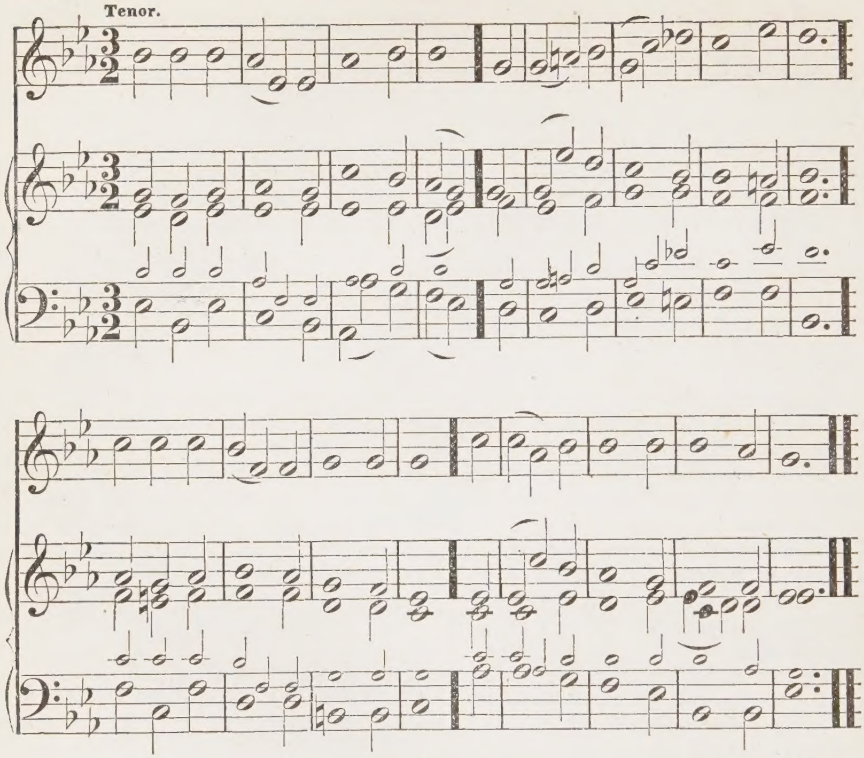
1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.
3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 127.

1 AS the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.
3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod;
O mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

HYMN 136.

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
3 Yet, oh, the mourning sinner spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.



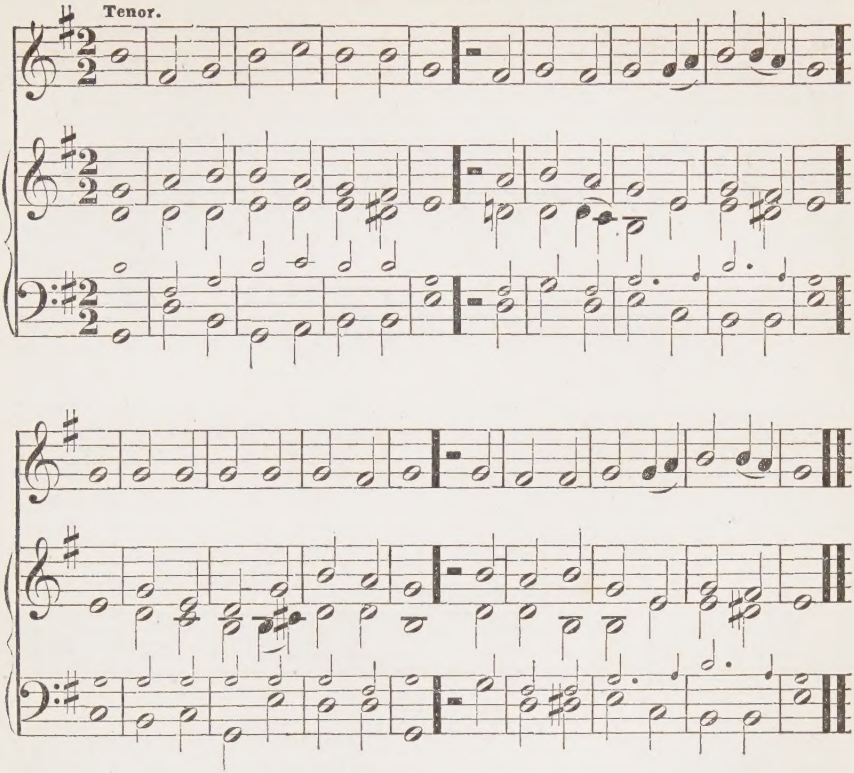
HYMN 37.

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.



SELECTION 72.—From Psalm 93.

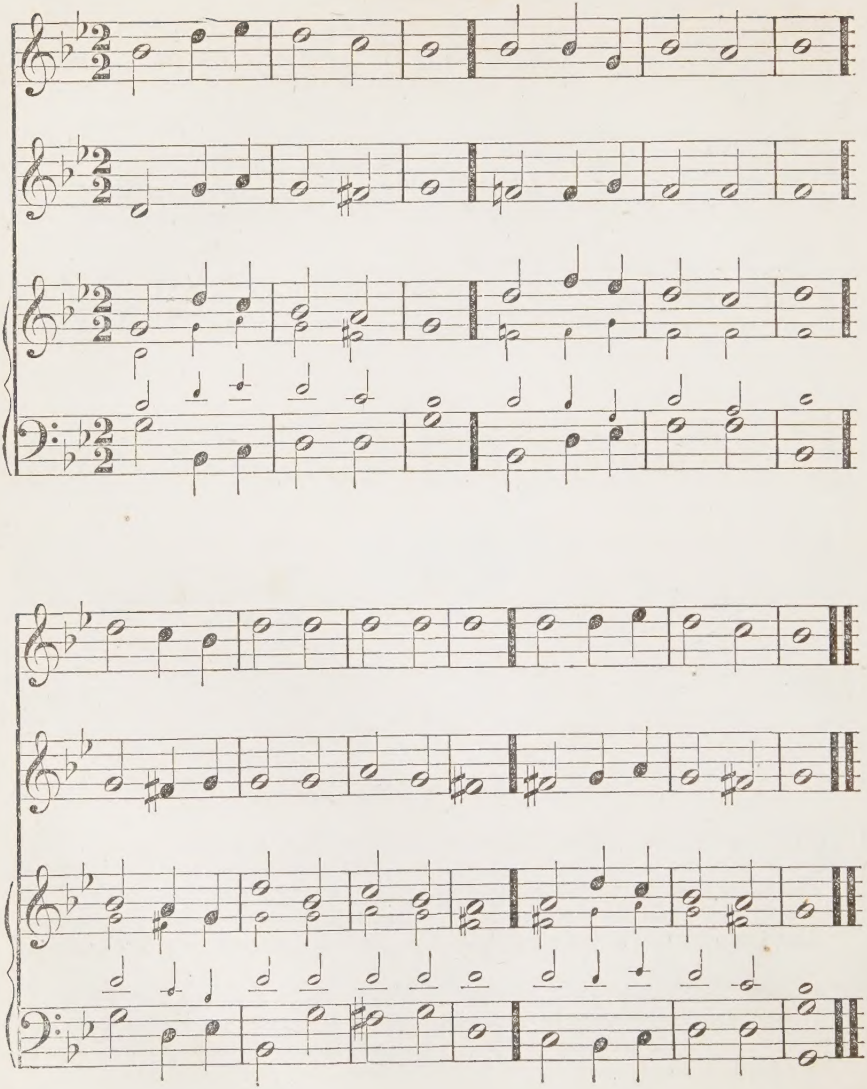
1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God to all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

AYLESBURY. S. M.



SELECTION 44. From Psalm 51.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.

4 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

5 Yet, Lord, thy searching eye
Does inward truth require;
And secretly with wisdom's laws
My soul thou wilt inspire.

6 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be:
shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

7 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

8 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

9 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

10 The joy thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord, regain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

11 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

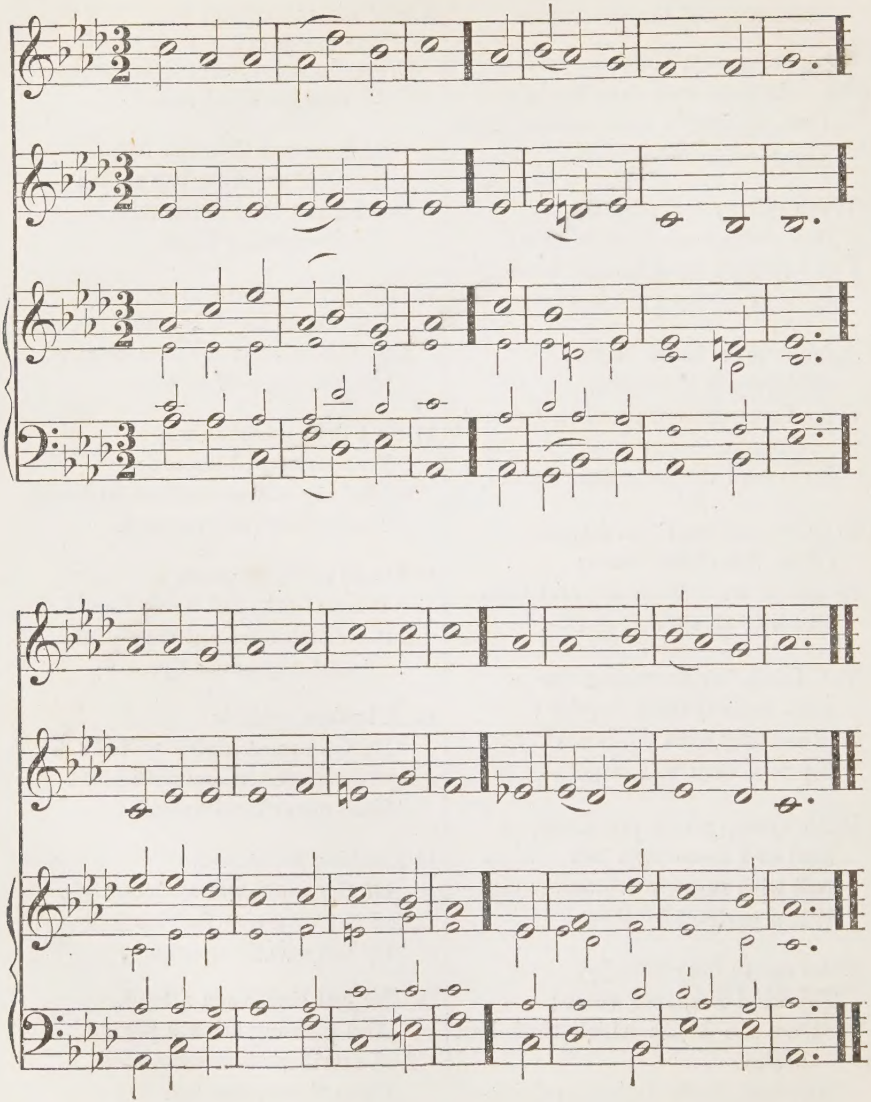
12 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such offerings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

13 A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

14 Let Sion favor find,
Of thy good will assured;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured.

15 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay;
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thine altar lay.

BANKFIELD. S. M.



* HYMN 32.

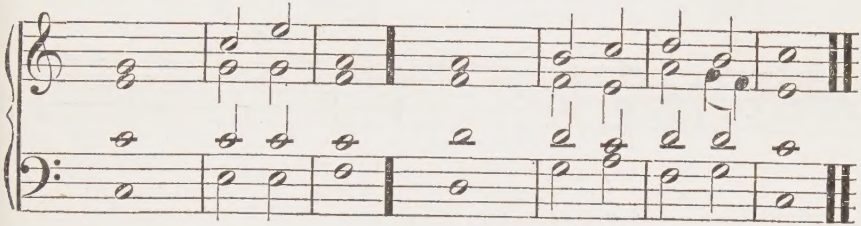
1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

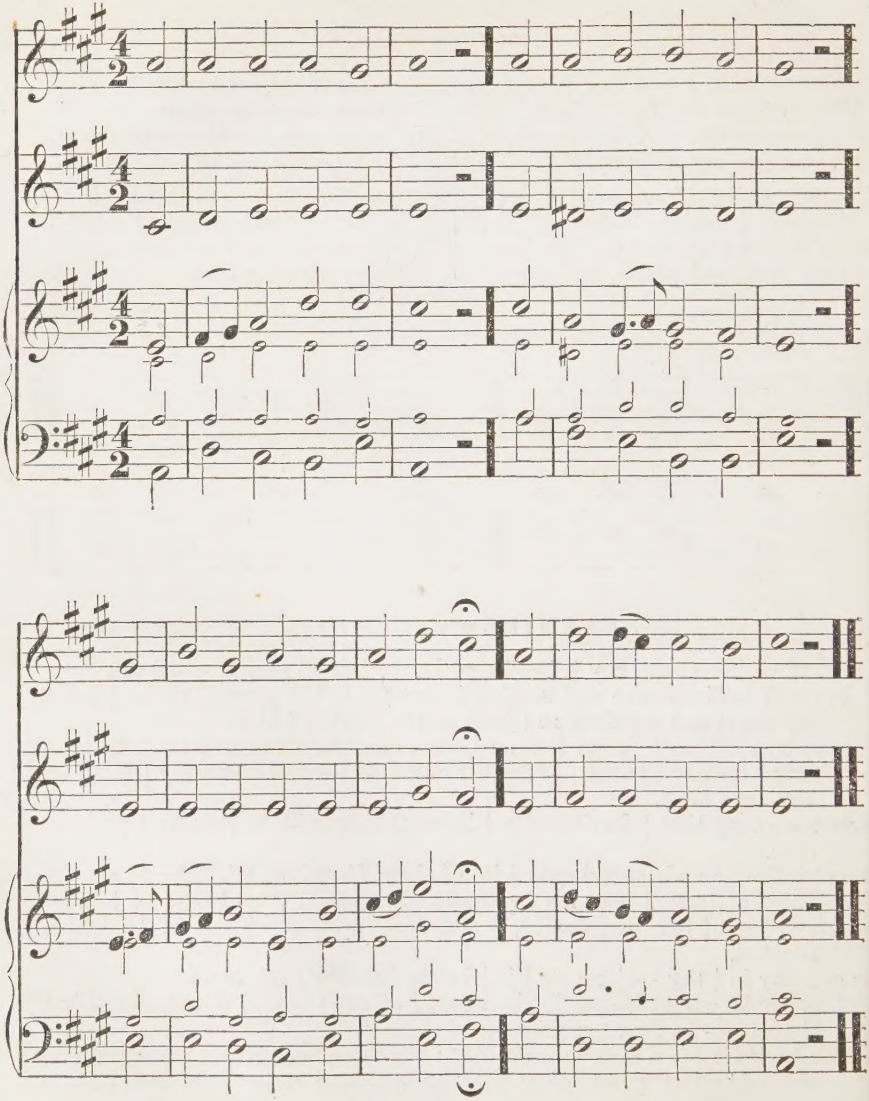
4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

No. 50.



CANTICLE 9. From Psalm 84.

O HOW amiable | are thy | dwellings, ‖ thou | Lord — | of — | hosts!
My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts | of the | Lord; ‖ my heart and my flesh re | joice in the | living | God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest, where she may | lay her | young; ‖ even thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King — | and my | God.
Blessed are they that | dwell in thy | house; ‖ they will be | alway | praising | thee.
Blessed is the man whose strength | is in | thee; ‖ in whose | heart — | are thy | ways.
O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer; ‖ hearken, | O — | God of | Jacob.
Behold, O God | our de | fender, ‖ and look upon the | face of | thine A | nointed.
For one day in | thy — | courts ‖ is | better | than a | thousand.
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house | of my | God, ‖ than to dwell in the | tents — | of un | godliness.
For the Lord God is a light and defence; the Lord will give | grace and | worship; ‖ and no good thing shall he withhold from them that | live a | godly | life.



SELECTION 16.

From Psalm 20.

1 MAY Jacob's God defend
And hear us in distress;
Our succor from his temple send,
Our cause from Sion bless!

2 May he accept our vow,
Our sacrifice receive,
Our heart's devout request allow,
Our holy wishes give!

3 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some, earthly succor trust,
But we, in God's right hand:
Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise and upright stand.

6 Still save us, Lord; and still
Thy servants deign to bless;
Hear, King of Heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

SELECTION 20.

From Psalm 25.

1 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice:
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let thy foes rejoice.

2 Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

3 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.

4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred path shall lead
The humble and the meek.

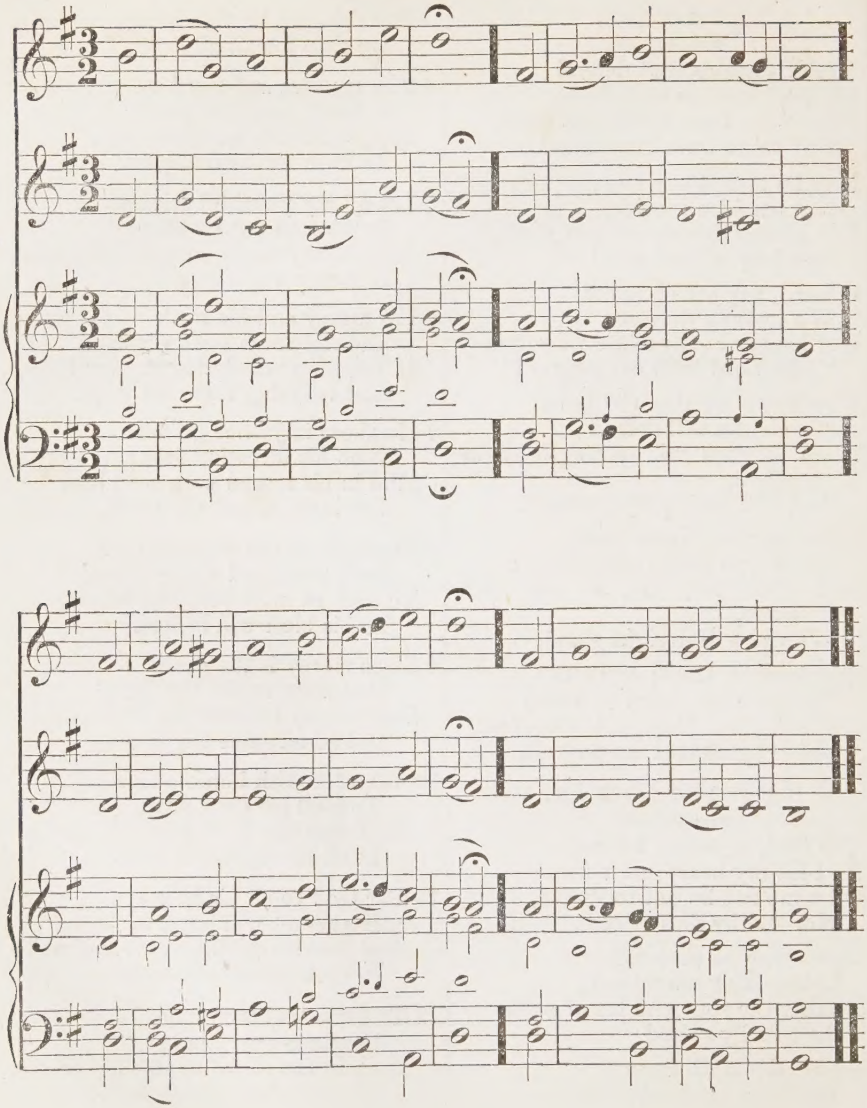
8 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

9 Since mercy is the grace
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy Name.

10 Whoe'er with humble fear
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
In all his righteous ways.

11 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

12 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind;
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succor find.



HYMN 24.

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam,
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Sion's hill.

HYMN 196.

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul? [sound,
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
Or pierce to either pole.

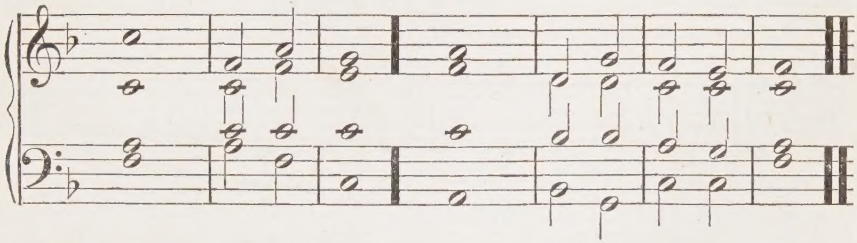
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

No. 51.

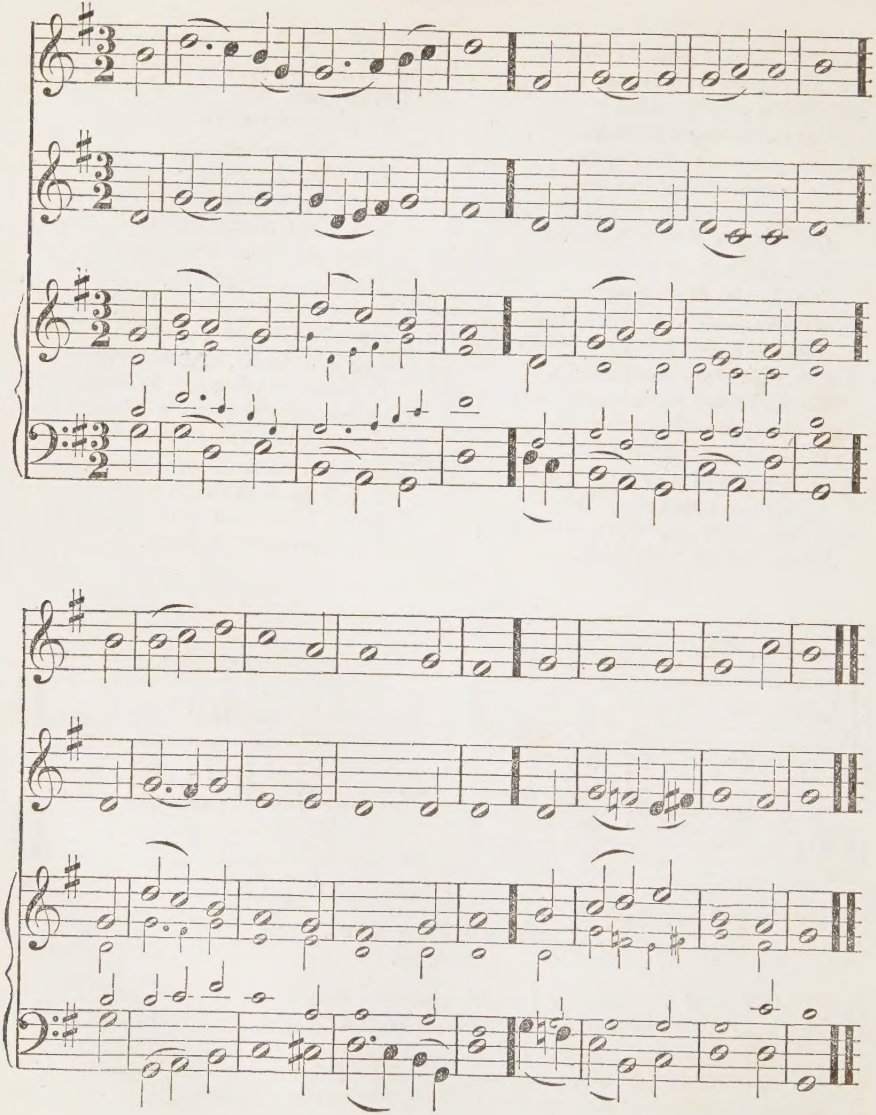


CANTICLE 10.

Psalm 134.

BEHOLD, now, | praise the | Lord, ‖ all ye | servants | of the | Lord;
Ye that by night stand in the house | of the | Lord, ‖ even in the courts of the | house — | of our | God.
Lift up your hands | in the | sanctuary, ‖ and | praise — | the — | Lord.
The Lord, that made | heaven and | earth, ‖ give thee | blessing | out of | Sion.

HANDEL. S. M.



* SELECTION 20. From Psalm 25.

4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

5 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

7 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

8 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

* SELECTION 82. From Psalm 103.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.

3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy Name.

HYMN 25.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

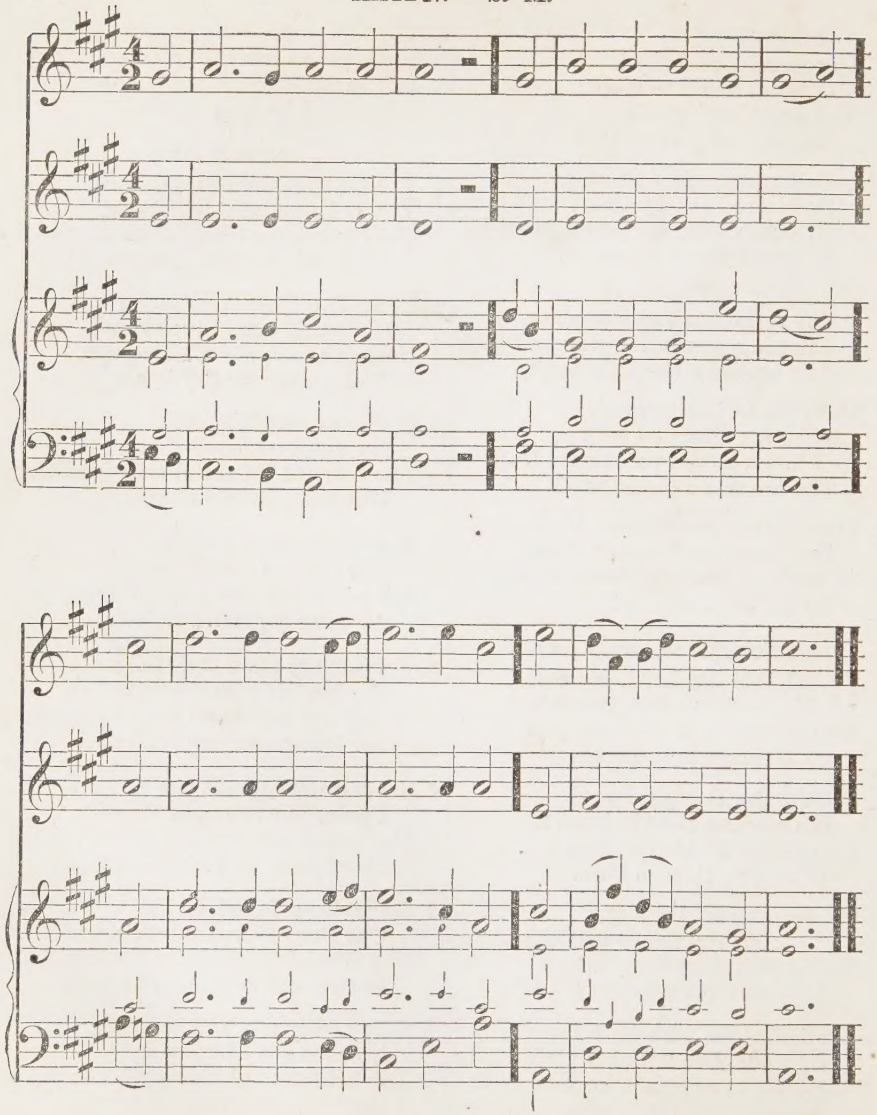
5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield.
And brighter bliss of heav'n.

HAYDN. S. M.



HYMN 52.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice:
How sweet their tidings are:
"Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

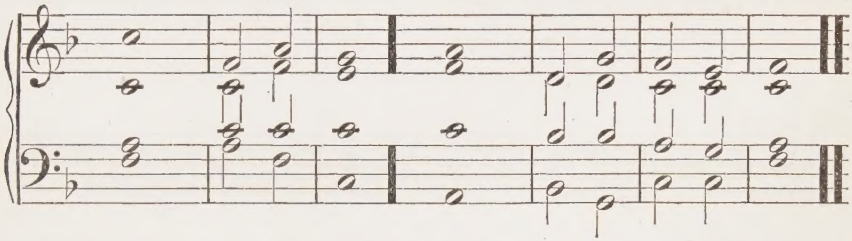
3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light:
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 52.

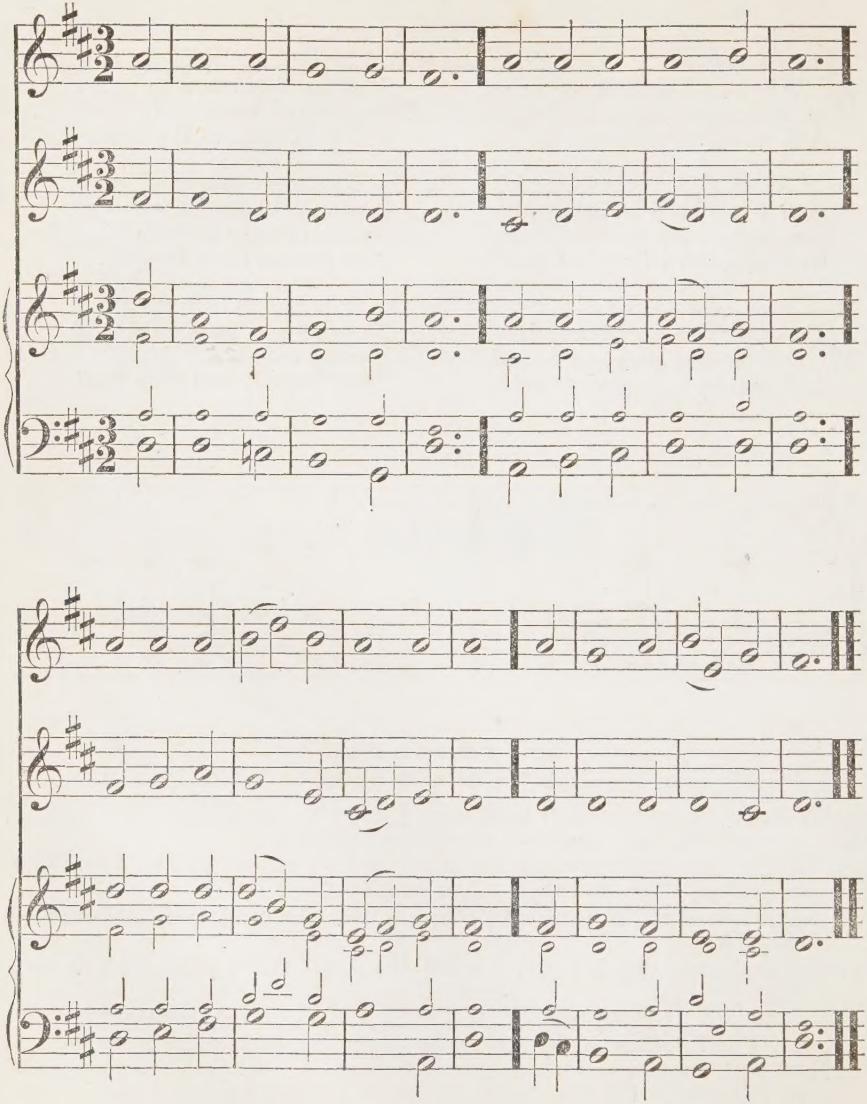


CANTICLE 11.

Isaiah 52: 7, 8, 9, 10. Or to Chant 48.

HOW beautiful up | on the | mountains ‖ are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, | that — | publisheth | peace;
That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth | sal — | vation; ‖ that saith unto Sion, | Thy — | God — | reigneth.
Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice; ‖ with the voice to | gether | shall they | sing:
For they shall see | eye to | eye, ‖ when the Lord shall | bring a | gain — | Sion.
Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places | of Jer | usalem: ‖ for the Lord hath comforted his people, he | hath re | deemed Jer | usalem.
The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of | all the | nations; ‖ and all the ends of the world shall see the sal | vation | of our | God.

HOWLAND. S. M.



HYMN 88.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on, [plies
Strong in the strength which God sup-
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

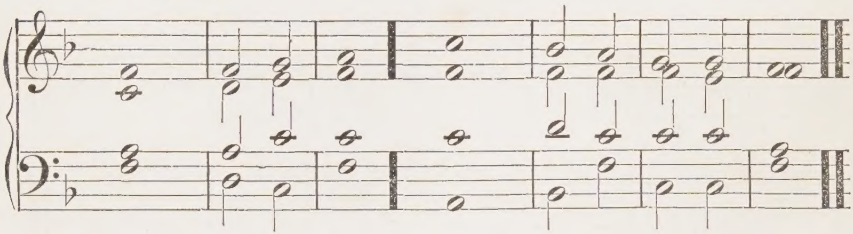
HYMN 210.

1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

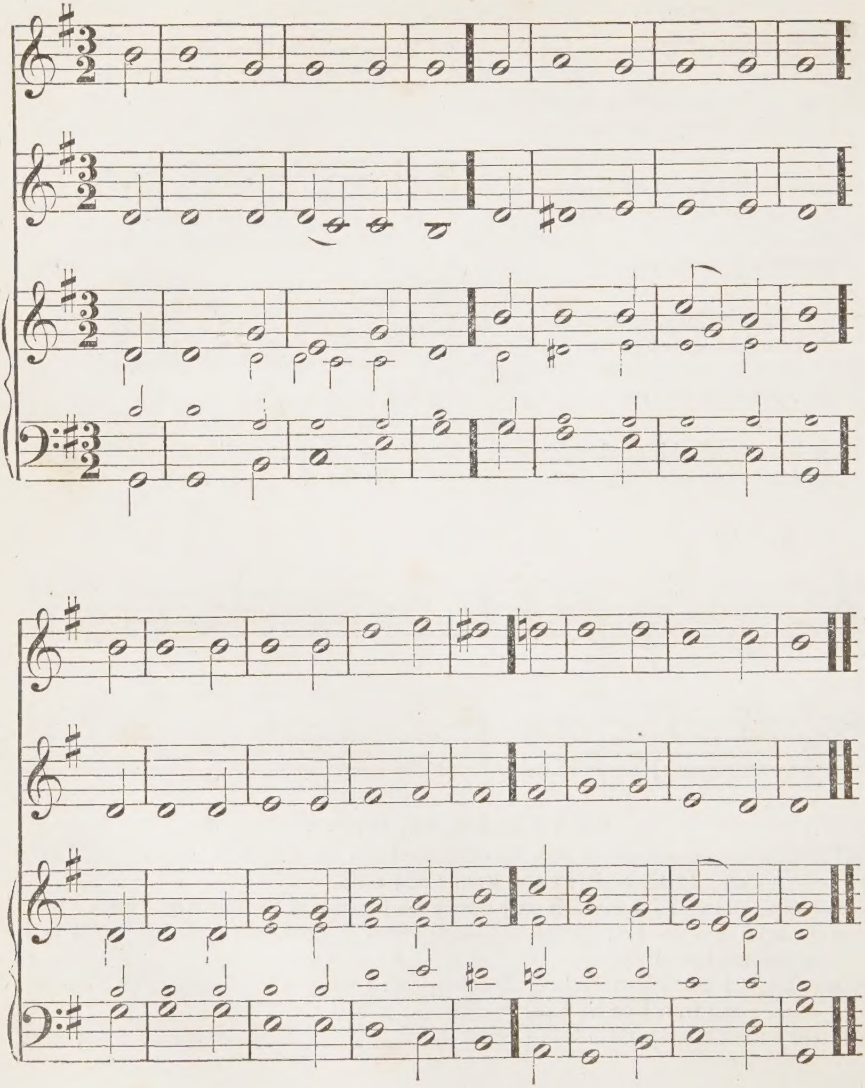
3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

No. 53.



CANTICLE 12. 1st John 3.

BEHOLD, what manner of love the Father hath be | stowed up | on us, ‖ that we should be | called the | sons of | God.
Therefore the world | knoweth us | not, ‖ be | cause it | knew him | not.
Beloved, now we are the | sons of | God, ‖ and it doth not yet ap | pear— | what we | shall be.
But we know that, when | he shall ap | pear, ‖ we shall be like him; for we shall | see him | as he | is.
And every man that | hath this | hope in him, ‖ purifieth himself, | even as | he is | pure.



HYMN 87.

1 THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

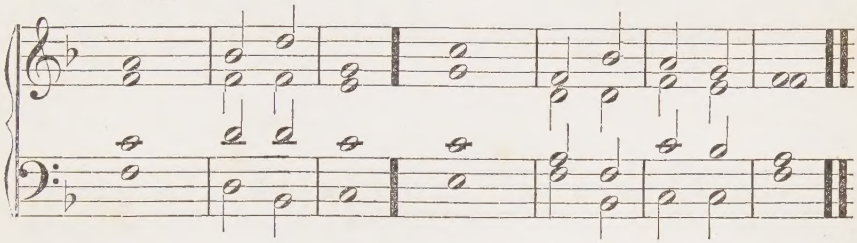
HYMN 171.

1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

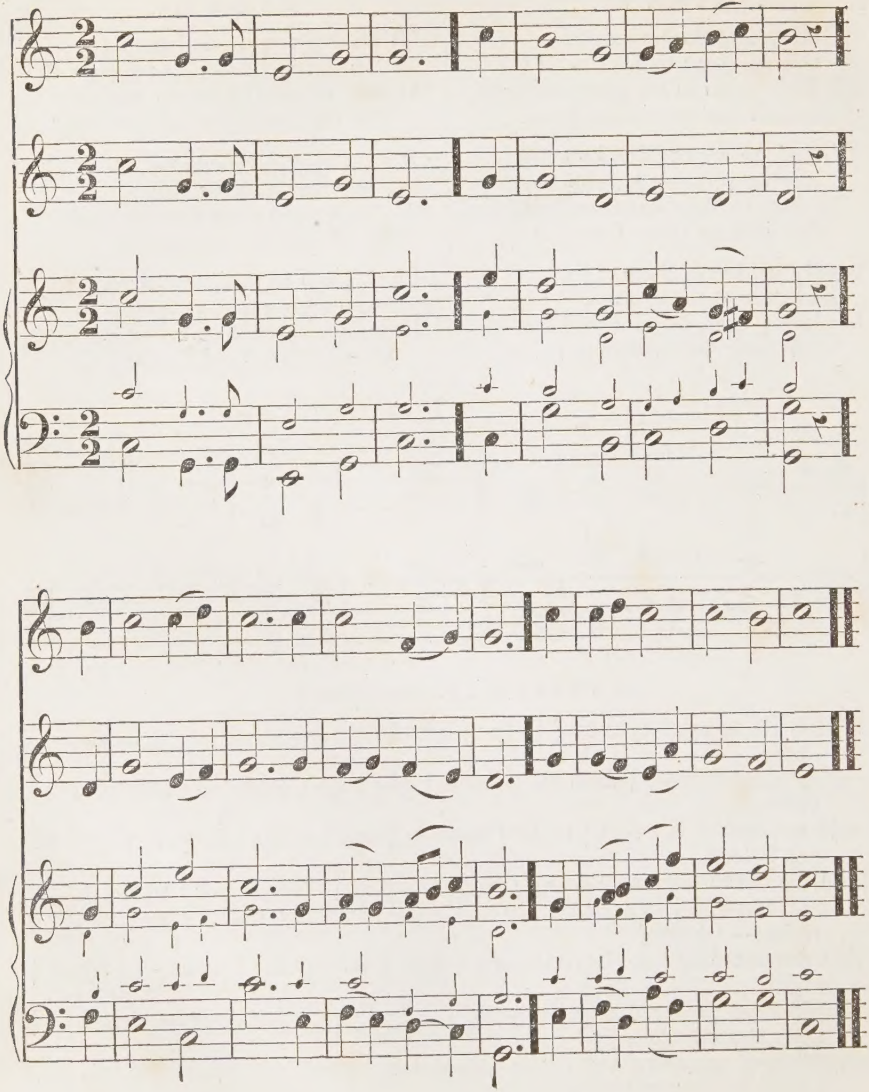
No. 54.



CANTICLE 13. From Psalm 121

I WILL lift up mine eyes un | to the | hills, ‖ from | whence — | cometh my | help.
My help cometh even | from the | Lord, ‖ who hath | made — | heaven and | earth.
He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved; ‖ and he that | keepeth thee | will not | sleep.
Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel ‖ shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.
The Lord himself | is thy | keeper; ‖ the Lord is thy defence up | on thy | right — | hand;
So that the sun shall not | burn thee by | day, ‖ neither the | moon — | by — | night.
The Lord shall preserve thee | from all | evil; ‖ yea, it is even | he that shall | keep thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy | coming | in, ‖ from this time | forth for | ever | more.

SILVER STREET. S. M.



SELECTION 16.

From Psalm 20.

3 O LORD, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

4 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

5 Some earthly succor trust,
But we in God's right hand;
Lo! while they fall, so vain their boast,
We rise and upright stand.

6 Still save us, Lord; and still
Thy servants deign to bless:
Hear, King of Heaven, in times of ill,
The prayers that we address.

* HYMN 23.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 149.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

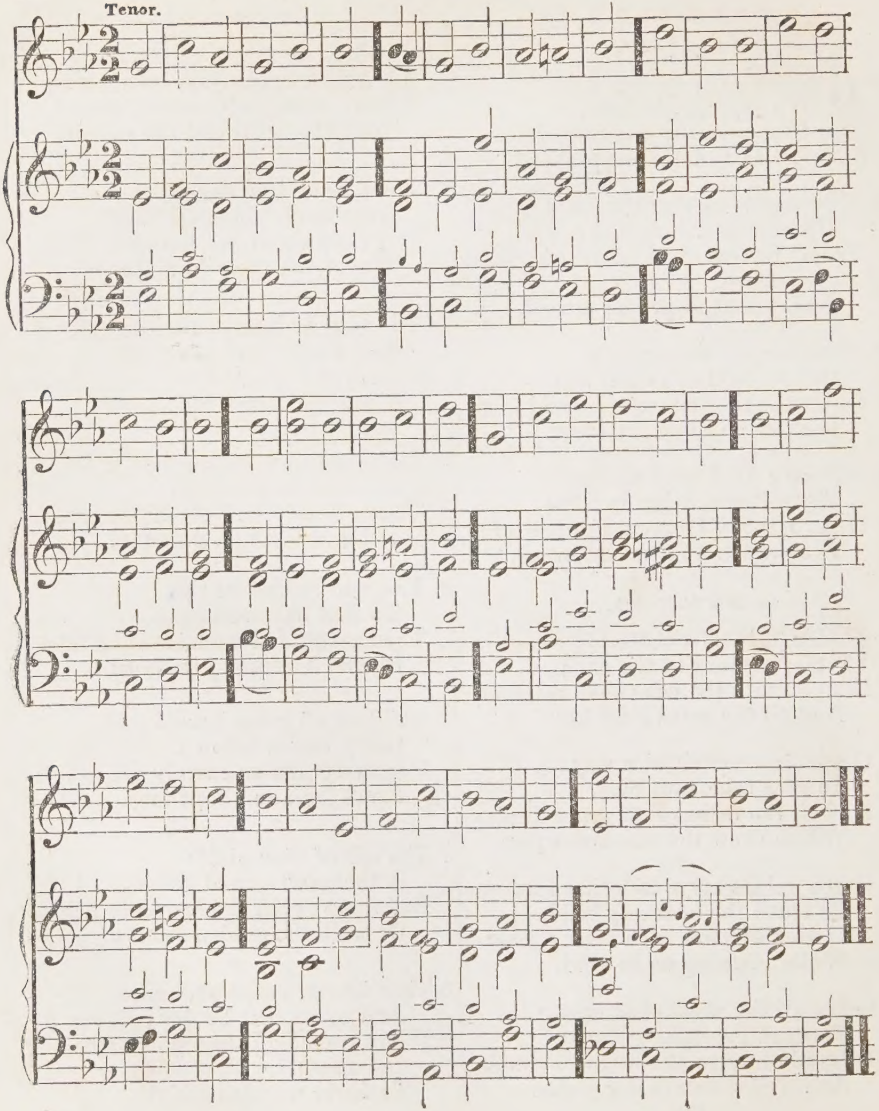
5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

ST. AGNES. S. M. Double.



HYMN 176.

1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

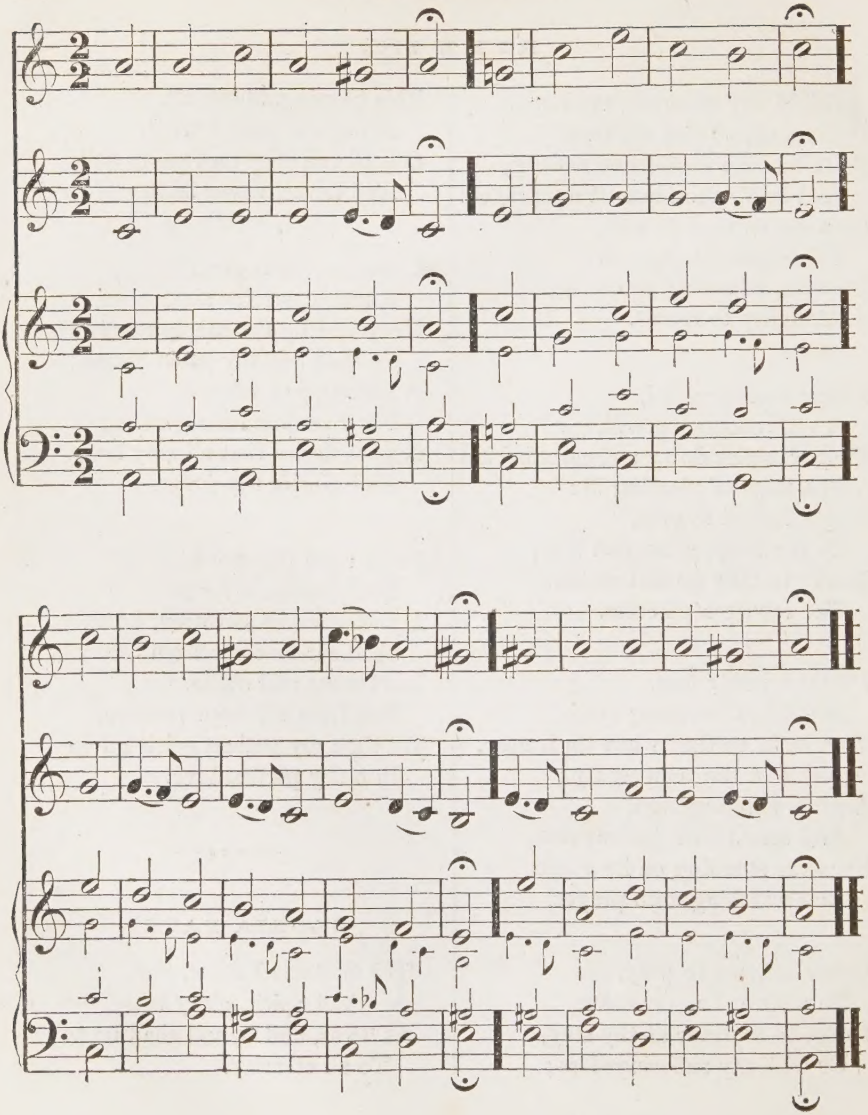
5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great Name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

ST. BRIDES. S. M.



SELECTION 6. From Psalm 6.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath,
Rebuke me, gracious God!
Lest, if thy whole displeasure rise,
I sink beneath thy rod.

2 Touched by thy quick'ning power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.

3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not, at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save;
For who shall sing thy Name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?

5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

SELECTION 104. From Psalm 130.

1 FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from whence
Eternal succor flows:

6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

HYMN 190.

1 THE mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again;

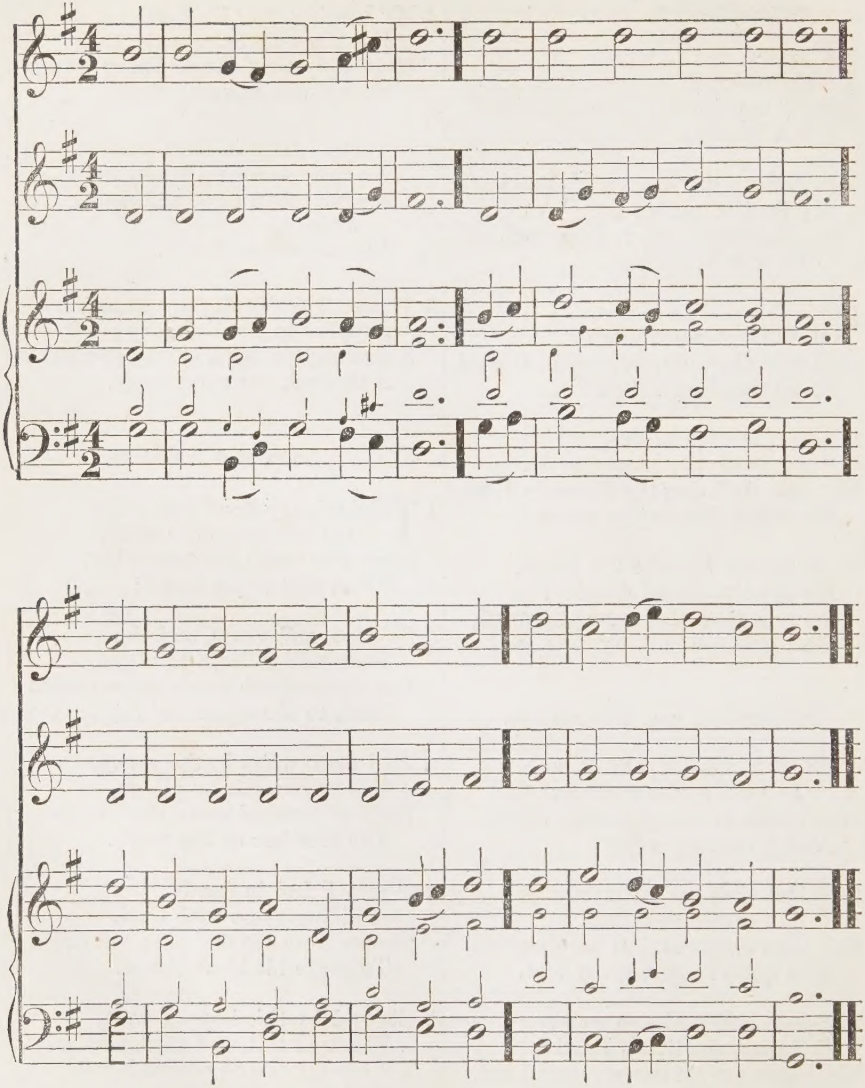
2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until th' eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from wo and sin; till call'd
To share his blest abode.

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



* HYMN 27.

1 BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

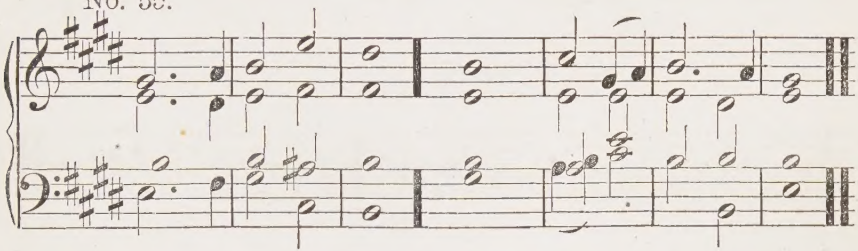
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

No. 55.

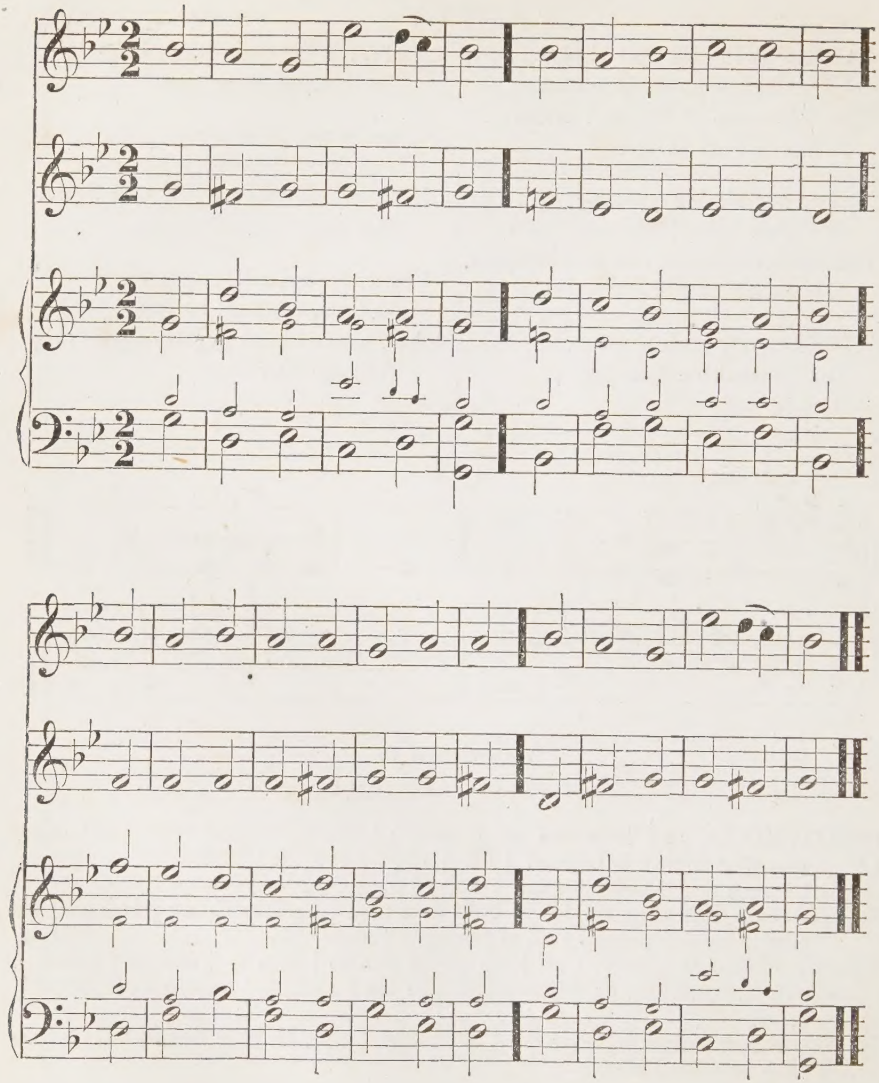


CANTICLE 14.

From 1 John 4: 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 21.

BELOVED, let us | love one an | other; ‖ for Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of | God, and | knoweth | God.
He that loveth not, | knoweth not | God; ‖ for | God — | is — | Love.
Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that | he loved | us, ‖ and sent his Son to be the propiti | ation | for our | sins.
Beloved, if God so | loved | us, ‖ we ought also to | love — | one an | other.
If we love one another, God | dwelleth | in us, ‖ and his | love is | perfected | in us.
And this commandment | have we | from him, ‖ that he who loveth | God, love his | brother | also.

SUPPLICATION. S. M.



SELECTION 104. From Psalm 130.

1 FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

2 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

3 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

4 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

5 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous source and spring from [whence
Eternal succor flows:

6 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

HYMN 13.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake:

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 193.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the numerous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?

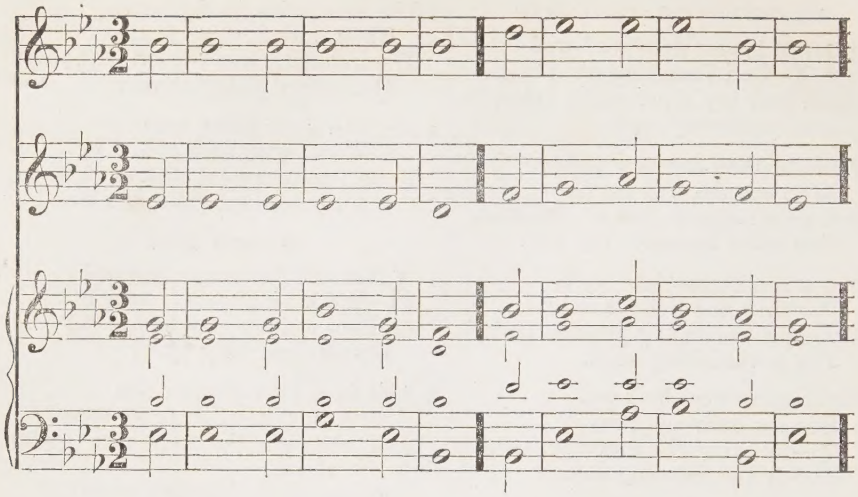
3 "Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."

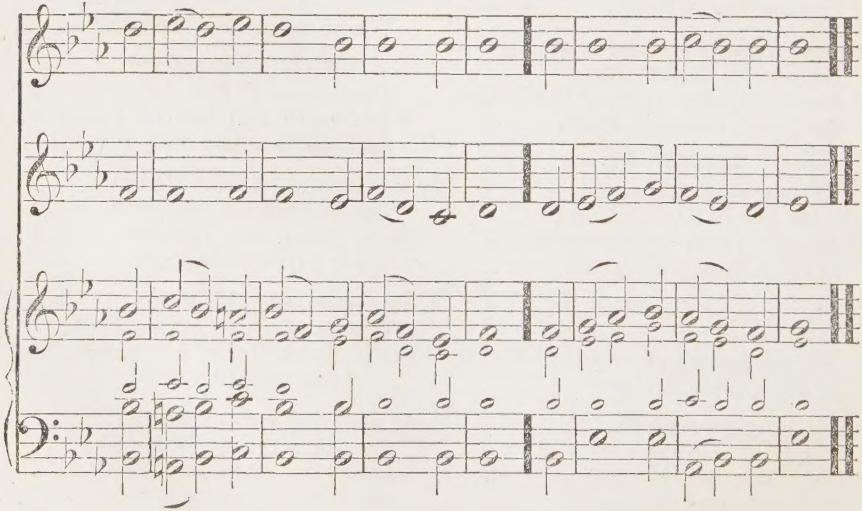
4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day, [face
When earth and heaven before his
Astonish'd shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead, [sound,
Hark, from the Gospel's cheering
What joyful tidings spread.

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.





* HYMN 131.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, sinner, Come:
The Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-
To all his children, Come: [claims

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord! even so; I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

HYMN 179.

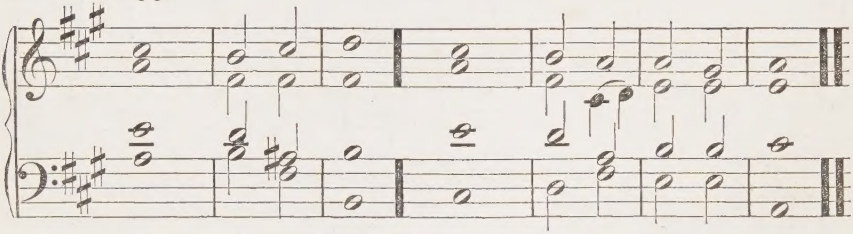
1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

No. 56.

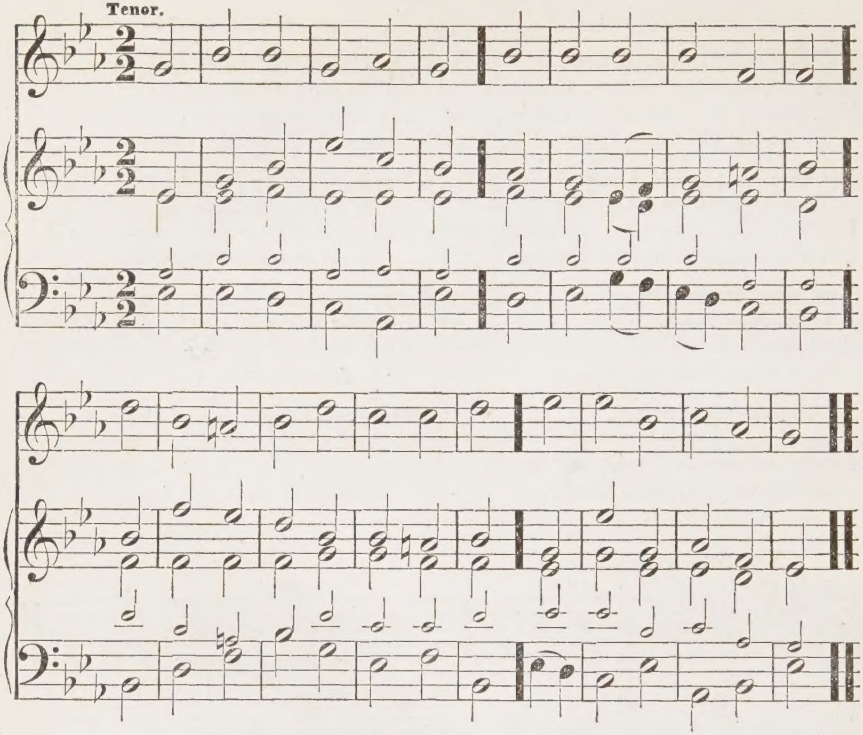


CANTICLE 15.

From St. Matthew 11: 28-30. Revelation 22: 17.

COME unto me, all ye that are weary and | heavy | laden, ‖ and | I will | give you | rest.
Take my yoke upon you, and | learn of | me; ‖ for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find | rest un | to your | souls.
For my | yoke is | easy, ‖ and my | burden | is — | light.
The Spirit and the | Bride say | come; ‖ and let him that | heareth | say — | Come;
And let him that is a | thirst — | come; ‖ and whosoever will, let him take the | water of | life — | freely.

CROYDON. S. M.



* SELECTION 52.—From Psalm 67.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:

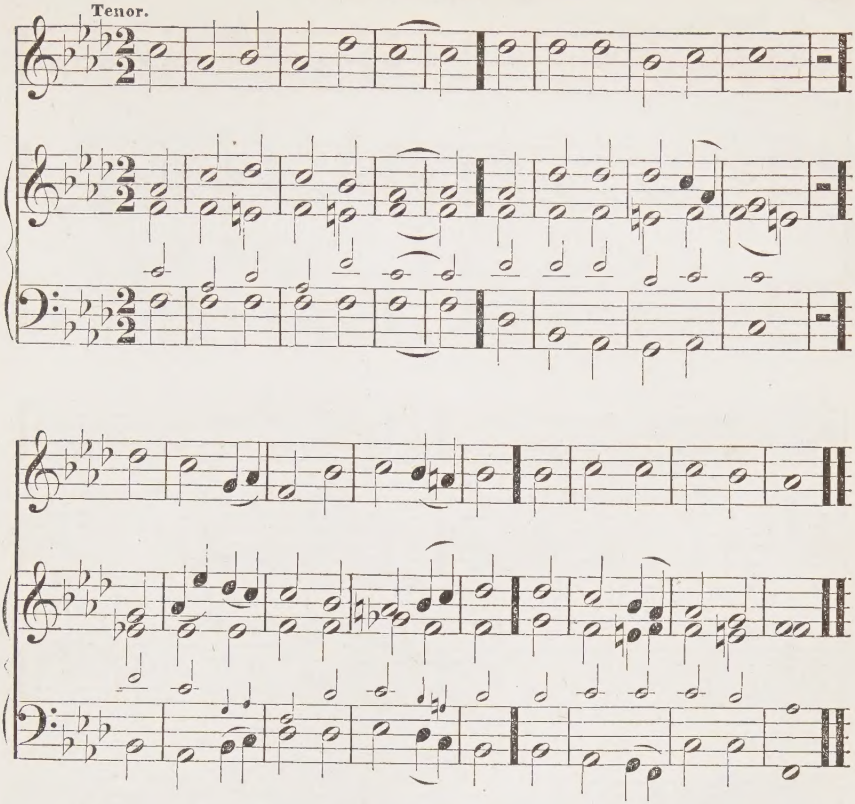
2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

6 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.



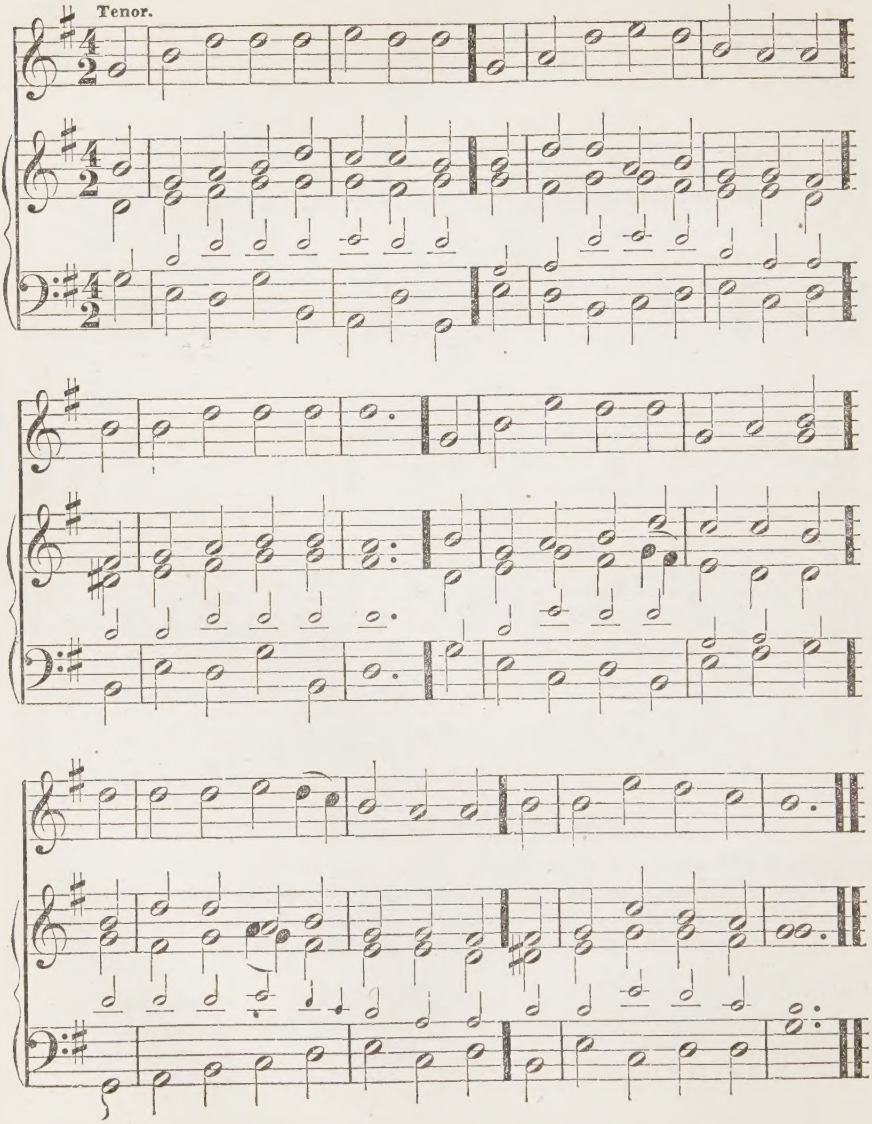
SELECTION 26.—From Psalm 31.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succor send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that 's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

4 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.


Tenor.

HYMN 6.

1 YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair, [claim:
Your Maker's wondrous power pro-
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as evening veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain
And praise Him in the shade.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds, declare his might;
He spake the word, and ye were made,
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare, [air,
Each whispering breeze of yielding
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMN 105.

1 WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy Name.

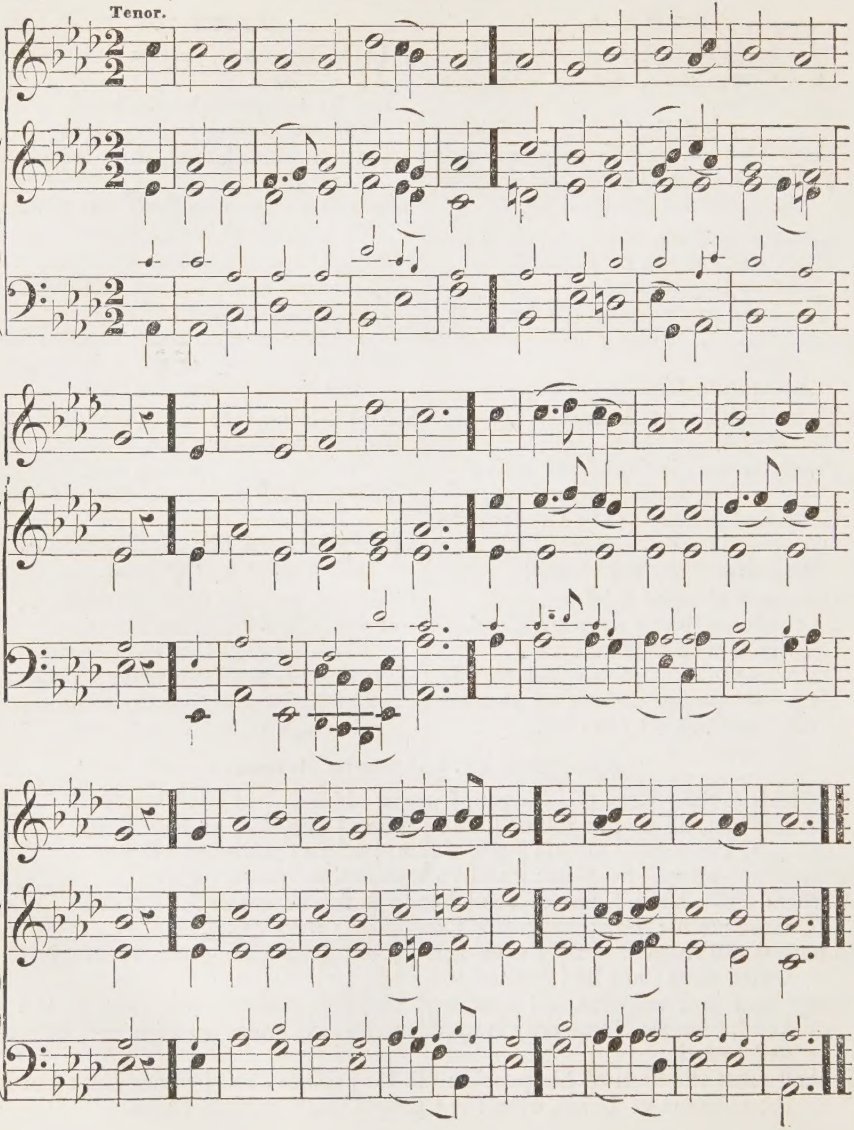
2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O shed thy spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim
And temples rise to fix thy Name,
Through all our desert west.

CANTICLE 16. From Psalm 148. To Chant 80.

O PRAISE the | Lord of | heaven, ‖ praise | him — | in the | height.
Praise him, all ye | angels of | his; ‖ praise | him, — | all his | hosts.
Praise him, | sun and | moon: ‖ praise him, | all ye | stars and | light.
Praise him, | all ye | heavens; ‖ and ye waters that | are a | bove the | heavens.
Let them praise the | Name of the | Lord; ‖ for he spake the word, and they were made; he commanded, | and they | were cre | ated.
He hath made them fast for | ever and | ever: ‖ he hath given them a law | which shall | not be | broken.
Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the | Name of the | Lord, ‖ for his Name only is excellent, and his praise a | bove — | heaven and | earth.
He shall exalt the horn of his people: all his | saints shall | praise him: ‖ even the children of Israel, even the | people that | serveth | him.


Tenor.

HYMN 5.

From Psalm 148.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's Name:
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air, or treads the plains,
United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The general burst of joy.

HYMN 28.

From Psalm 122.

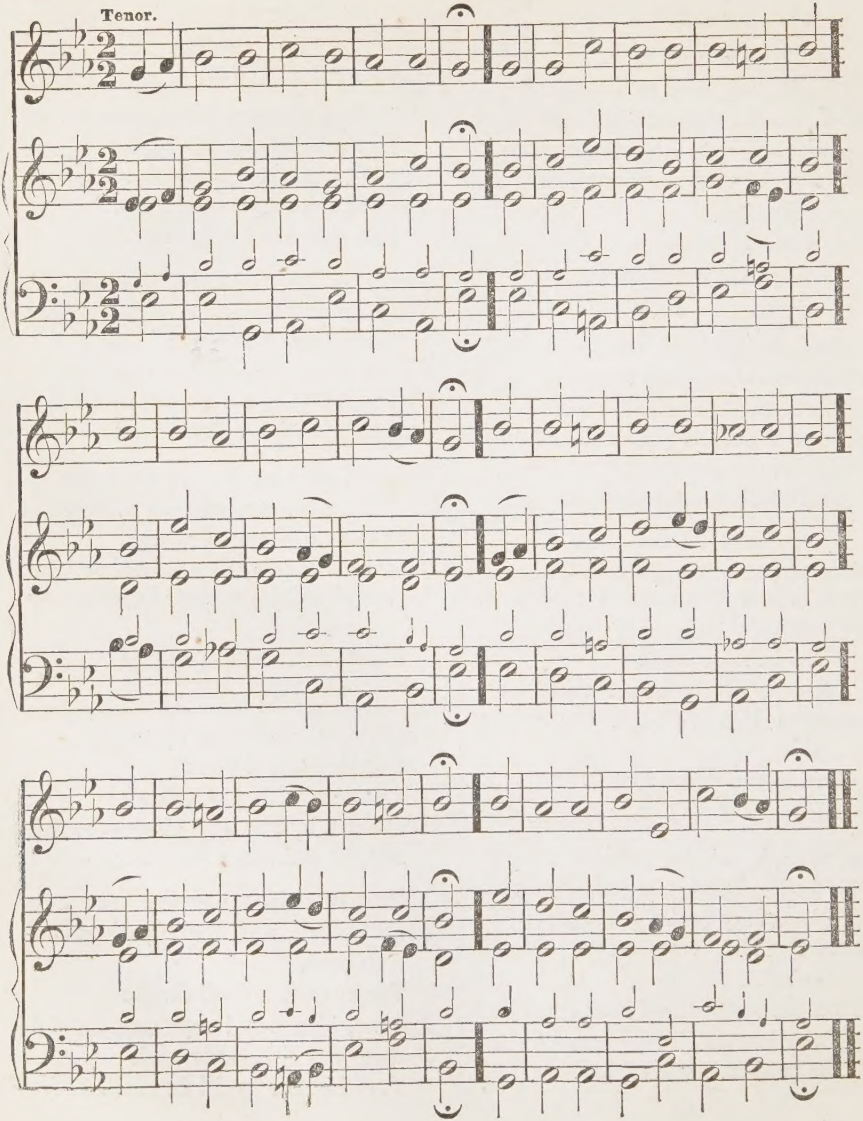
1 WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest:
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wings;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.

4 The King a seat hath there prepared,
High, on eternal base uprear'd,
For his eternal Son:
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by him with glory crown'd,
Attend and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enrol'd,
And bid the world farewell.


Tenor.

SELECTION 40.

From Psalm 46.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press,
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
Though earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

SELECTION 43.

From Psalm 50.—Part II.

1 ATTEND, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thine only God am I:
'Tis not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

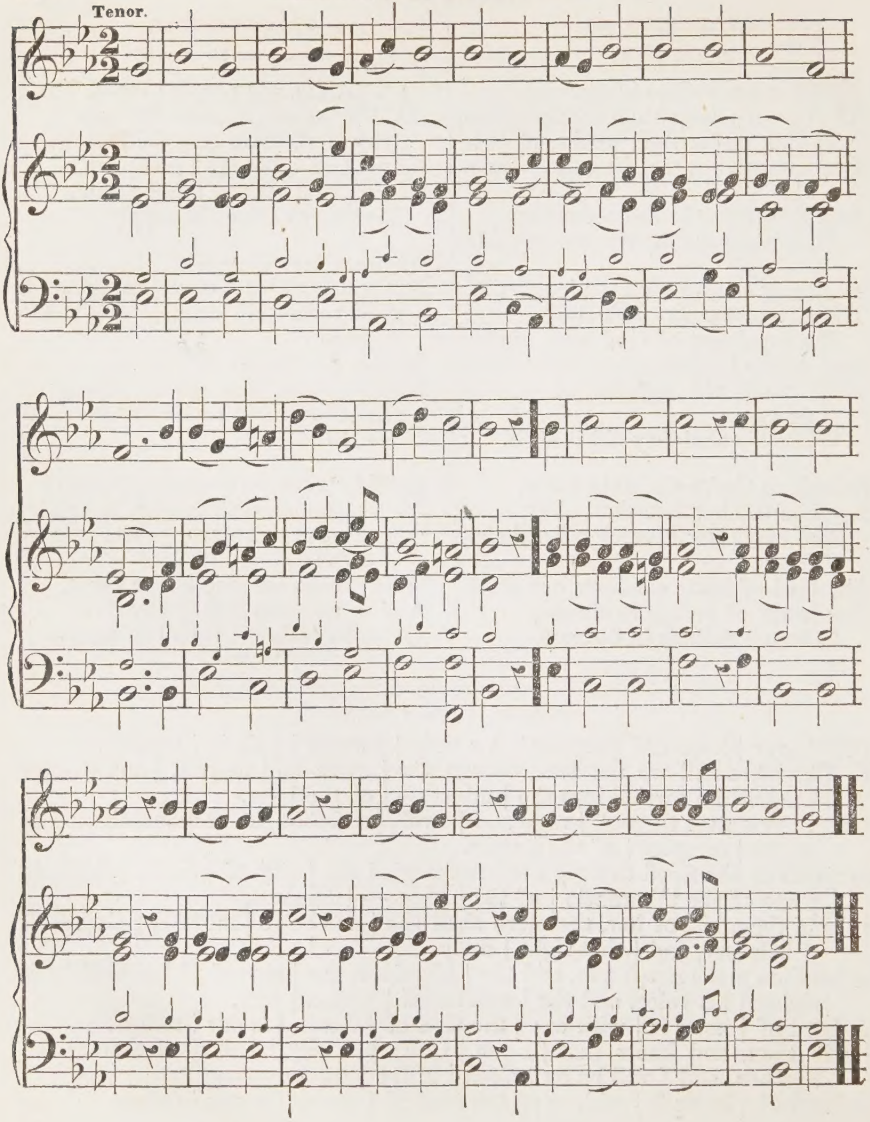
2 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good:
In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free,
And thou shalt praise thy gracious God.

3 Consider this, ye thoughtless men!
My vengeance shall not fall in vain,
And none will dare your cause to own:
Who praises me due honor gives,
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

CANTICLE 17.

Psalm 46. To Chant No. 70.

GOD is our | hope and | strength, ‖ a very | present | help in | trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the | earth be | moved, ‖ and though the hills be carried into the | midst — | of the | sea.
Though the waters thereof | rage and | swell, ‖ and though the mountains shake at the | tempest | of the | same.
The rivers of the flood thereof shall make glad the | city of | God; ‖ the holy place of the tabernacle | of the | Most — | Highest.
God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she | not be re | moved; ‖ God shall | help her, and | that right | early.
The heathen make much ado, and the | kingdoms are | moved; ‖ but God hath showed his voice, and the | earth shall | melt a | way.
The Lord of | hosts is | with us; ‖ the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.
Be still then, and know that | I am | God: ‖ I will be exalted among the heathen, and I will be ex | alted | in the | earth.
The Lord of | hosts is | with us; ‖ the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.


Tenor.

SELECTION 31.

From Psalm 37.—Part I.

1 THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise;
For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays

2 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
Make his commands thy chief delight;
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design:
He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

4 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor envy the success of crime:
For God will sinful men destroy;
While they his presence shall enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.

SELECTION 31.

From Psalm 37.—Part II.

1 THE good man's way is God's delight:
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.

2 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

3 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied,
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

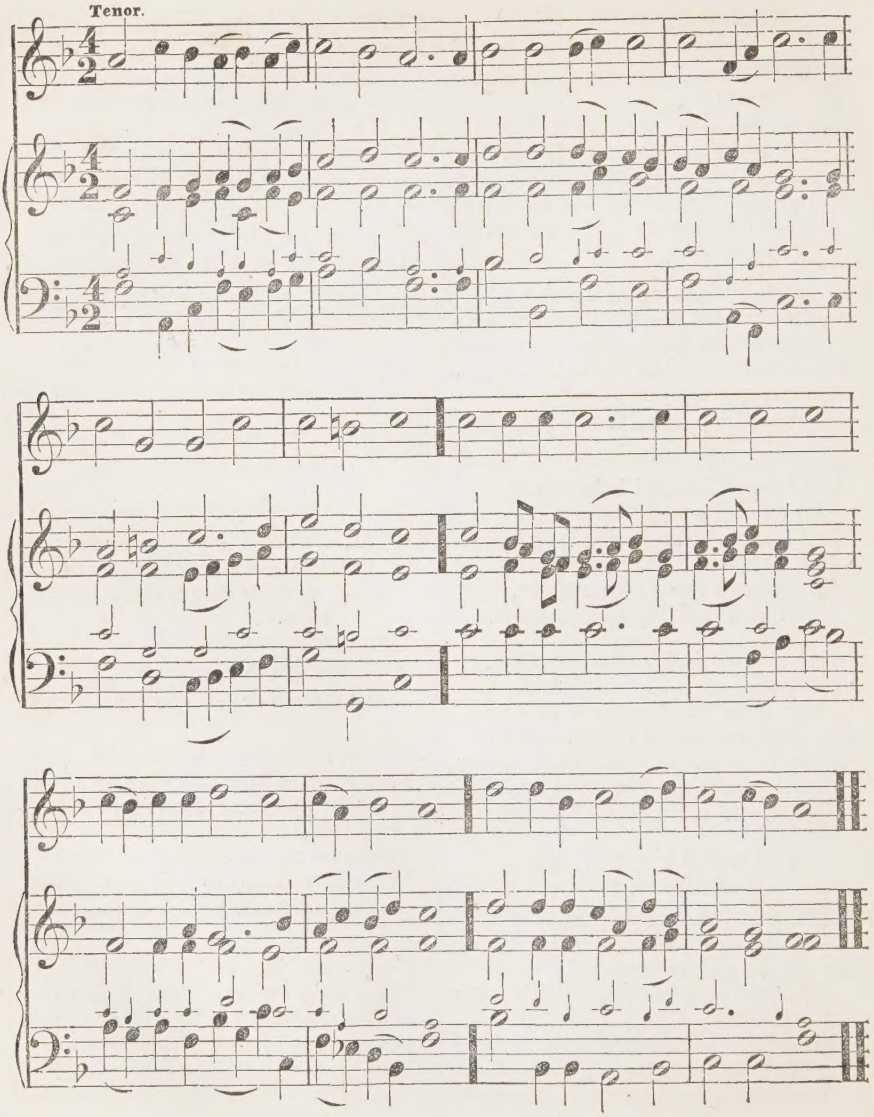
SELECTION 31.

From Psalm 37.—Part III.

1 THE wicked I in power have seen,
And like a bay-tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

2 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

3 God to the just will aid afford,
Their only safeguard is the Lord,
Their strength in time of need is he.
Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succor send,
And from the wicked set them free.


Tenor.

SELECTION 49. From Psalm 63.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offer'd be,
For thee my thirsty soul does pant;
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
As in a dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O, to my longing eyes, once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays:
Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ,
With lifted hands adore his Name:
As with its choicest food supplied,
My soul shall be full satisfied,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night;
Because thou still dost succor bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

SELECTION 70.

From Psalm 91.—Part I.

1 HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide;
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

2 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence;
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the burning noon-tide slay.

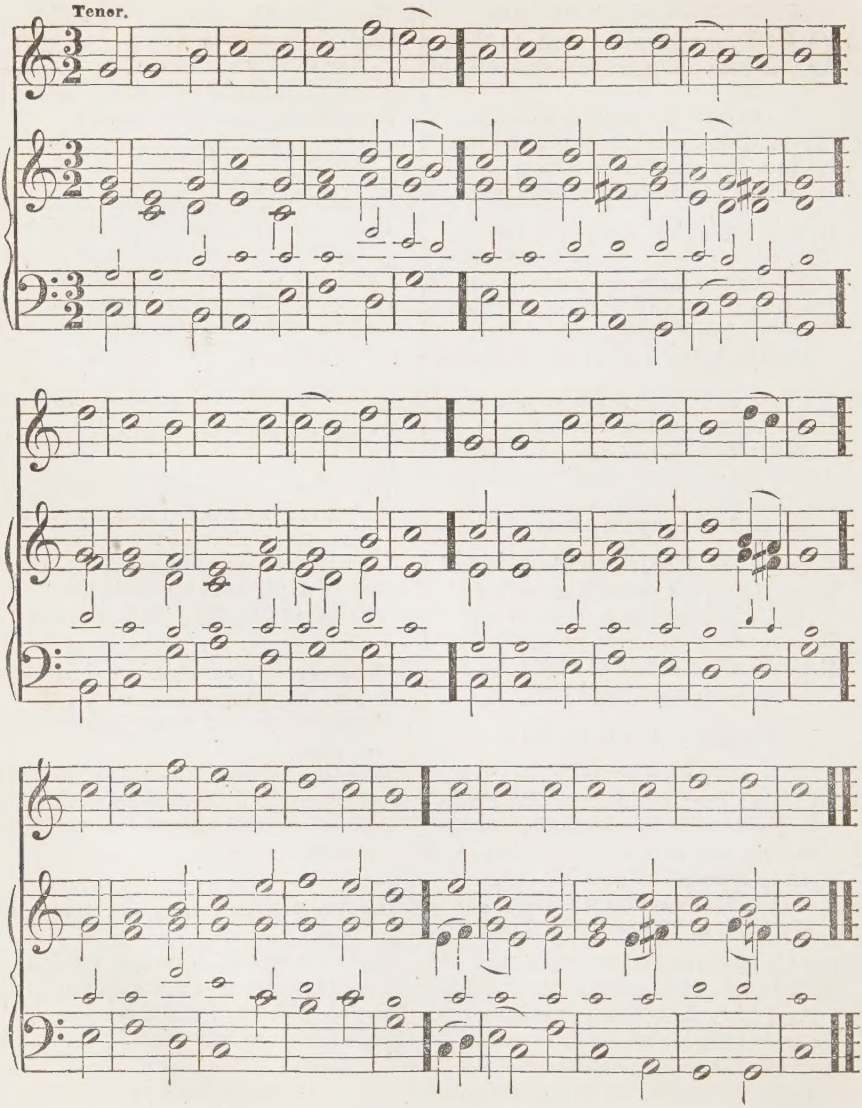
4 Because, with well-placed confidence
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
Thy refuge, even God most high;
Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
Nor to thy heaven-protected home
Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

SELECTION 89. From Psalm 110.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake:
"'Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
Sit thou in state at my right hand:
Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
And all thy proud opposers see
Subjected to thy just command.

2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
The willing people shall obey;
And, when thy rising beams they view,
Shall all, (redeem'd from error's night,)
Appear more numerous and bright
Than crystal drops of morning dew."

3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedec's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period see:
Anointed Prince! thou, bending low,
Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
Then raise thy head in victory!


Tenor.

SELECTION 43.

From Psalm 50.—Part I.

1 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines: [heard,
The listening earth his voice hath
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth en- [gage
His just tribunal to attend.

3 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting covenant live,
And offerings bring with constant care:
The heavens his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give.

SELECTION 92. From Psalm 113.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

SELECTION 120. From Psalm 146.

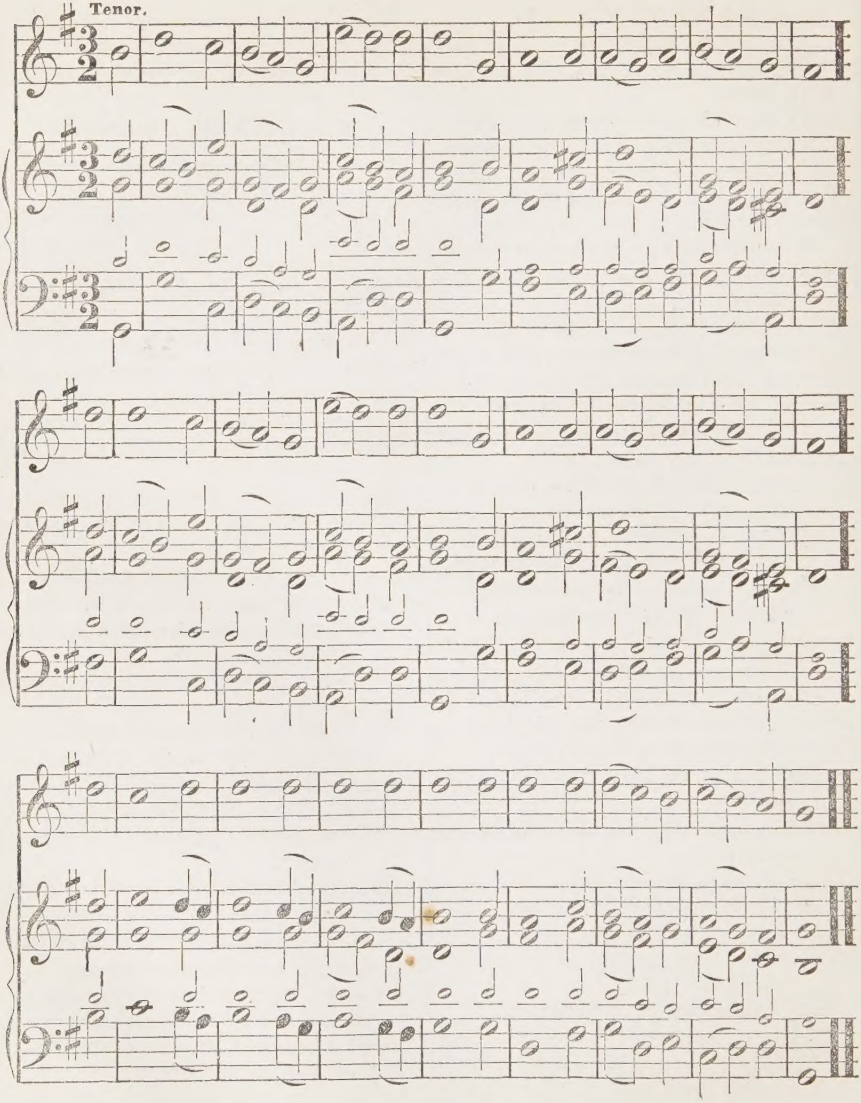
1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I place in man my trust?
Ev'n princes die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
His truth forever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He sends the righteous strength and peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release.

5 God shall the wicked overturn,
On them his wrath shall ever burn,
Sinners shall perish in their ways;
Sion! the God thy sons adore,
He, he is King for evermore;
The Lord thy God for ever praise!


Tenor.

HYMN 160.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

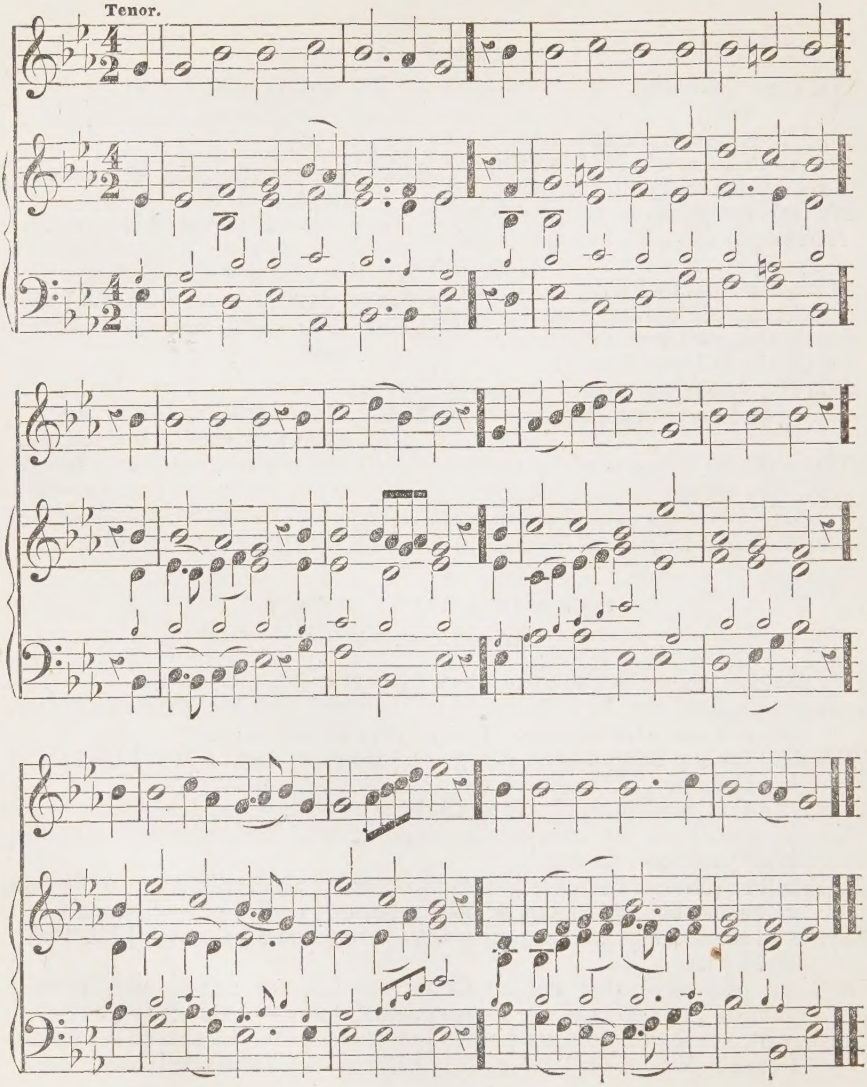
4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

CANTICLE 18. To Chant 26.

Romans 8. 31–35, 37–39.

IF | God be | for us, ‖ who | can | be a | gainst us?
He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up | for us | all, ‖ how shall he not with him also | freely | give us | all things?
Who shall lay any thing to the charge of | God's e | lect? ‖ It is | God that | justi | fieth.
Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is | risen a | gain, ‖ who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh | inter | cession | for us.
Who shall separate us from the | love of | Christ? ‖ Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or | peril, | or — | sword?
Nay, in all these things we are | more than | conquerors ‖ through | him that | loved | us.
For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor | princi | palities, ‖ nor powers, nor things present, | nor — | things to | come,
Nor height, nor depth, nor any | other | creature, ‖ shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in | Christ — | Jesus our | Lord.


Tenor.

SELECTION 66. From Psalm 87.

1 GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount,
The Lord there condescends to dwell;
His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel:
Yea, glorious things of thee we sing,
O city of th' Almighty King!

2 Of honored Sion we aver,
Illustrious throngs from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her,
And shall enrol her holy seed:
Yea, for his people he shall count
The children of his favor'd mount.

3 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Who celebrate his matchless praise;
Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
In heaven their harps and hymns shall raise:
O Sion, seat of Israel's King,
Be mine to drink thy living spring!

SELECTION 84. From Psalm 104.

1 HOW manifold thy works, O Lord,
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought!
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For thee their hidden treasures keep.

2 By thee alone the living live,—
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give,—
Take thou away their breath, they die;
But send again thy Spirit forth,
And life renews the gladden'd earth.

3 Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,—
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
But God for ever is the same;
Glory to his eternal name!

HYMN 34.

1 GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

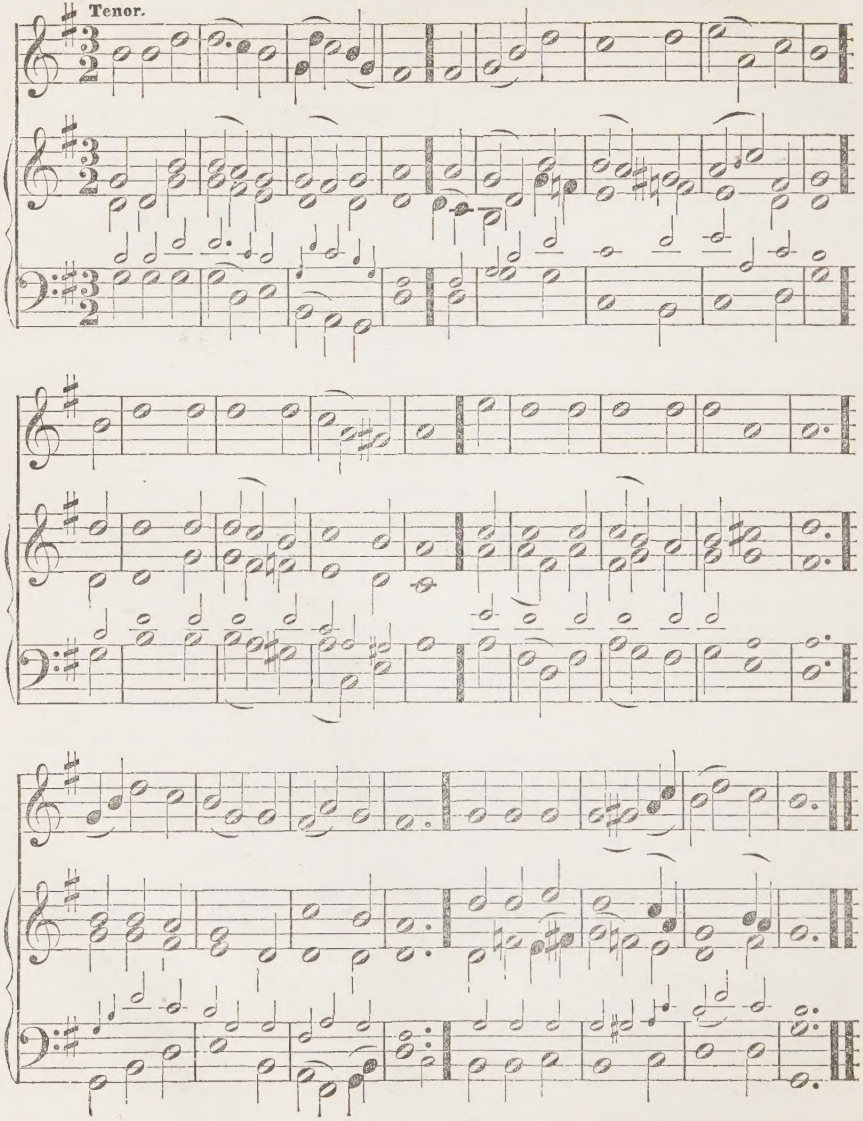
2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And, where thou art, intrude no more:
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart:
Then shall the day indeed be thine;
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 130.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word:
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.


Tenor.

HYMN 159.

1 AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll ;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear ;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays,
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain ;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 162.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring ; [shame,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy Name ;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend :
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

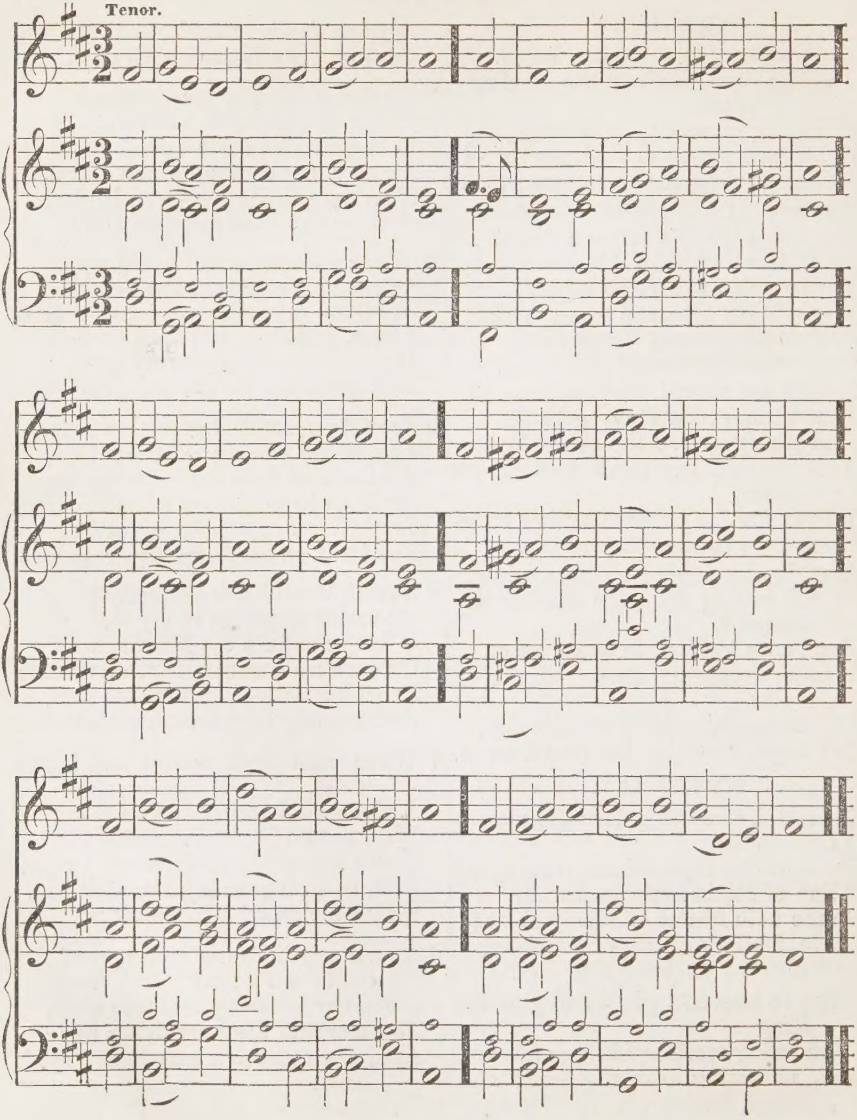
4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart ;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou, on earth, wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store ;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state :
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest :
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.


Tenor.

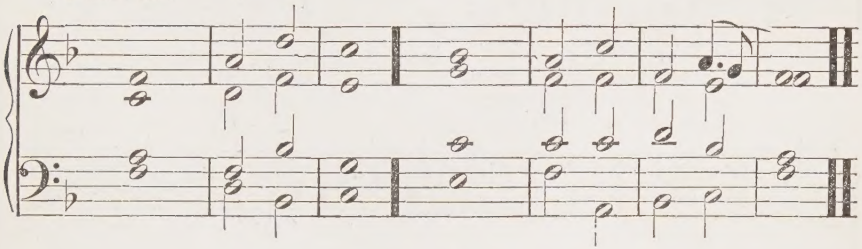
HYMN 9. Psalm 23.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

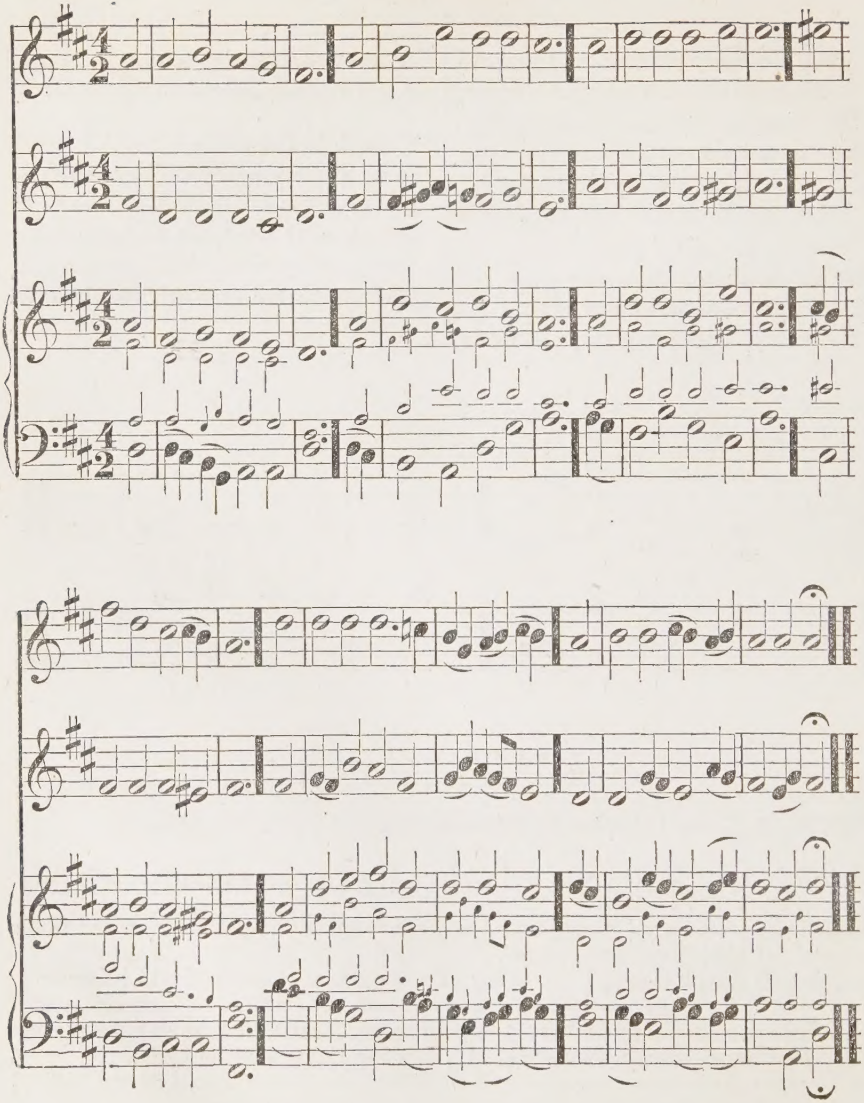
No. 57.



CANTICLE 19.

Psalm 23.

THE Lord | is my | shepherd; ‖ therefore | can I | lack — | nothing.
He shall feed me in a | green — | pasture, ‖ and lead me forth be | side the | waters of | comfort.
He shall con | vert my | soul, ‖ and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness | for his | Name's — | sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil; ‖ for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff — | comfort | me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me against | them that | trouble me; ‖ thou hast anointed my head with oil, | and my | cup shall be | full.
But thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days | of my | life; ‖ and I will dwell in the house | of the | Lord for | ever.



HYMN 30.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

HYMN 35.

1 IN loud exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days:
But Sion, with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

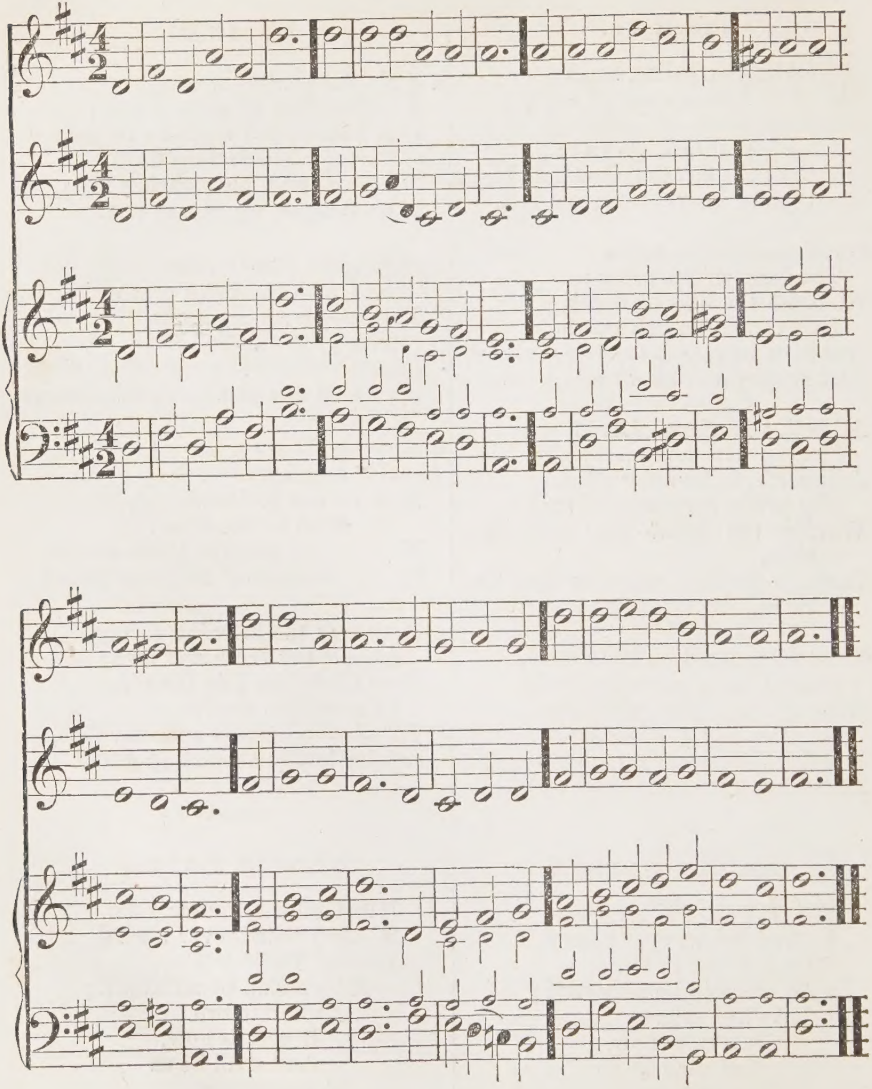
2 O King of glory! come,
And with thy favor crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies:
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng,
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.



SELECTION 122. From Psalm 148.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

6 Let all of highest birth,
With those of humbler name,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:
In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children, join.

7 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise!

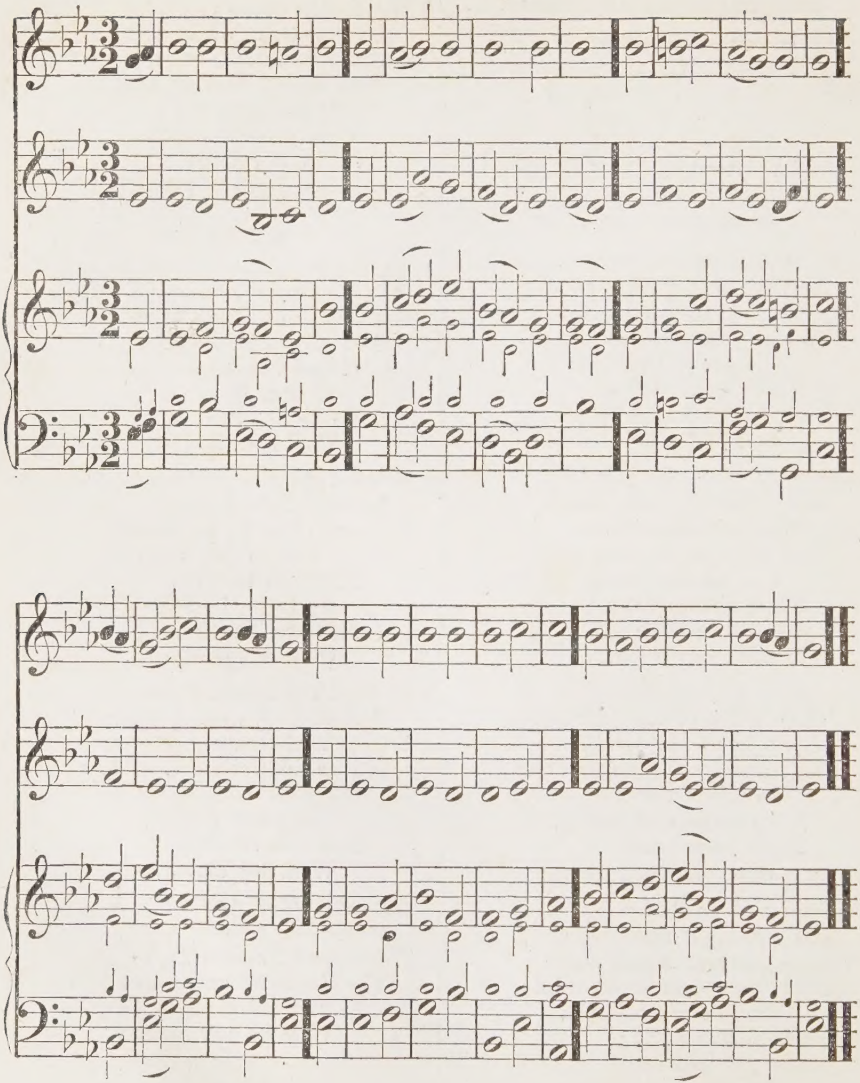
HYMN 79.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done;
The sacred Persons Three,
The Godhead only One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.



SELECTION 110.

From Psalm 136.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
Your grateful homage pay:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

3 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

4 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land;
And bade the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

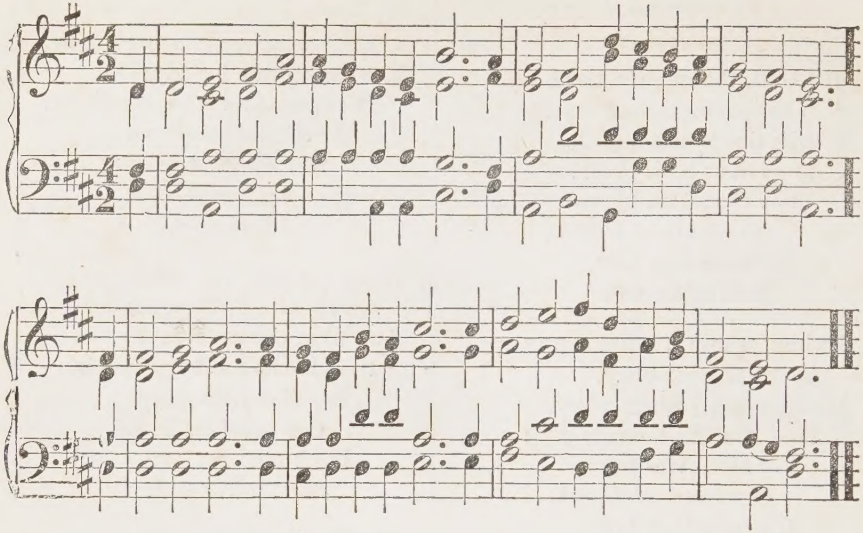
5 By him the heavens display
Their numerous hosts of light,
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars, by night:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

6 He in our depth of woes,
On us with favor thought;
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God doth prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

7 He does the food supply
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.



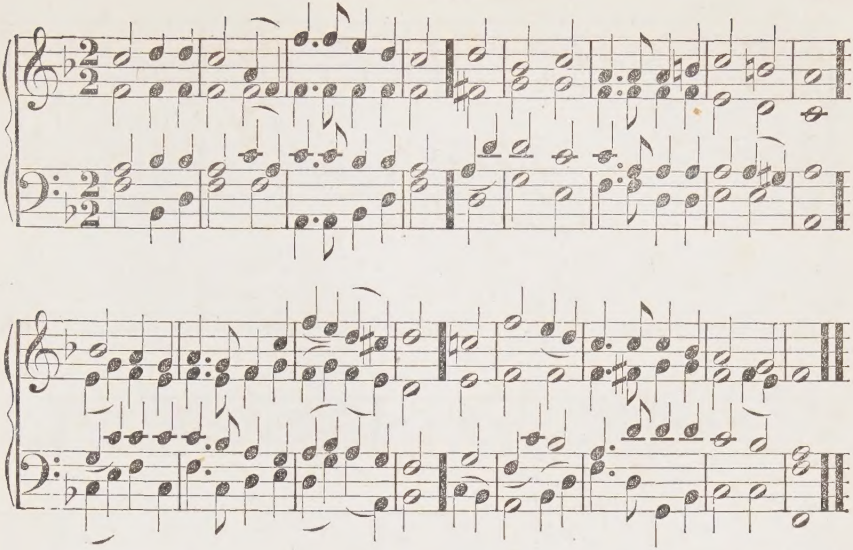
SELECTION 37.—From Psalm 42.

1 AS pants the wearied hart for cooling streams,
That sinks, exhausted, in the summer's chase,
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

2 Why throb, my heart? why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth, with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.

3 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

4 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.



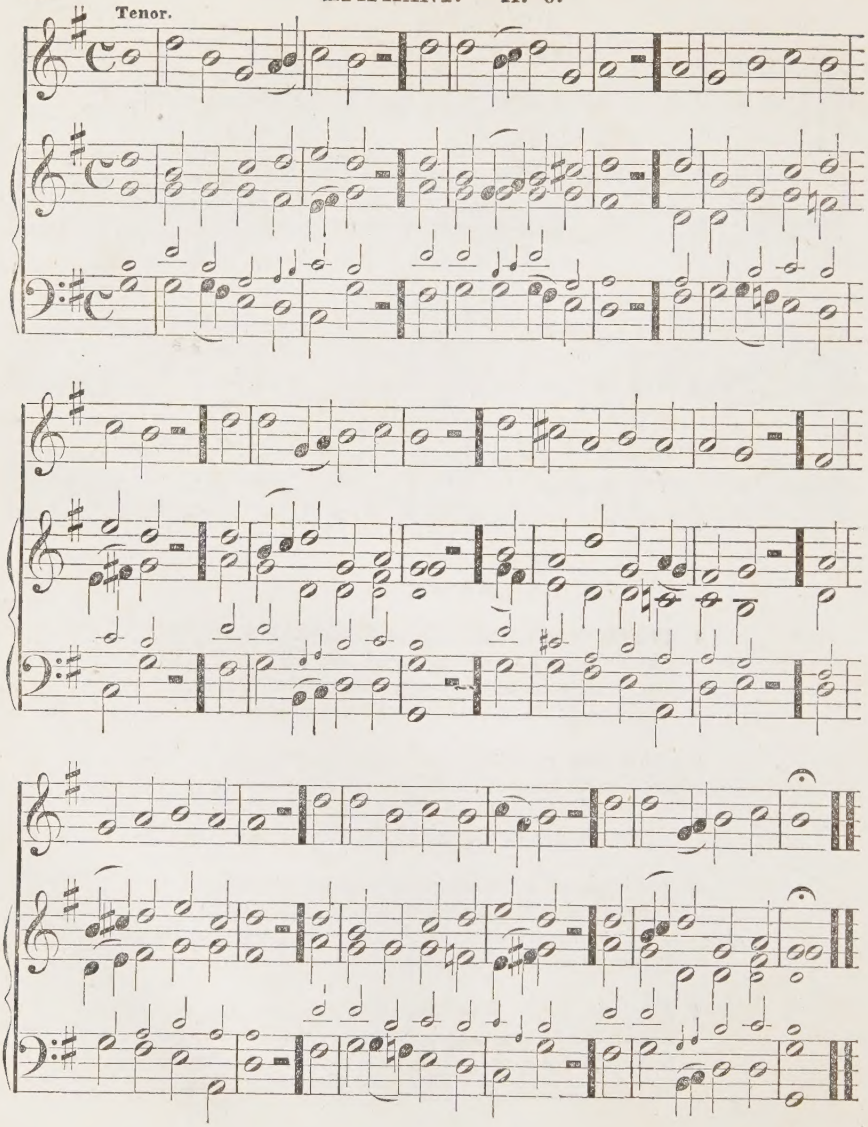
HYMN 53.

1 RISE, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.


Tenor.

HYMN 54.

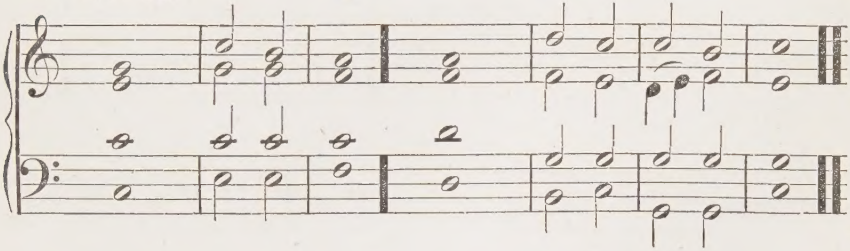
1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

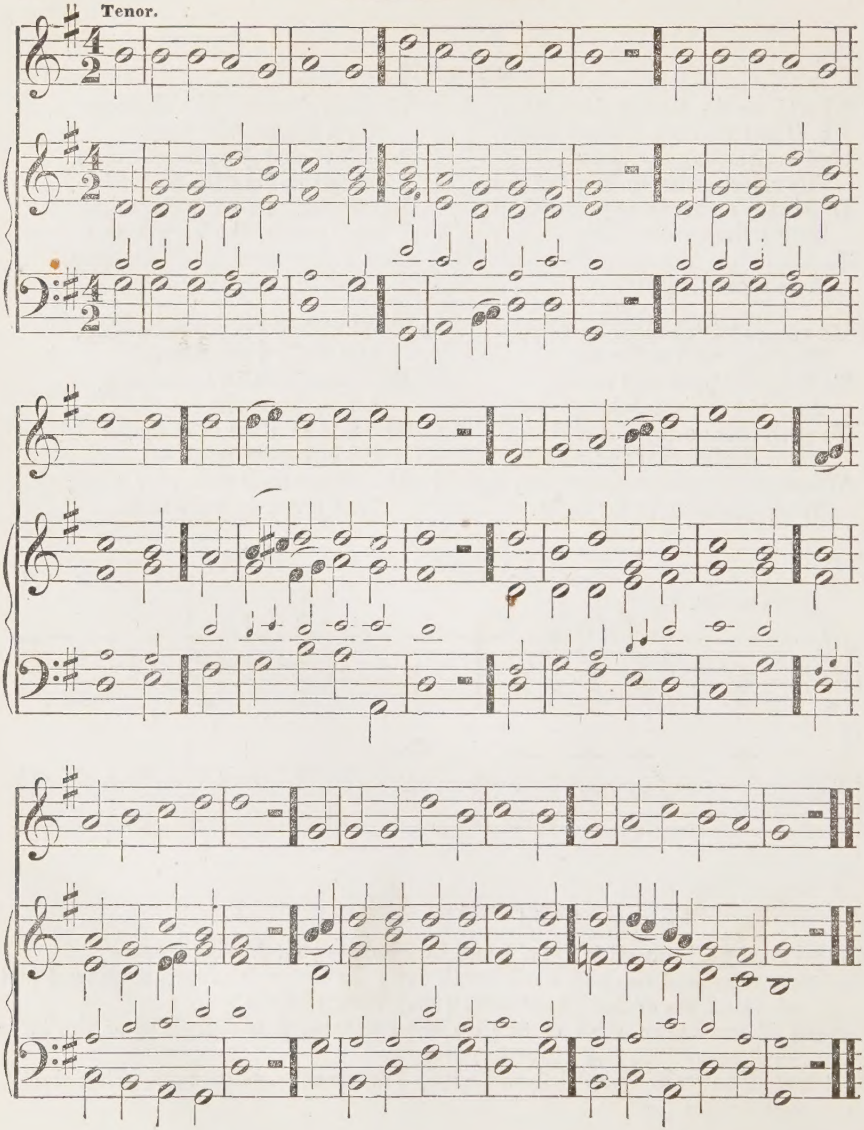
4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

No. 58.



CANTICLE 20. Isaiah 55: 12, 13.

For ye shall go | out with | joy, ‖ and be | led — | forth with | peace;
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you | into | singing, ‖ and all the trees of the | field shall | clap their | hands.
Instead of the thorn shall come | up the | fir-tree, ‖ and instead of the briar shall come | up the | myrtle | tree,
And it shall be to the Lord | for a | name, ‖ for an everlasting sign, | that shall | not be cut | off.


Tenor.

HYMN 107.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

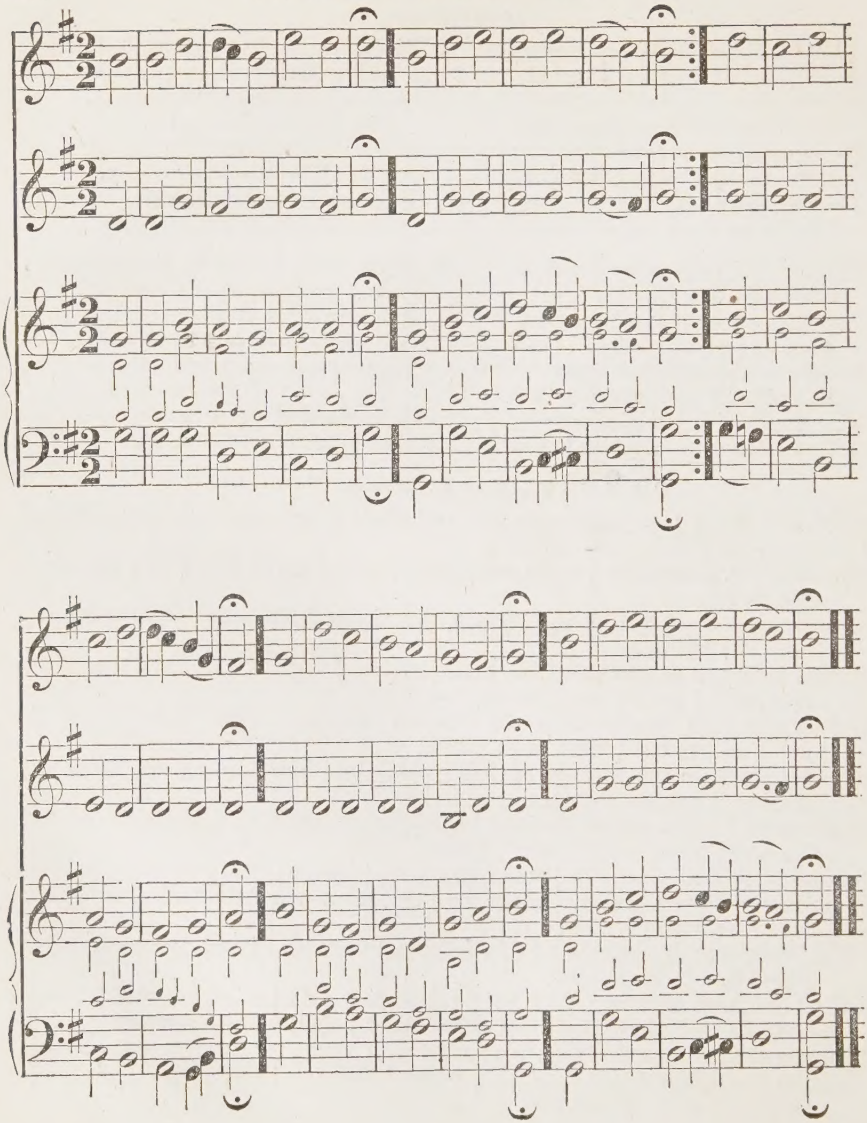
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The Heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, Salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamp for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

CANTICLE 21. Psalm 72. To Chant 68 or 83.

GIVE the King thy judgments, | O — | God, ‖ and thy righteousness un | to the | King's — | son.
Then shall he judge thy people according | unto | right, ‖ and de | fend — | the — | poor.
The mountains also | shall bring | peace, ‖ and the little hills | righteousness | unto the | people.
He shall keep the simple folk | by their | right, ‖ defend the children of the poor, and | punish the | wrong — | doer.
His dominion shall be also from the one sea | to the | other, ‖ and from the flood un | to the | world's — | end.
They that dwell in the wilderness shall | kneel be | fore him; ‖ his enemies | shall — | lick the | dust.
The kings of Tharsis and of the isles | shall give | presents; ‖ the kings of Arabia and | Saba | shall bring | gifts.
All kings shall fall | down be | fore him; ‖ all | nations shall | do him | service.
For he shall deliver the poor | when he | crieth; ‖ the needy also, and | him that | hath no | helper.
He shall deliver their souls from | falsehood and | wrong; ‖ and dear shall their | blood be | in his | sight.
He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold | of A | rabia; ‖ prayer shall be made ever unto him, and | daily | shall he be | praised.
His Name shall endure forever; his name shall remain under the sun amongst the posterities which shall be | blessed through | him; ‖ and | all the | heathen shall | praise him.



HYMN 194.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

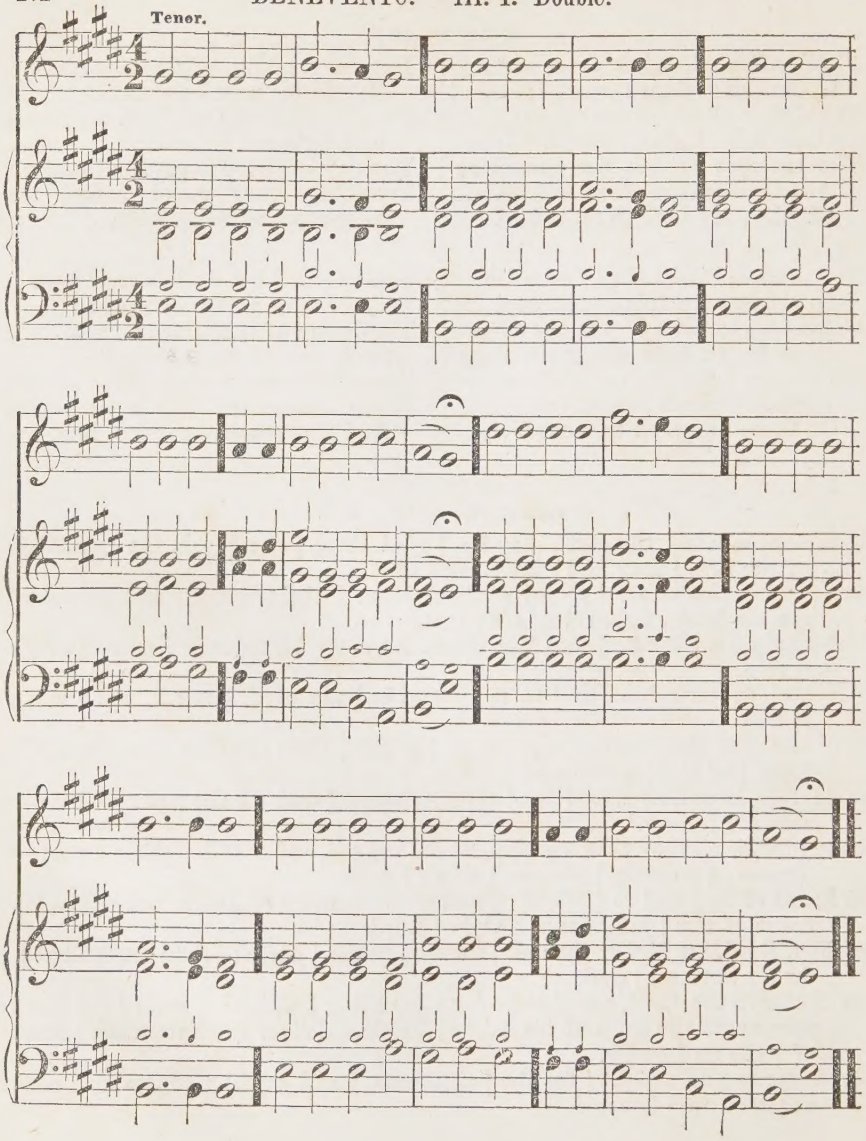
3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing.
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day away,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

CANTICLE 22.

Psalm 97. To Chant No. 1 or 64.

THE Lord is King, the earth may be | glad there | of; ‖ yea, the multitude of the isles | may be | glad there | of.
Clouds and darkness are | round a | bout him: ‖ righteousness and judgment are the habi | tation | of his | seat.
There shall go a | fire be | fore him, ‖ and burn up his enemies | on — | every | side.
His lightnings gave shine un | to the | world: ‖ the earth | saw it, and | was a | fraid.
The hills melted like wax at the presence | of the | Lord; ‖ at the presence of the Lord | of the | whole — | earth.
The heavens have de | clared his | righteousness, ‖ and all the | people have | seen his | glory.
Confounded be all they that worship carved images, and that delight in | vain — | gods: ‖ worship | him, — | all ye | gods.
Sion heard of it, | and re | joiced; ‖ and the daughters of Judah were glad, because of thy | judgments, | O — | Lord.
For thou, Lord, art higher than all that are | in the | earth: ‖ thou art exalted | far a | bove all | gods.
O ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate the thing | which is | evil: ‖ the Lord preserveth the souls of his saints; he shall deliver them from the | hand of | the un | godly.
There is sprung up a light | for the | righteous, ‖ and joyful gladness for | such as | are true | hearted.


Tenor.

HYMN 56.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restor'd,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 128.

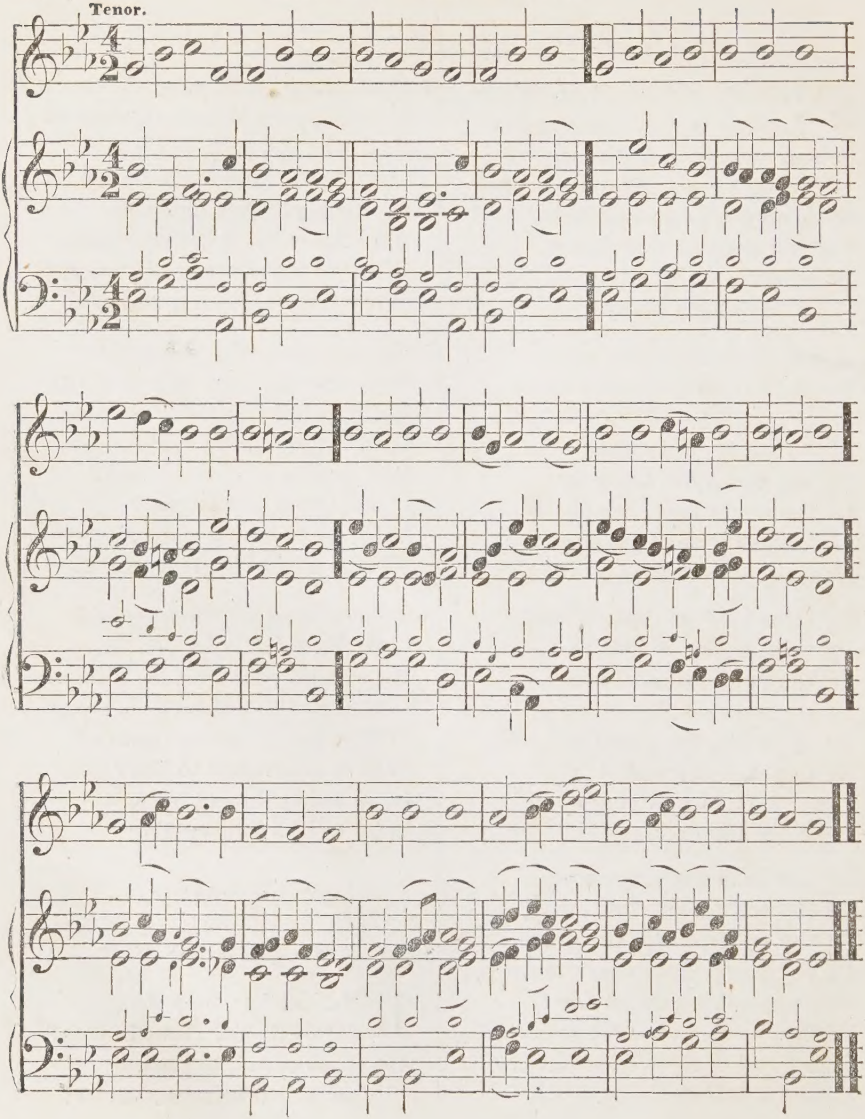
1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

GLORIA PATRI.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now and evermore shall be!

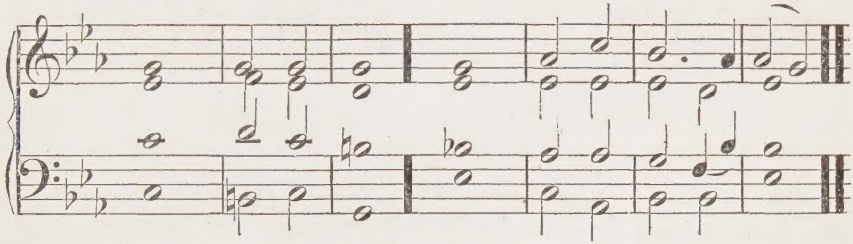

Tenor.

HYMN 143.

1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

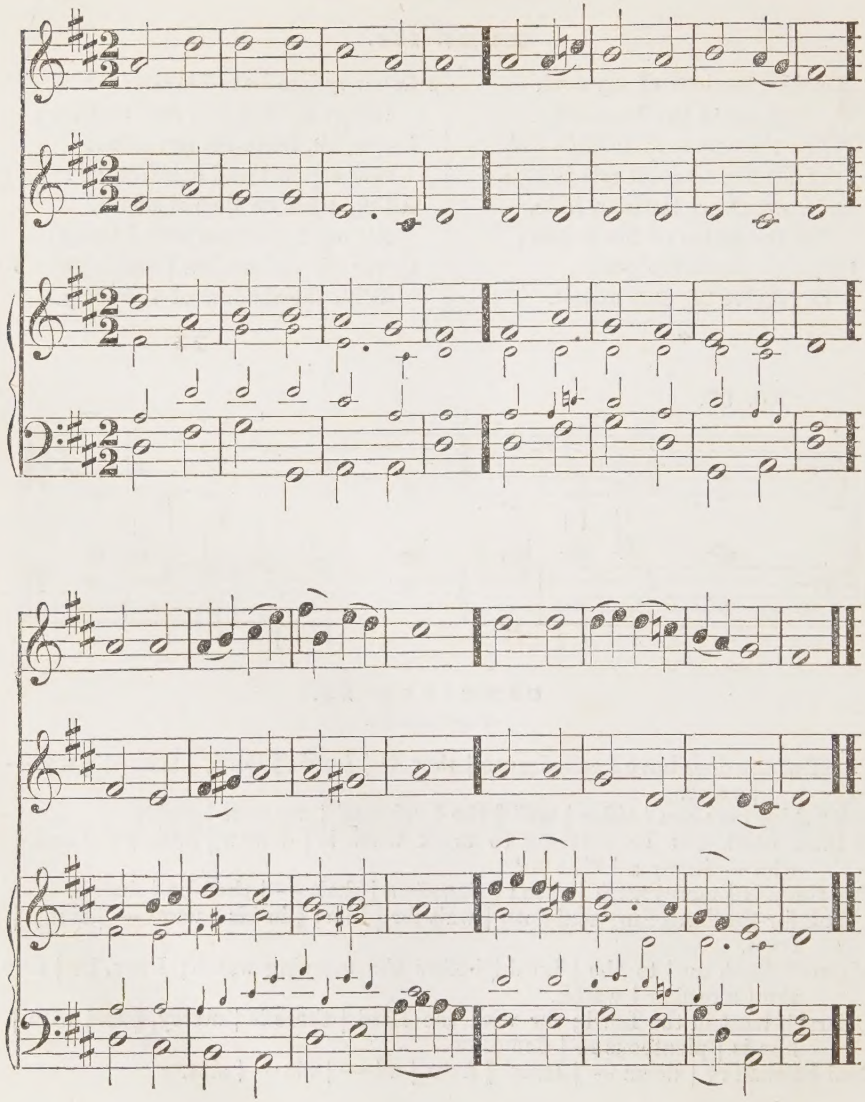
No. 59.



CANTICLE 23.

From Psalm 130.

OUT of the deep have I called unto | thee, O | Lord; ‖ Lord, | hear — | my — | voice.
O let thine ears con | sider | well ‖ the | voice of | my com | plaint.
If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is | done a | miss, ‖ O Lord, | who — | may a | bide it?
For there is | mercy with | thee; ‖ therefore | shalt — | thou be | feared.
I look for the Lord; my soul doth | wait for | him; ‖ in his | word — | is my | trust.
My soul fleeth un | to the | Lord ‖ before the morning watch; I say, be | fore the | morning | watch.
O Israel, trust in the Lord; for with the Lord | there is | mercy, ‖ and with | him is | plenteous re | demption.
And he shall re | deem — | Israel ‖ from | all — | his — | sins.



HYMN 155.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

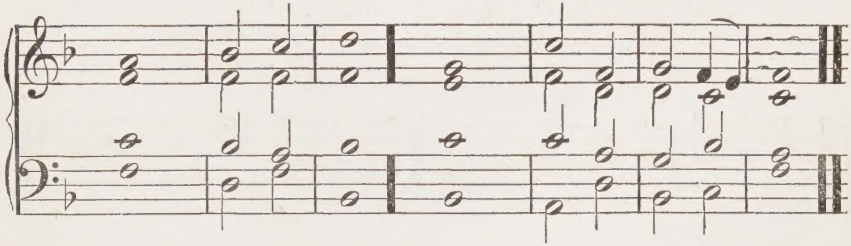
3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

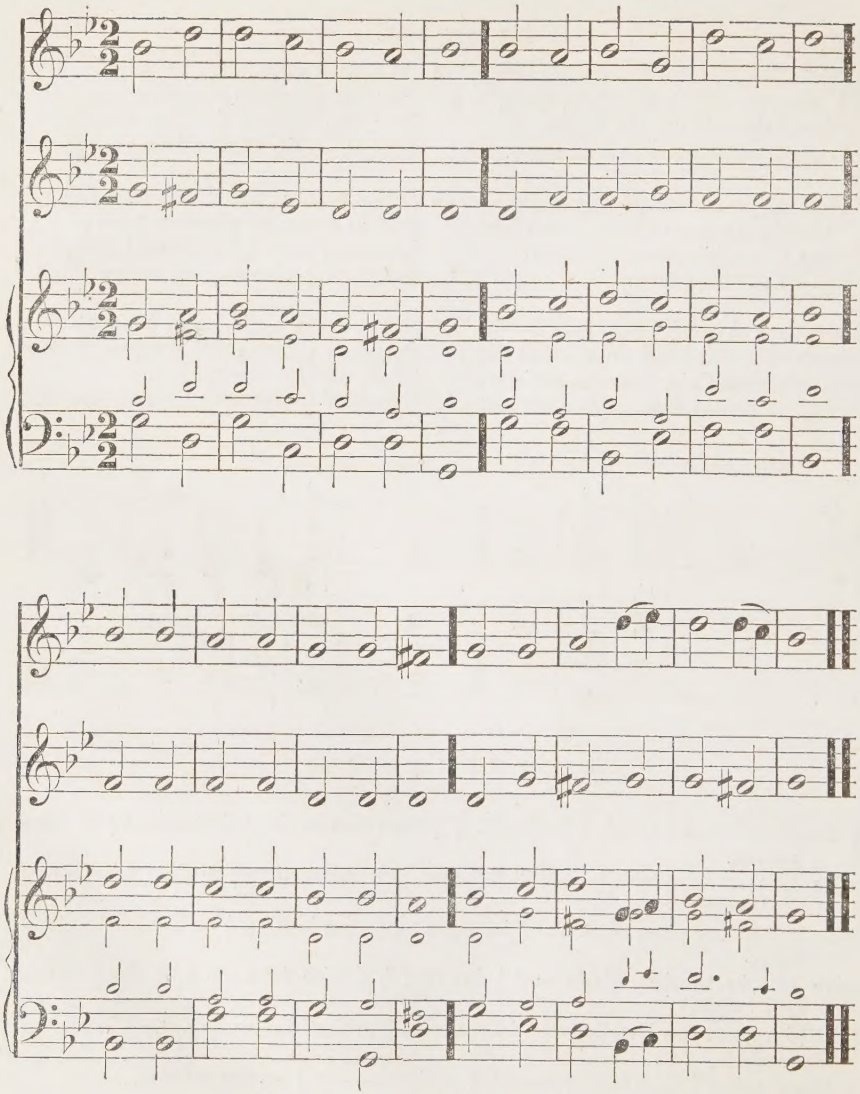
No. 60.



CANTICLE 24.

Psalm 150. Or to Chant 48.

O PRAISE God | in his | holiness: ‖ praise him in the | firmament | of his | power.
Praise him in his | noble | acts: ‖ praise him according | to his | excellent | greatness.
Praise him in the | sound of the | trumpet: ‖ praise him up | on the | lute and | harp.
Praise him in the | cymbals and | dances: ‖ praise him up | on the | strings and | pipe.
Praise him upon the | well-tuned | cymbals: ‖ praise him up | on the | loud — | cymbals.
Let every thing | that hath | breath ‖ praise | — — | — the | Lord.



HYMN 129.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 151.

1 LORD, my God, I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?

6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

HYMN 195.

1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim;
"Lord, we have profess'd thy Name;
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not."

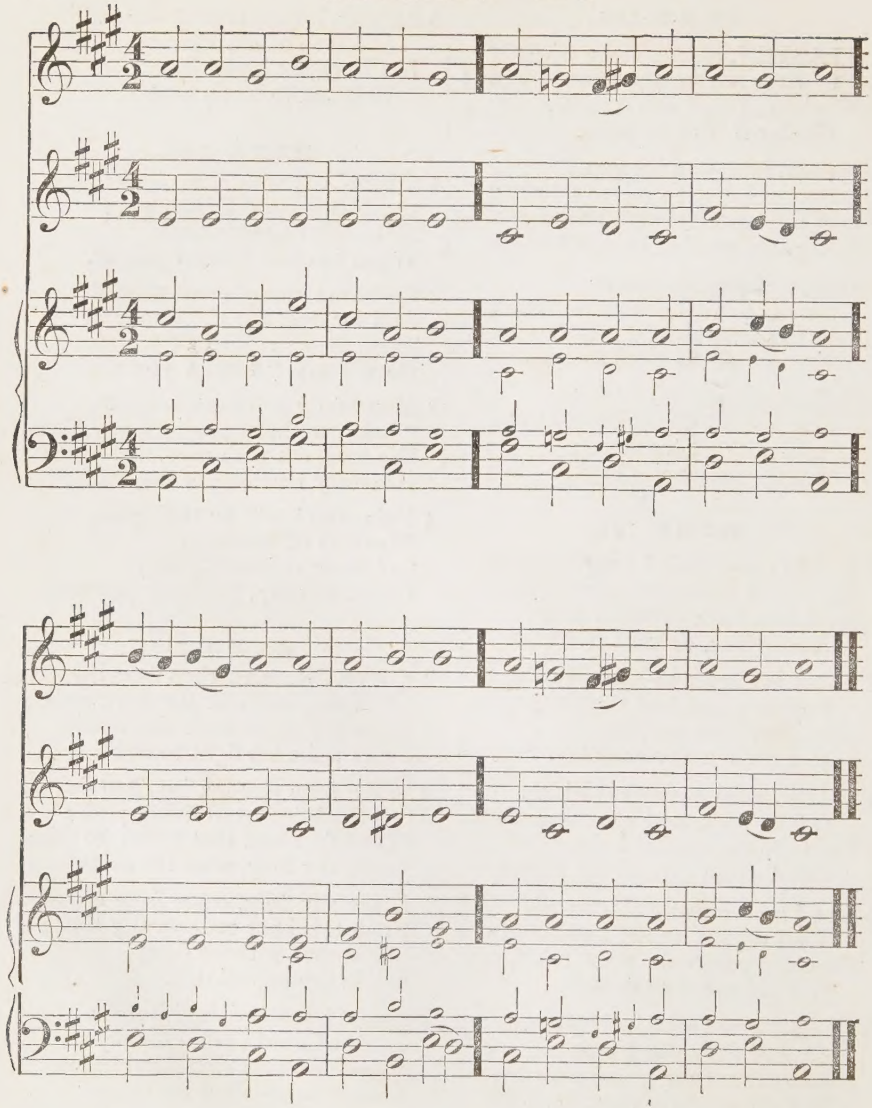
HYMN 211.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.



HYMN 11.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

HYMN 22.

1 SING, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below!

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his Name;
Let his Glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 111.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

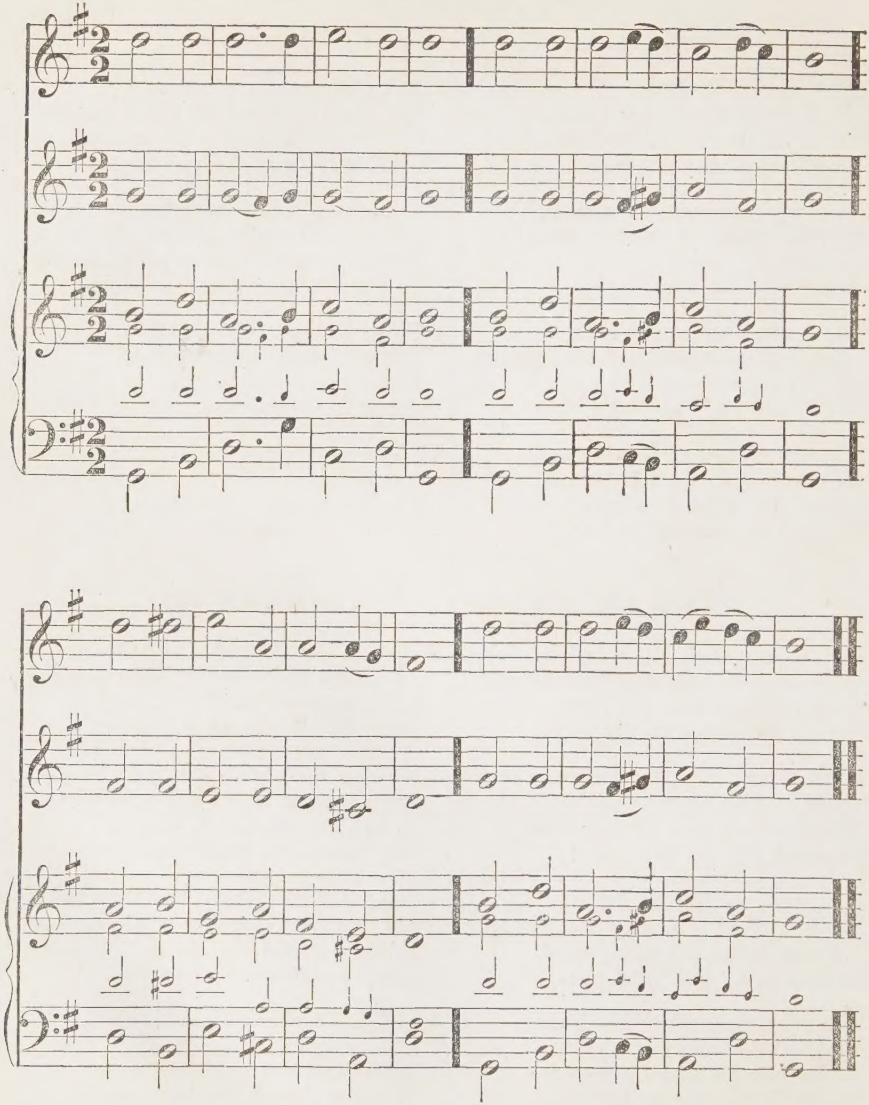
HYMN 167.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labor, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.



SELECTION 105. From Psalm 131.

1 LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be:
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.

3 Humble as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

4 Israel! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

HYMN 146.

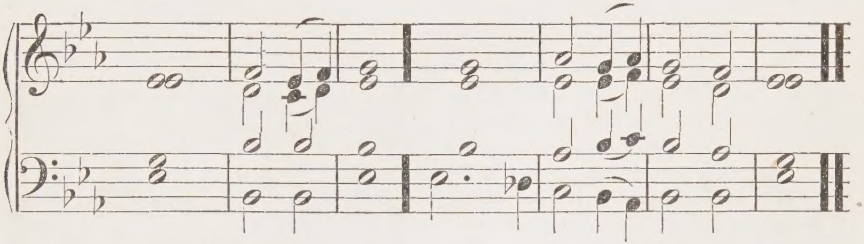
1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

No. 61.

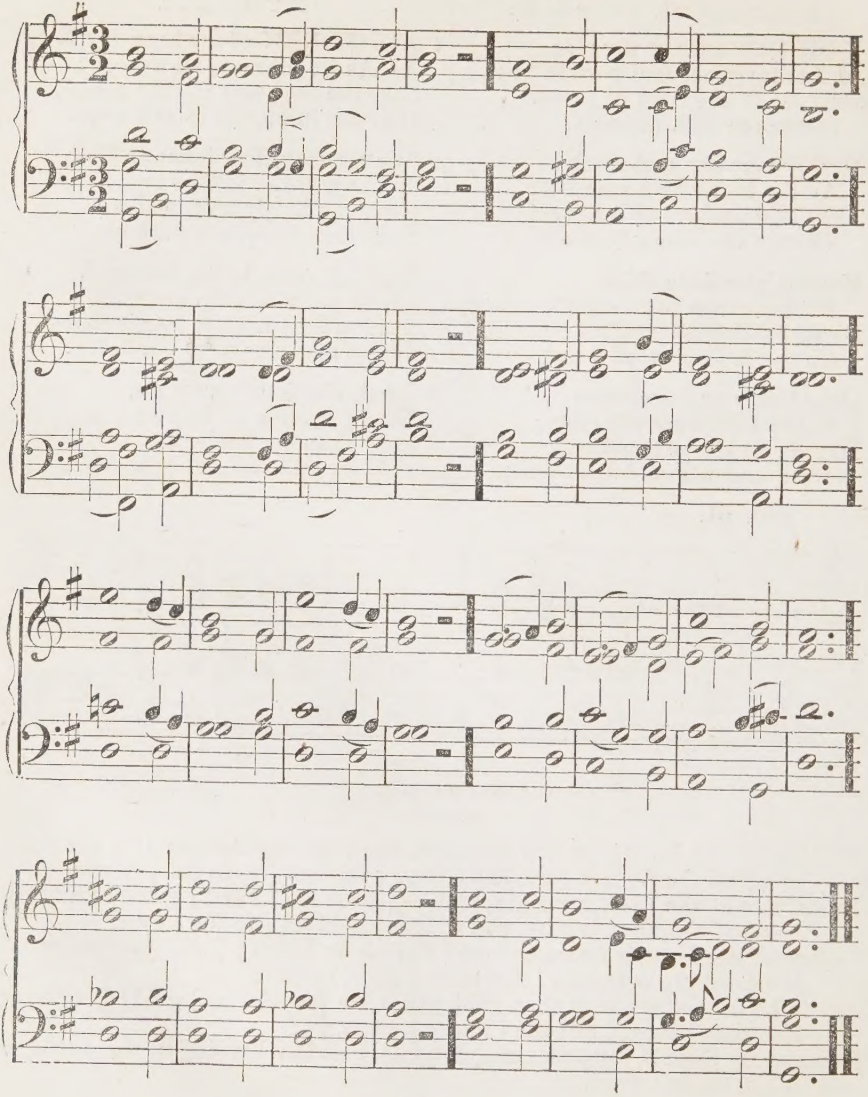


CANTICLE 25.

Psalm 19.

THE law of the Lord is an undefiled law, con | verting the | soul; ‖ the testimony of the Lord is sure, and giveth | wisdom | unto the | simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, and re | joice the | heart; ‖ the commandment of the Lord is pure, and giveth | light un | to the | eyes.
The fear of the Lord is clean, and en | dureth for | ever; ‖ the judgments of the Lord are true, and | righteous | alto | gether.
More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold; ‖ sweeter also than honey, | and the | honey | comb.
Moreover, by them is thy | servant | taught; ‖ and in keeping of them | there is | great re | ward.

RAPTURE. III. 1. Double.



HYMN 45.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see:
Hail th' incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell;
Jesus, now Emanuel.

5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings;
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

HYMN 150. III. 3.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

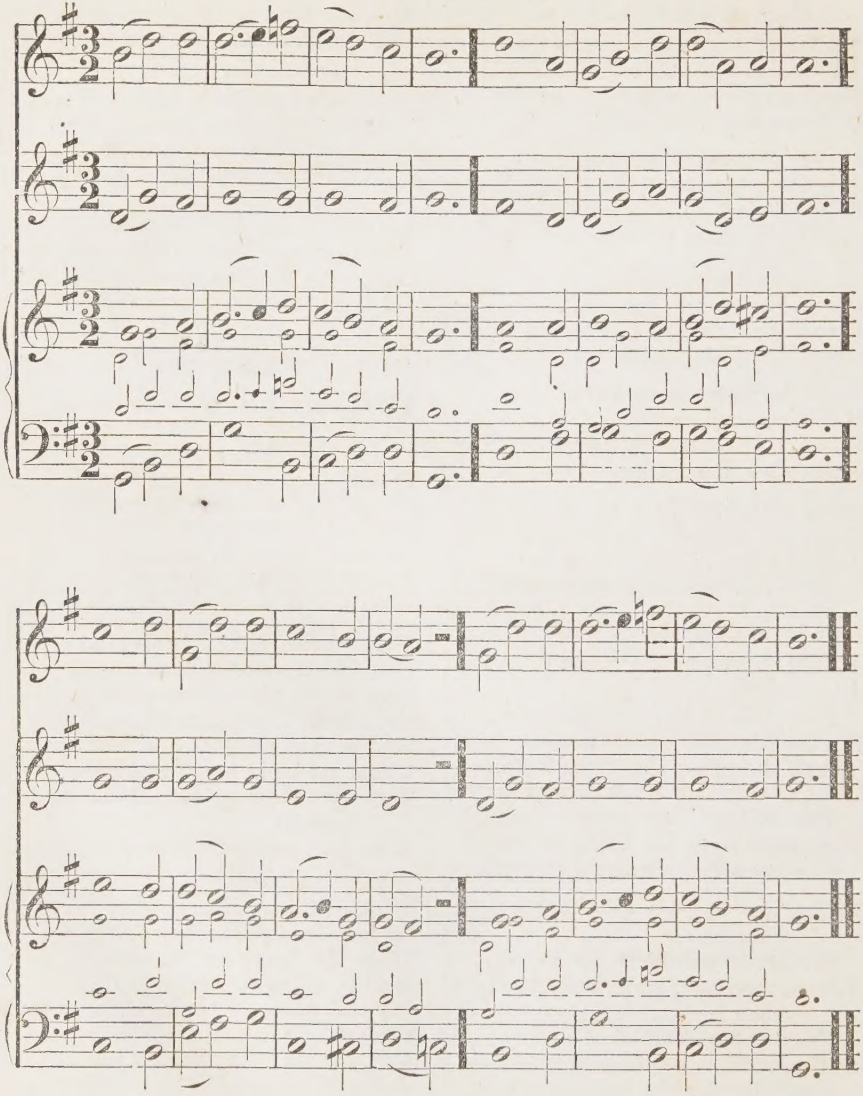
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 201.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.



SELECTION 87. From Psalm 107.—Part I.

1 MAGNIFY Jehovah's name;
For his mercies ever sure,
From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.

2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

4 To the Lord their God they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear:

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where, from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

HYMN 38.

1 TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day."

HYMN 167.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labor, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 183.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

Tenor.

FINE.

FINE.

D. C. Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia.

D. C. for CHORUS.

D. C. for CHORUS.

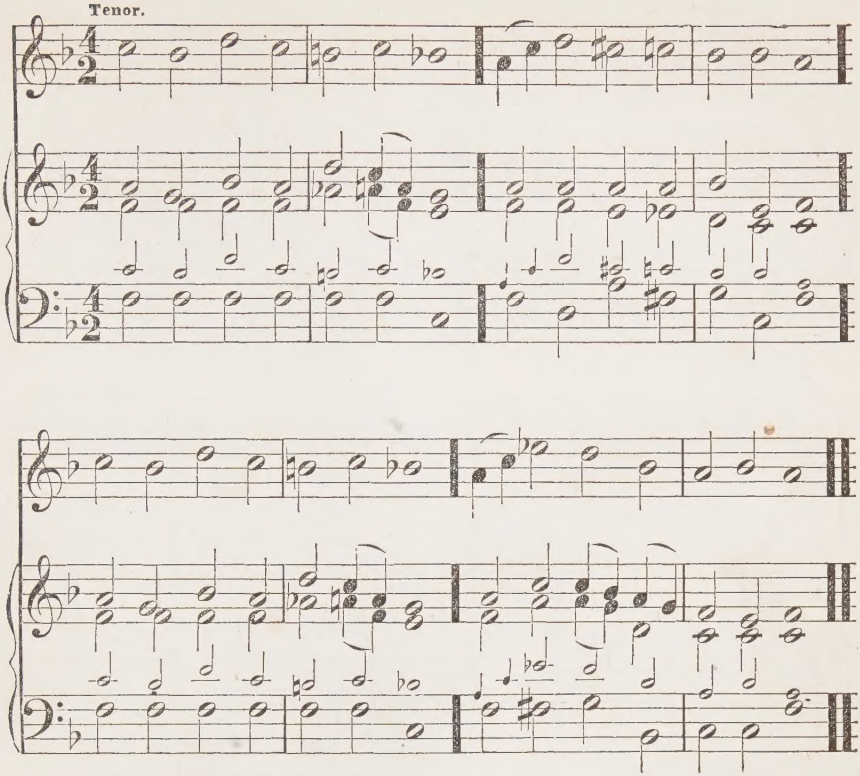
HYMN 69.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heavens, and earth reply.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ has opened paradise.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Alleluia! Alleluia!



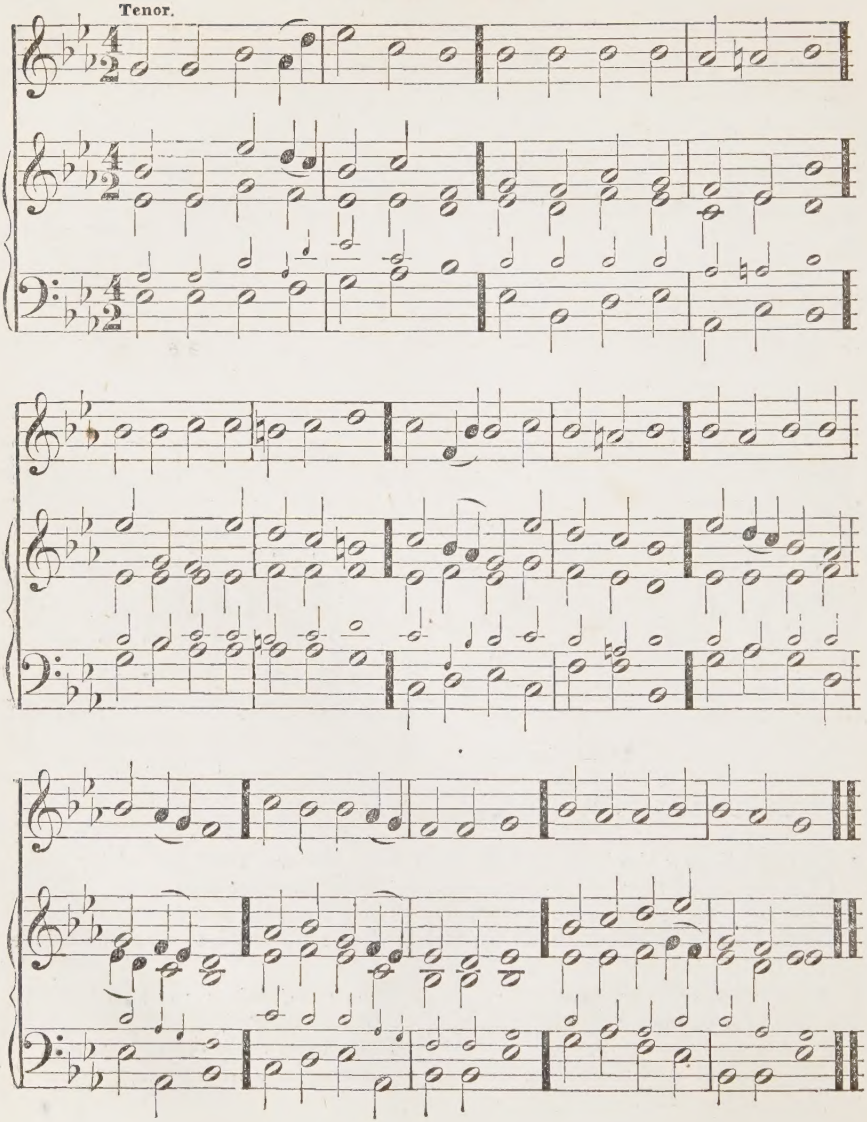
HYMN 172.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day,
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee:

2 Thou, whose all pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.


Tenor.

HYMN 83.

PART I.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART II.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

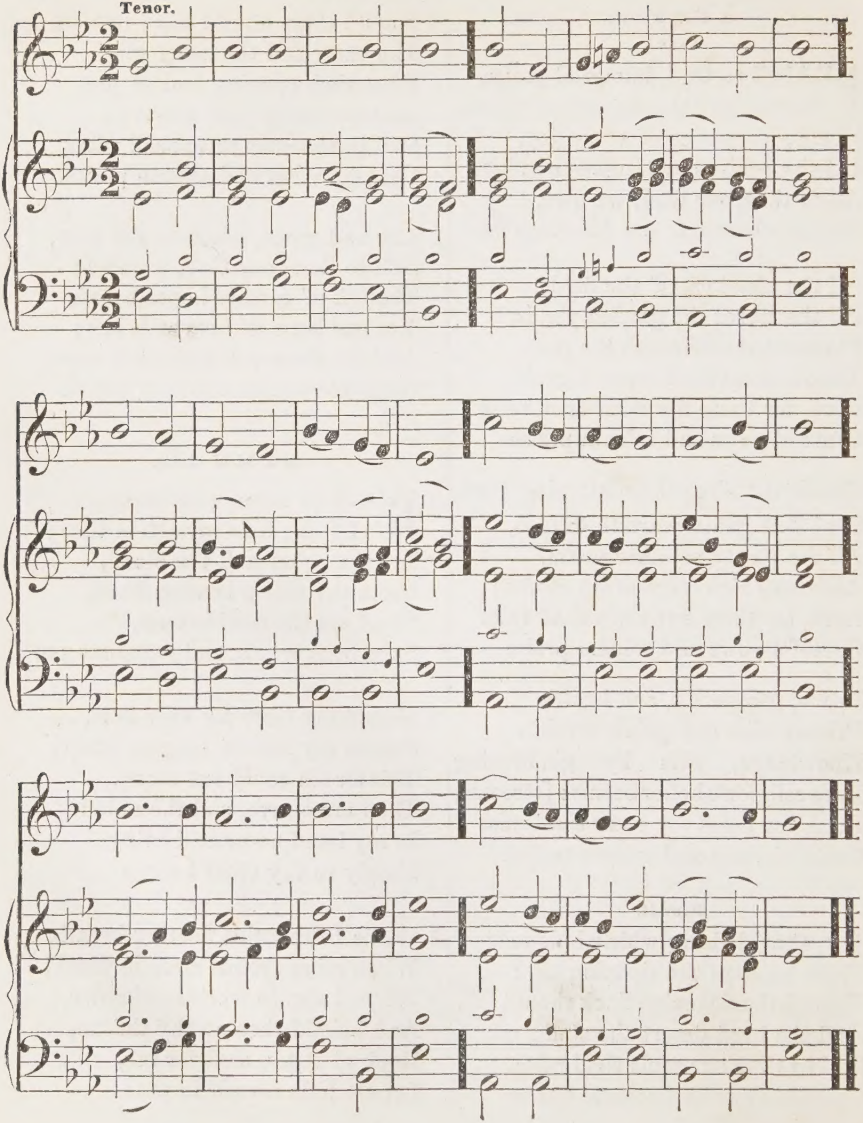
7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 139.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.


Tenor.

HYMN 83.

PART I.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART II.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

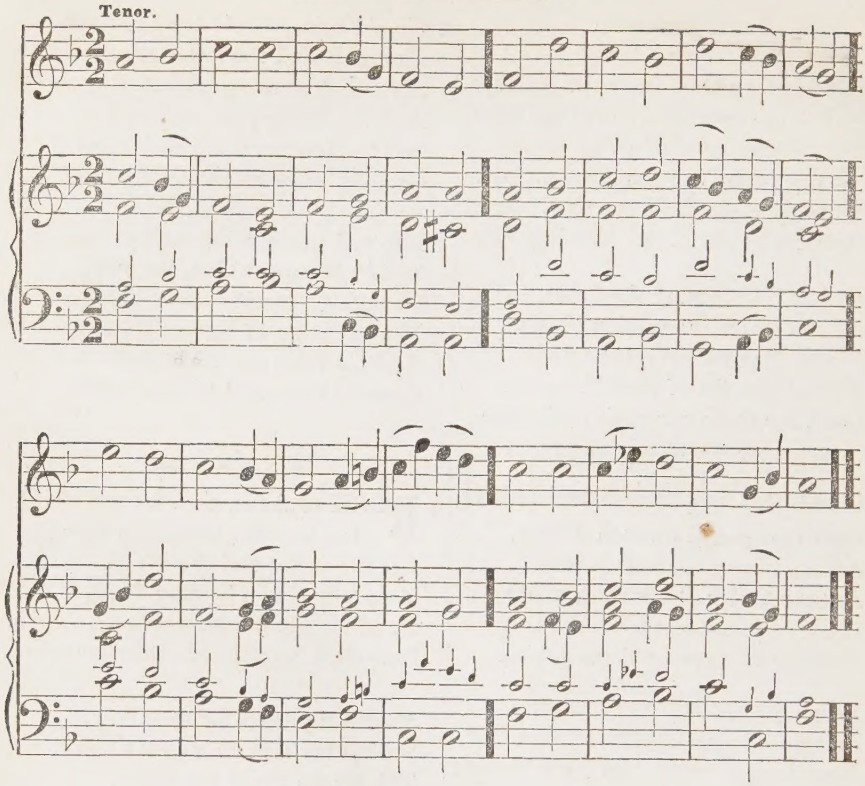
7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 139.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.



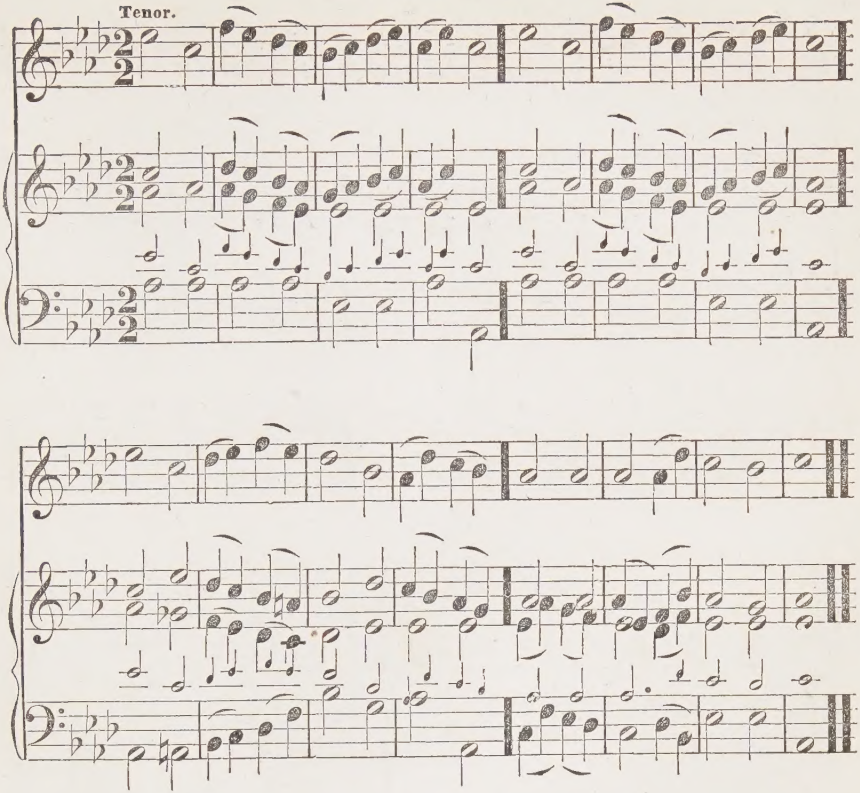
HYMN 86.

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the Lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.



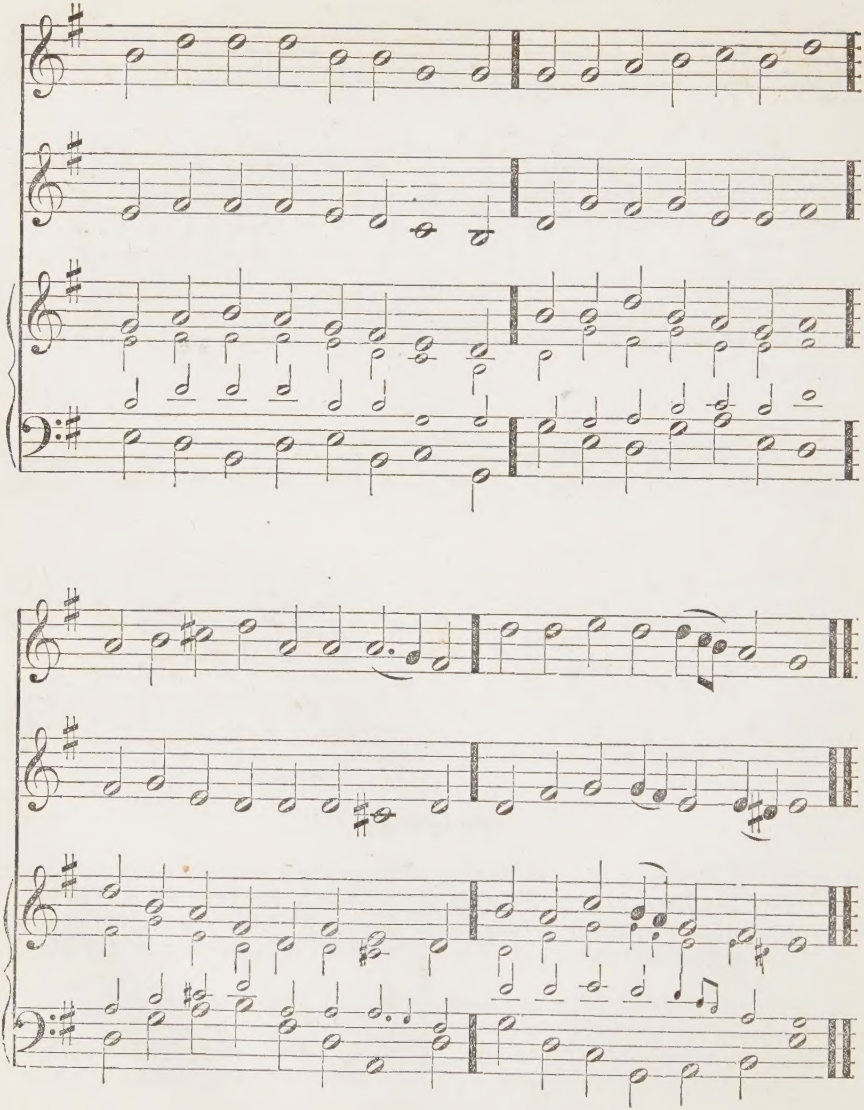
HYMN 18.

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come,
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.



HYMN 177.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty:
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

* HYMN 203.

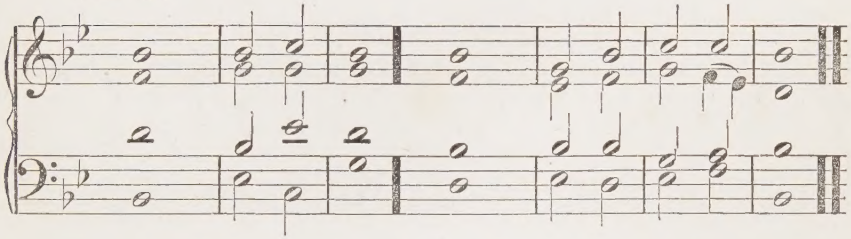
1 BLESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord;
Bless'd thy Majesty for ever,
Ever be thy Name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honor;
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God, for these, thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

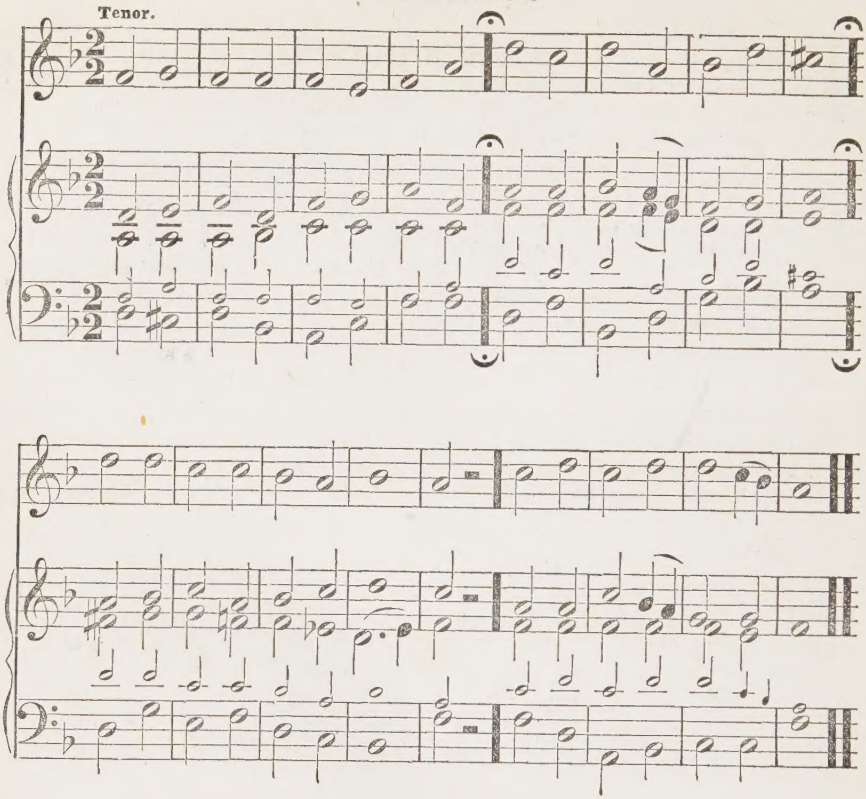
No. 62.



CANTICLE 26.

1 Chron. 29: 10, 11, 12.

BLESSED be thou, Lord | God of | Israel, ‖ our | Father, for | ever and | ever.
Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, | and the | power, ‖ and the glory, and the victory, | and the | majes | ty.
For all that is in the heaven and in the | earth is | thine; ‖ thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as | head a | bove — | all.
Both riches and honor | come of | thee, ‖ and thou | reignest | over | all.
And in thine hand is | power and | might; ‖ and thine it is to make great, and to give | strength — | unto | all.
Now therefore, our | God, we | thank thee, ‖ and | praise thy | glorious | Name.



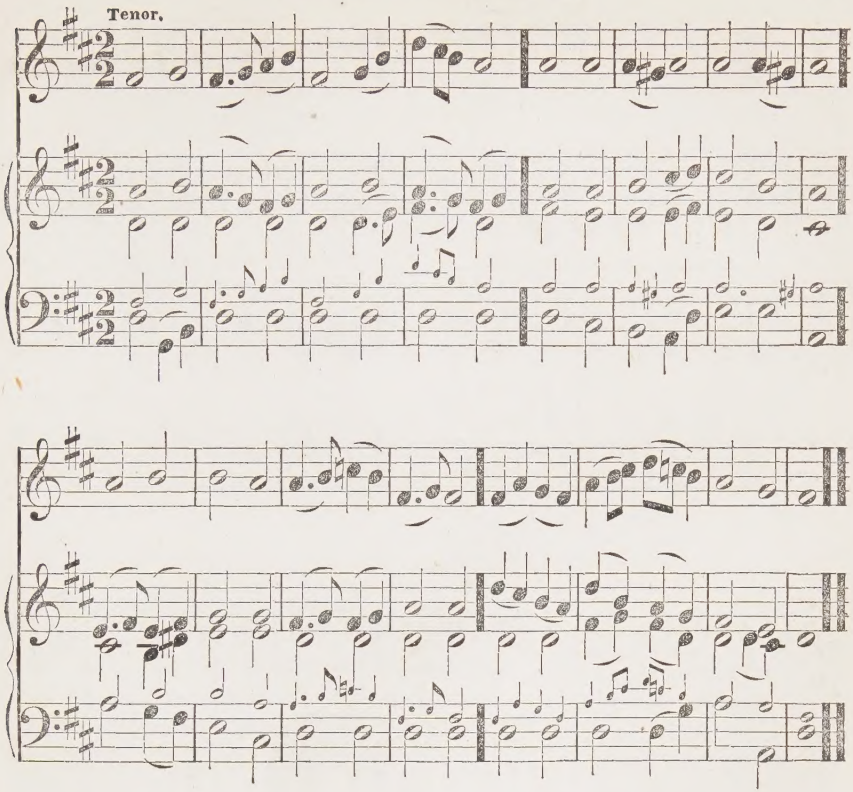
HYMN 81.

1 DREAD Jehovah, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Tho' our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.



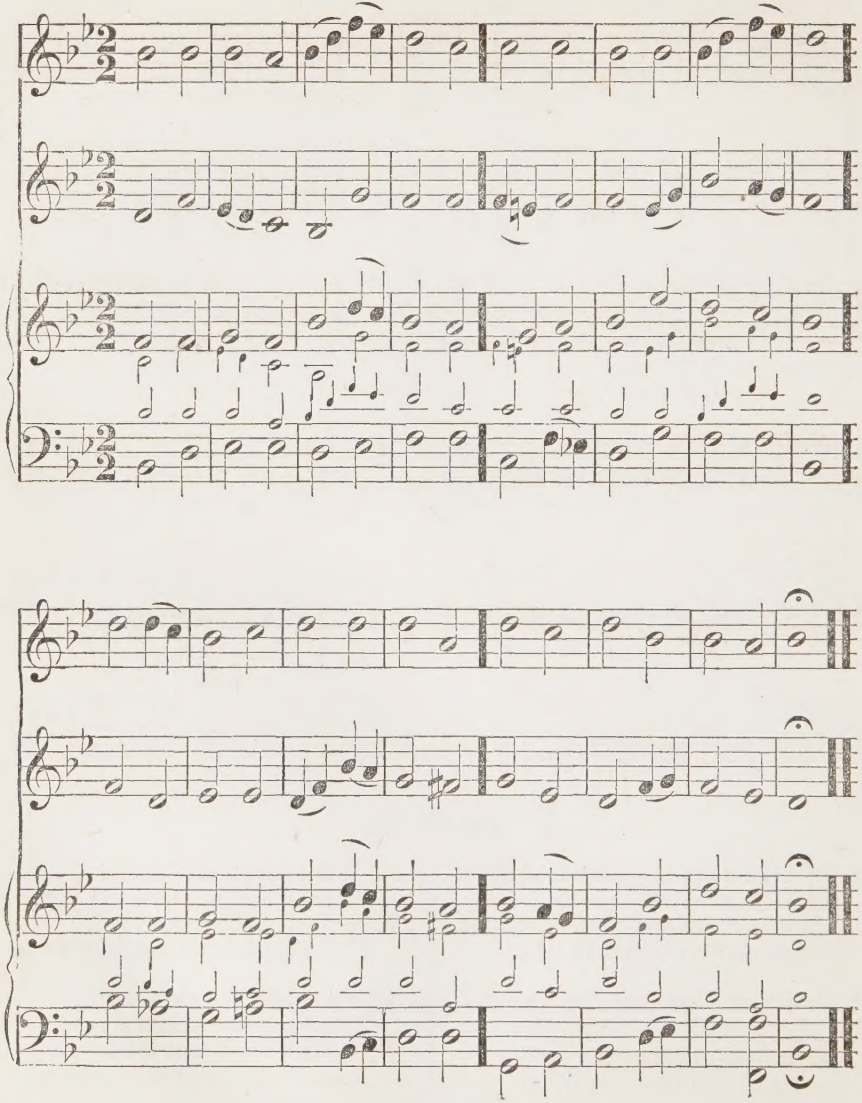
HYMN 42.

1 HAIL! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.



SELECTION 70.

From Psalm 91.—Part II.

1 GOD shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

SELECTION 118. From Psalm 145.

1 GOD, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy Name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Honor great our God befitteth;
Who his majesty can reach?
Age to age his works transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure
Works by love and mercy wrought;
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove,

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee;
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

7 They thy might, all might excelling,
Shall to all mankind make known;
And the brightness of thy dwelling,
And the glories of thy throne.

8 Ever, God of endless praises,
Shall thy royal might remain;
Evermore thy brightness blazes,
Ever lasts thy righteous reign.

9 Them that fall the Lord protecteth,
He sustains the bow'd and bent:
Every eye from thee expecteth,
Fix'd on thee, its nourishment.

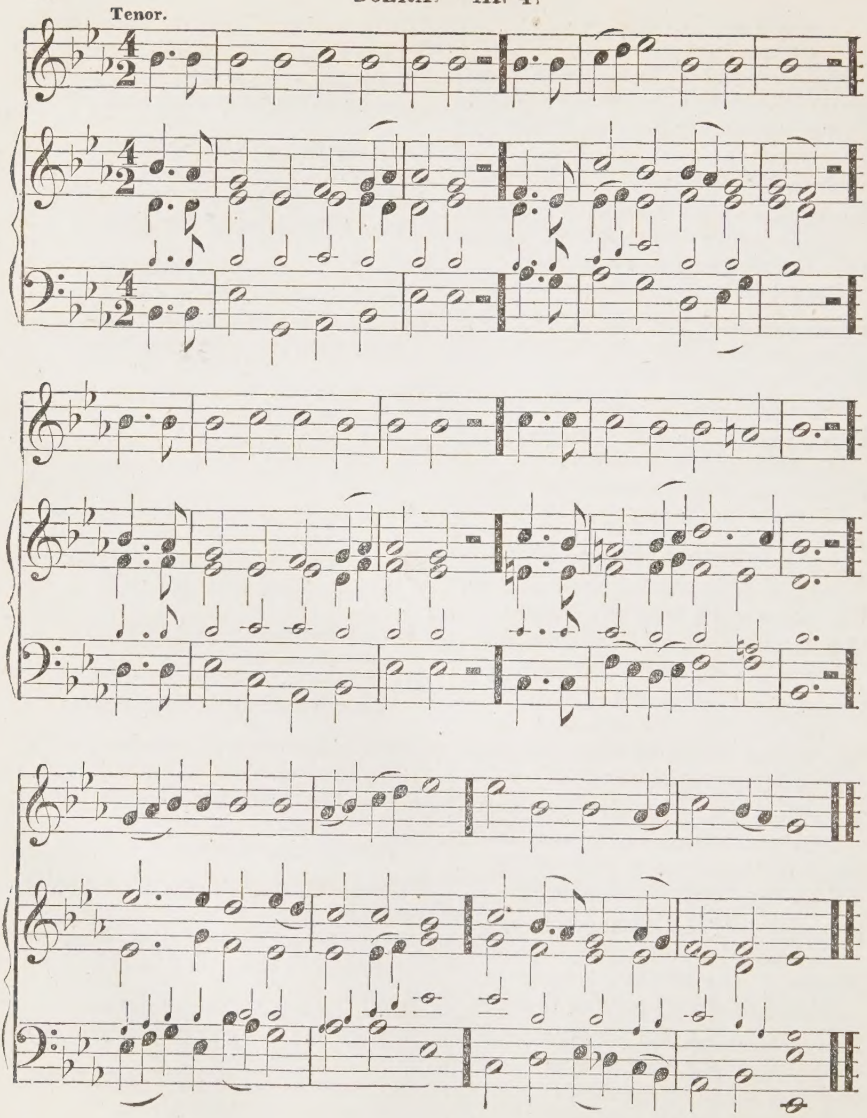
10 Thou to all, great God of nature,
Giv'st in season due their food;
Spread'st thy hand, and every creature
Satisfiest still with good.

11 God is just in all he doeth,
Kind is he in all his ways;
He his ready presence showeth,
When a faithful servant prays.

12 Who sincerely seek and fear him,
He to them their wish will give;
When they call, the Lord will hear them,
He will hear them, and relieve.

13 From Jehovah all who prize him
Shall his saving health enjoy;
All the wicked who despise him,
He will in their sin destroy.

14 Still, Jehovah, thee confessing,
Shall my tongue thy praise proclaim;
And may all mankind with blessing
Ever hail thy holy Name.


Tenor.

HYMN 61.

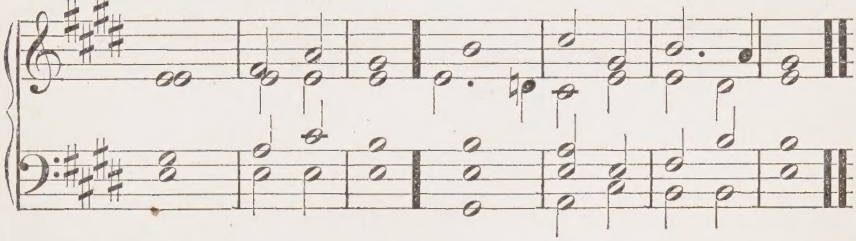
1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor! reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done:
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

No. 63.



CANTICLE 27.

From Isaiah 61 : 1, 2, 3.

THE spirit of the Lord God | is up | on me; ‖ because he hath appointed me to preach good | tidings | to the | meek.

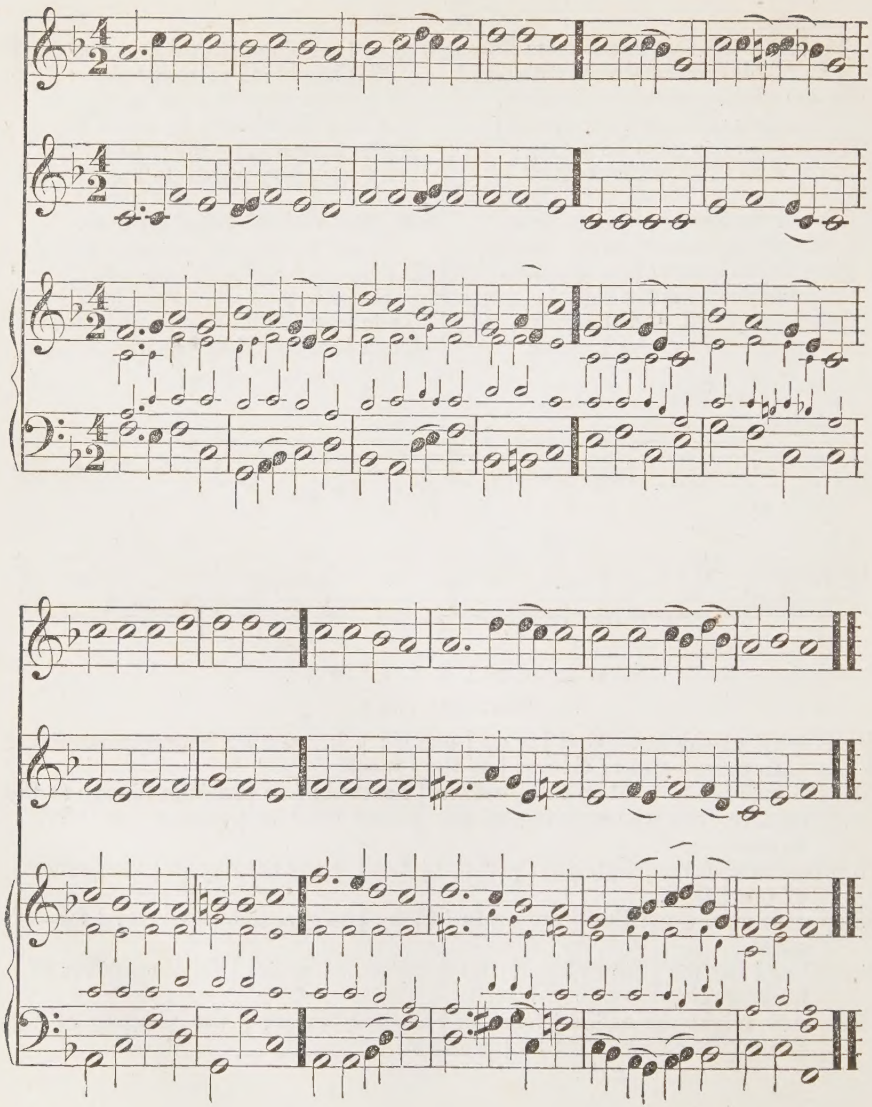
He hath sent me to bind up the | broken | hearted; ‖ to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison door to | them— | that are | bound.

To proclaim the acceptable year | of the | Lord, ‖ and the day of | vengeance | of our | God.

To appoint unto them that | mourn in | Sion; ‖ to give them | beauty | for— | ashes.

The oil of | joy for | mourning, ‖ the garment of praise | for the | spirit of | heaviness.

That they might be called | trees of | Righteousness; ‖ the planting of the Lord, | that he | might be | glorified.



HYMN 40.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

HYMN 117.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue,
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasures
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

6 When thy favor'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless

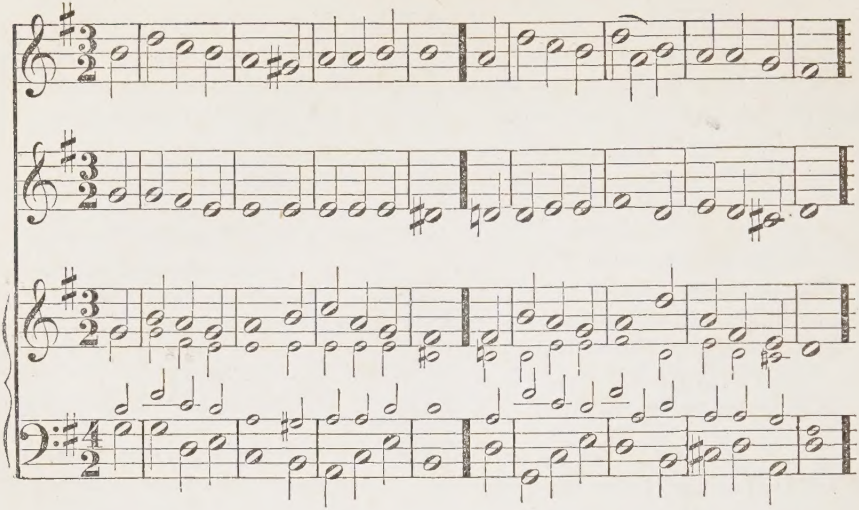
7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

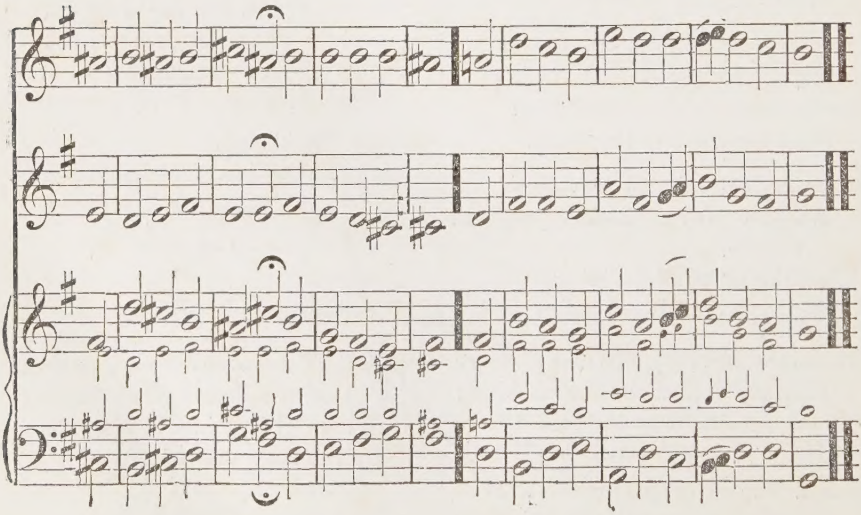
8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

Chorus. Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

GLORIA PATRI.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne·
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.





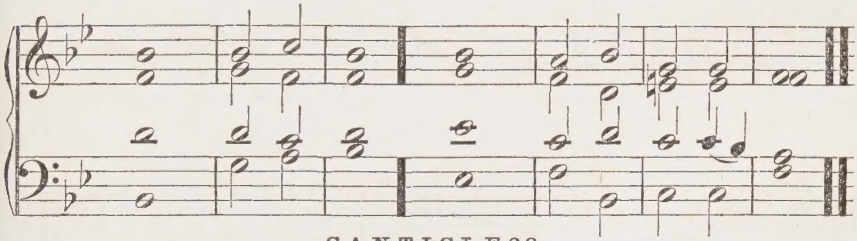
SELECTION 59. From Psalm 76.

1 THE Name of our God
In Israel is known;
His mansion beloved
Is Sion alone:
There broke he the arrows
The enemy hurl'd,
And honor'd his mountain
Above all the world.

2 The pride of thy foes
Is turn'd to thy praise;
Their fierceness o'erruled
Thy providence sways:
Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain;
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

3 Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear;
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress;
Ye high, and ye humble,
His wonders confess!

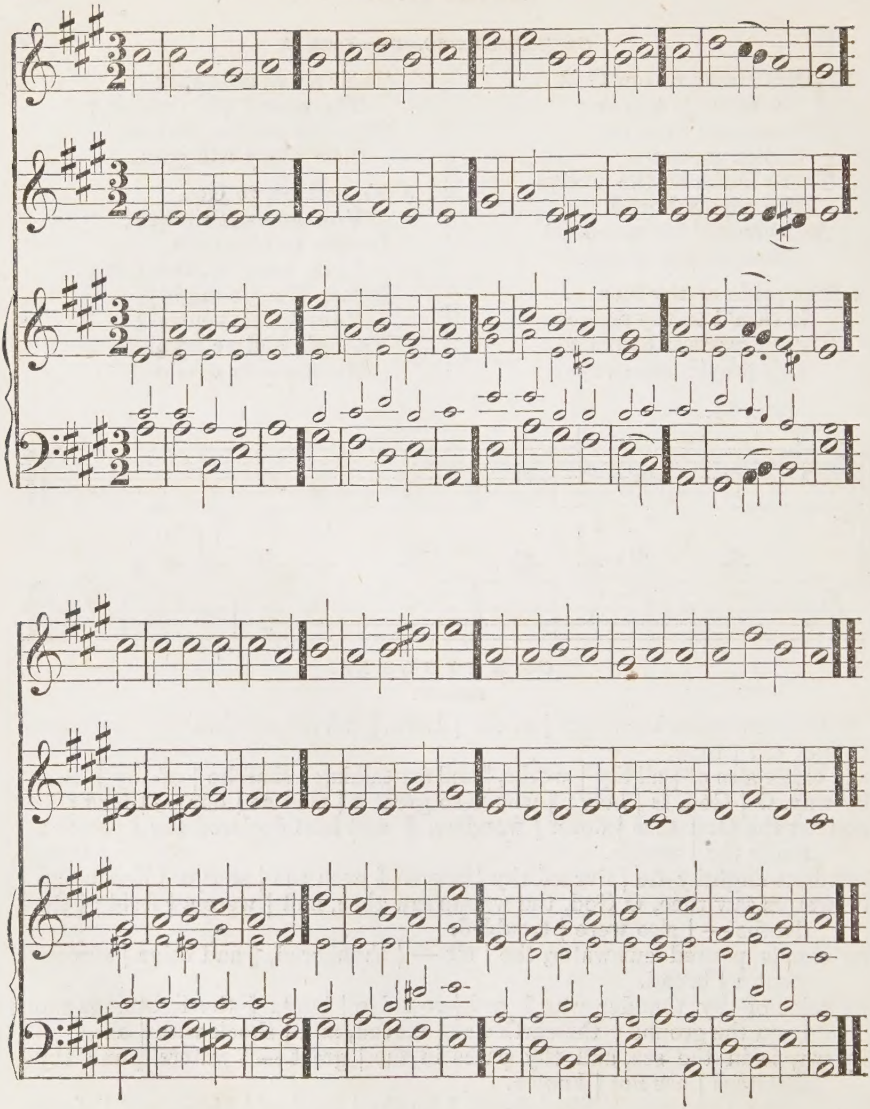
No. 64.



CANTICLE 28.

Psalm 77.

I WILL remember the works | of the | Lord, ‖ and call to mind thy | wonders | of old | time.
I will think also of | all thy | works, ‖ and my talking | shall be | of thy | doings
Thy way, O | God, is | holy: ‖ who is so great a | God as | our — | God?
Thou art the God that | doest | wonders, ‖ and hast declared thy | power a | mong the | people. [Joseph.
Thou hast mightily de | livered thy | people, ‖ even the | sons of | Jacob and |
The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee, and | were a | fraid; ‖ the | depths — | also were | troubled.
The clouds poured out water, the | air — | thundered, ‖ and thine | arrows | went a | broad.
The voice of thy thunder was heard | round a | bout: ‖ the lightnings shone upon the ground; the earth was | moved, and | shook with | al.
Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the | great — | waters, ‖ and thy | footsteps | are not | known.
Thou leddest thy | people like | sheep, ‖ by the | hand of | Moses and | Aaron.



SELECTION 123. From Psalm 149.

1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In their great Creator
Let Israel rejoice;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great Name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield
Such honor and triumph
His favor shall bring:
O therefore, for ever
All praise to him yield!

HYMN 144. IV. 4.

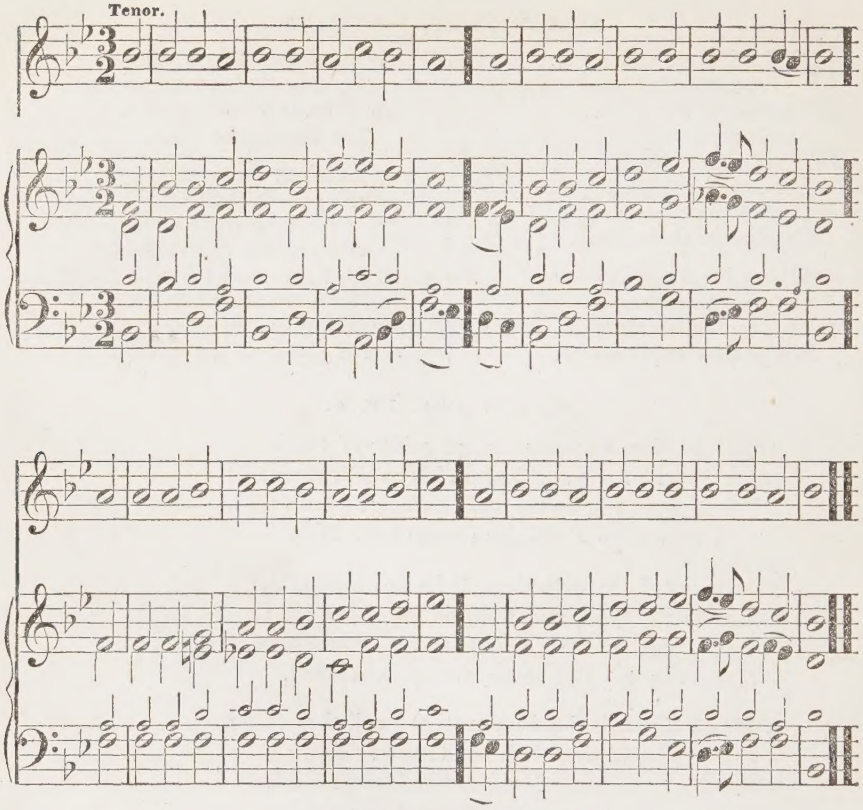
1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled:

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I, am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

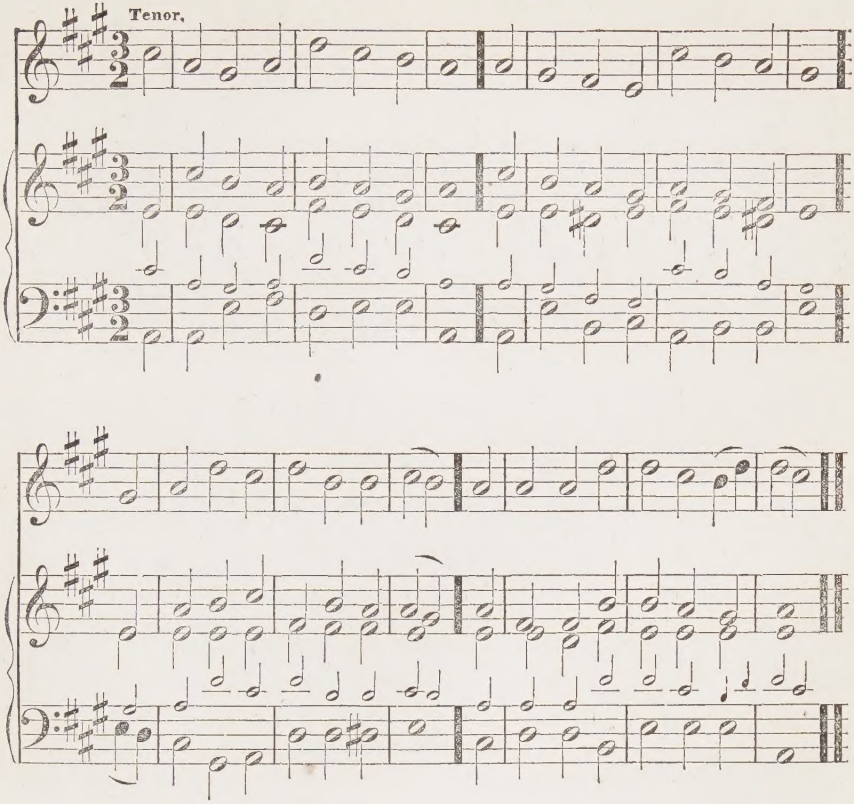
5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.



HYMN 109.

1 HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise;
How just, King of saints,
And true, are thy ways:
O who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy Name:
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.



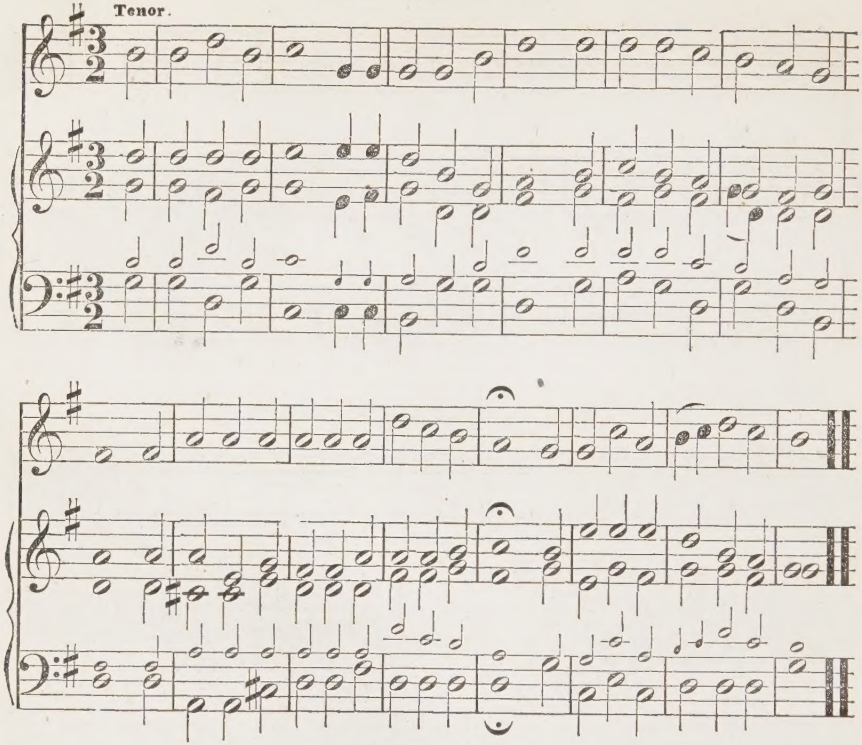
HYMN 173.

1 INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of [thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast, as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.



HYMN 153.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable Name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

Tenor.

Come, let us a-dore Him; come, bow at his feet; O give Him the glo-ry, the

praise that is meet; Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full

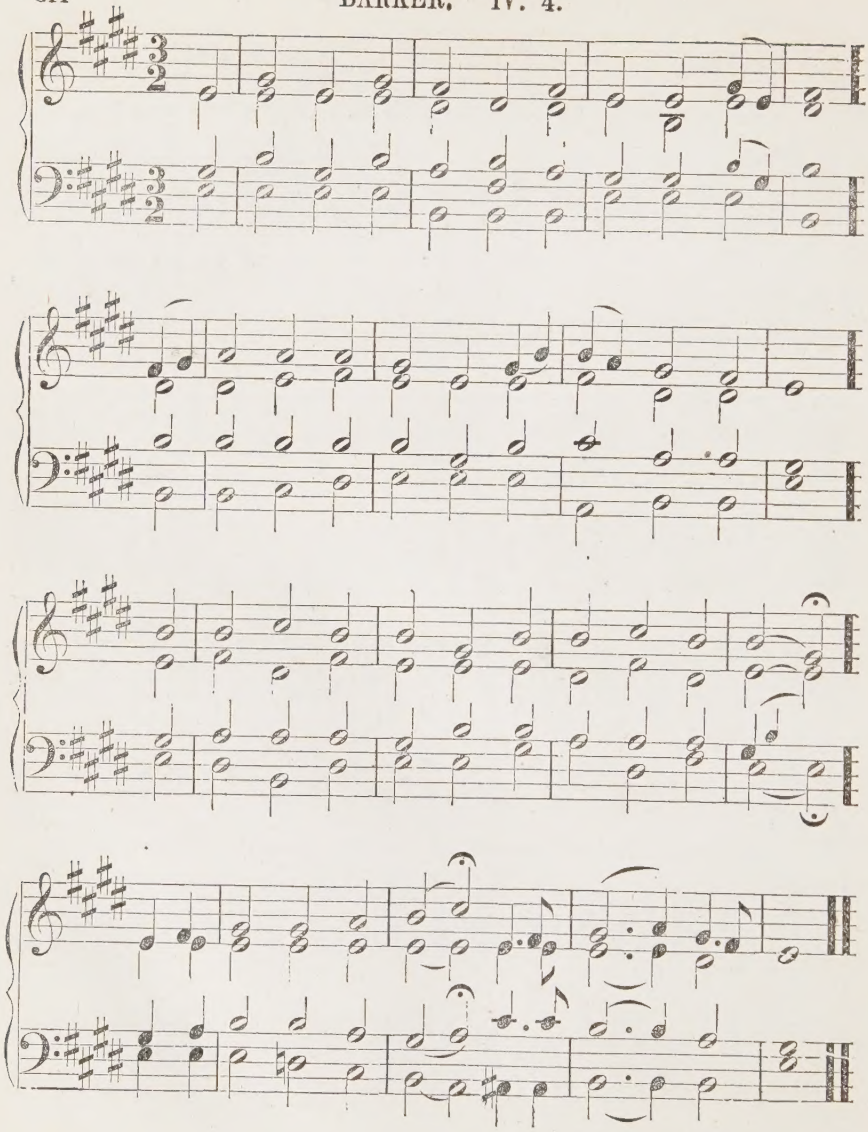
ff

chorus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

ff

ff

BARKER. IV. 4.



HYMN 187.

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay [o'er the way;
Where storm after storm rises dark
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here, [for its cheer.
Are enough for life's woes, full enough

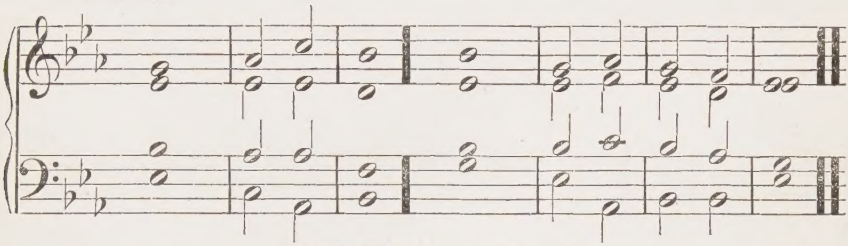
2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin, [within:
Temptation without, and corruption
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears, [penitent tears.
And the cup of thanksgiving with

3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb, [not its gloom;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise [the skies.
To hail him in triumph descending

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God; [abode,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains, [reigns;
And the noontide of glory eternally

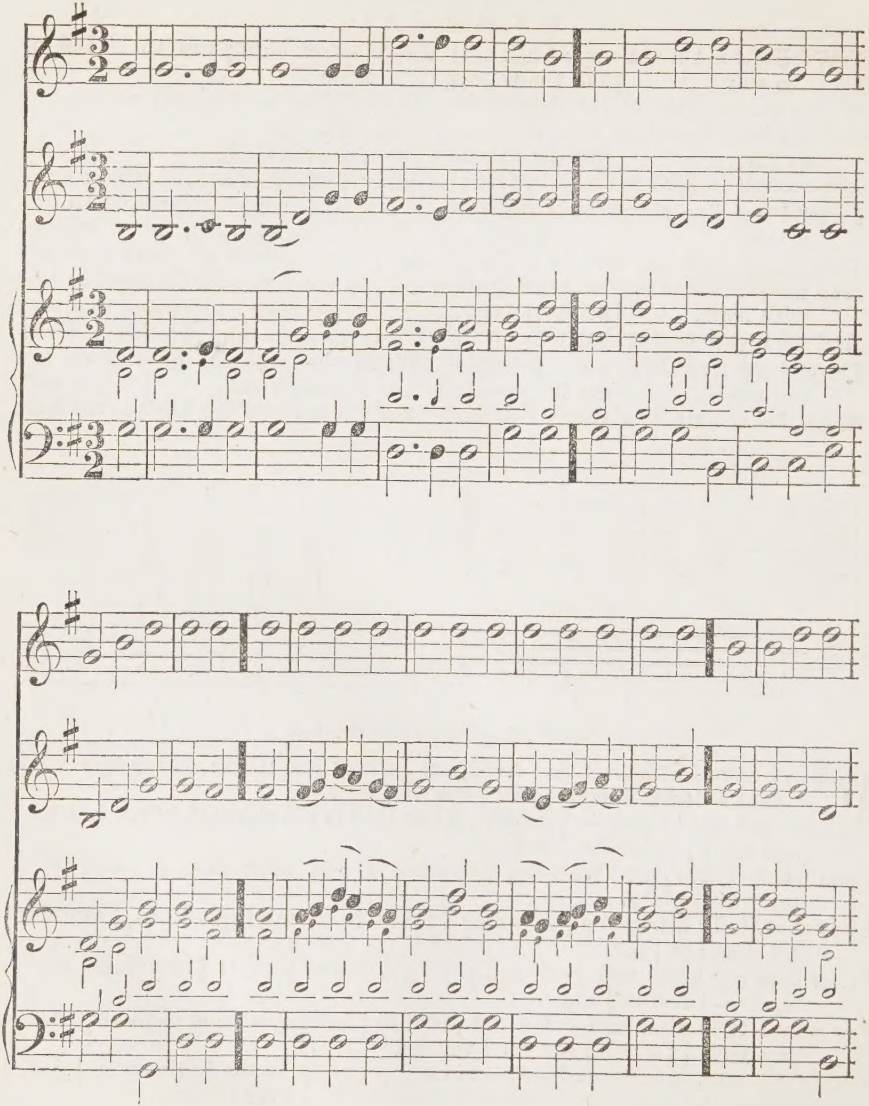
5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet, [ported to greet;
Their Saviour and brethren, trans-
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll, [of the soul.
And the smile of the Lord is the feast

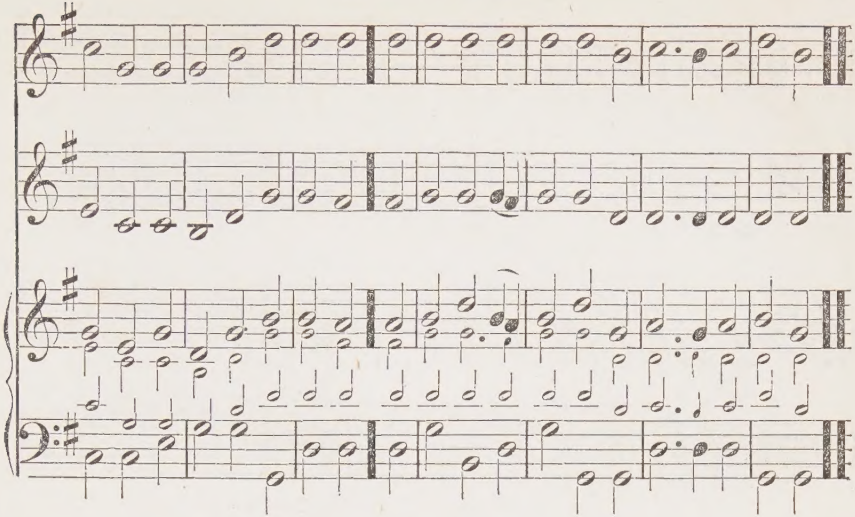
No. 65.



CANTICLE 29. Psalms 73 and 16.

WHOM have I in heaven, O | Lord, but | thee? ‖ and there is none upon earth that I desire in com | pari | son of | thee.
My flesh and my | heart — | faileth; ‖ but God is the strength of my heart, | and my | portion for | ever.
Thou shalt guide me | with thy | counsel, ‖ and after that re | ceive — | me with | glory.
I have set God | always be | fore me; ‖ for he is on my right hand, | therefore I | shall not | fall.
Wherefore my heart was glad, and my | glory re | joiced: ‖ my flesh also | shall — | rest in | hope.
For why? thou shalt not leave my | soul in | hell; ‖ neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy | One to | see cor | ruption.
Thou shalt show me the path of life: in thy presence is the | fulness of | joy, ‖ and at thy right hand there is | pleasure for | ever | more.





HYMN 119.

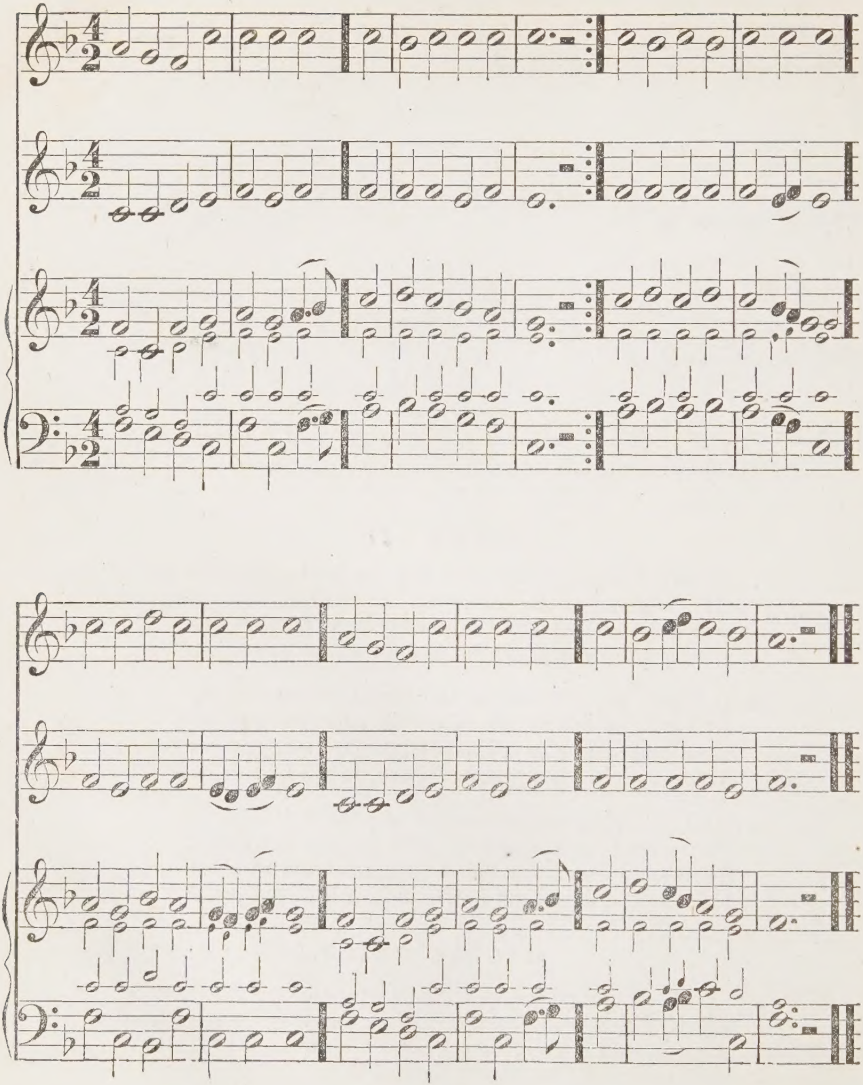
1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused, by the shriek of despair, from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransomed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord, or we perish."

GLORIA PATRI.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.



HYMN 145.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy destined place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There, will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 185.

1 SINCE I've known a Saviour's Name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconsum'd in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

CANTICLE 30

From Ephesians 1, 2, 3. To Chant No. 31.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our | Lord Jesus | Christ, ‖ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in | heavenly | places in | Christ:
According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation | of the | world, ‖ that we should be holy and without blame be | fore — | him in | love; ‖
To the praise of the glory | of his | grace, ‖ wherein he hath made us ac | cepted | in the be | loved.
In whom we have redemption | through his | blood, ‖ the forgiveness of sins, according to the | riches | of his | grace.
Therefore we are no more | strangers and | foreigners, ‖ but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the | house — | hold of | God;
And are built upon the foundation of the a | postles and | prophets, ‖ Jesus Christ himself being the | chief — | corner | stone;
Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we | ask or | think, ‖ according to the | power that | worketh | in us,
Unto him be glory in the Church | by Christ | Jesus, ‖ throughout all ages, world with | out — | end. A | men.

CHORUS.

Repeat *f*.

Shout the glad tidings, exult-ing-ly sing; Je - rusalem triumphs, Messi-ah is king

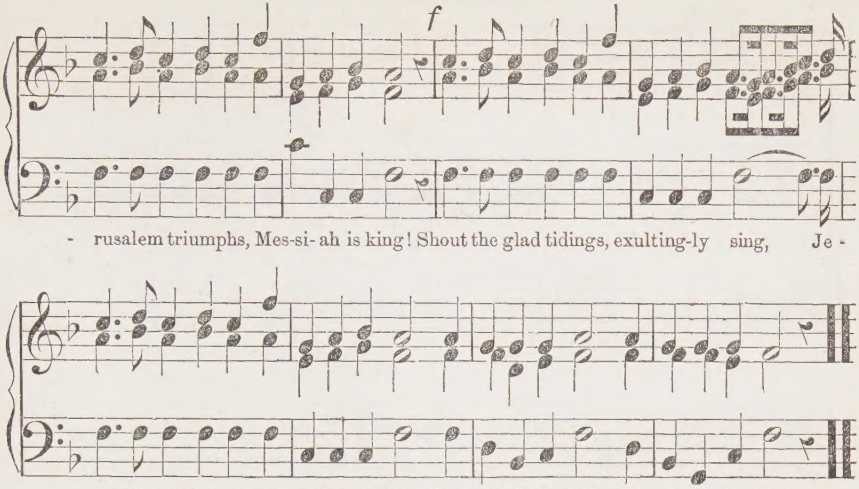
VERSE.

Zi - on, the marvellous story be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!

The brightest arch-an-gel in glo-ry ex - cell-ing, He stoops to redeem thee, he

p CHORUS.

reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je -



HYMN 46.

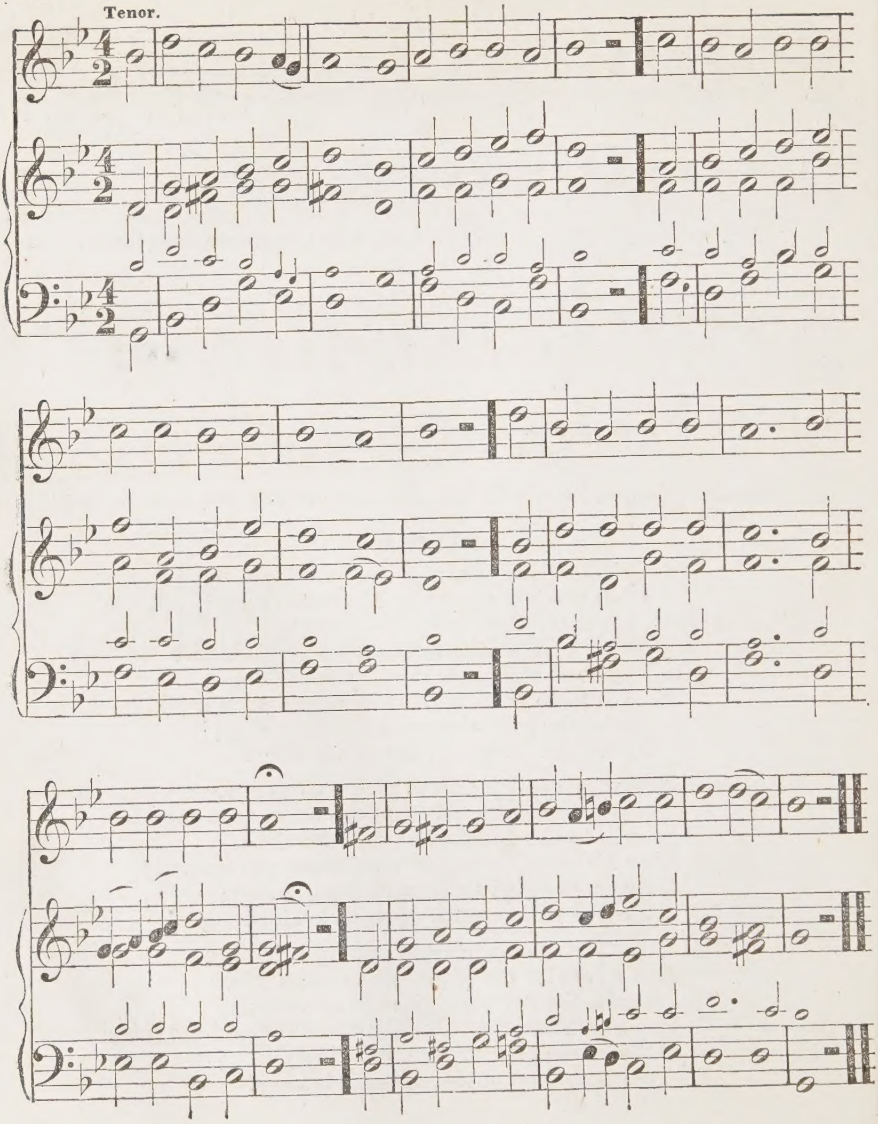
SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king!

1 Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king!

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujahs be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king!

Tenor.



HYMN 152.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow, and bless the sacred name
For ever bless'd.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

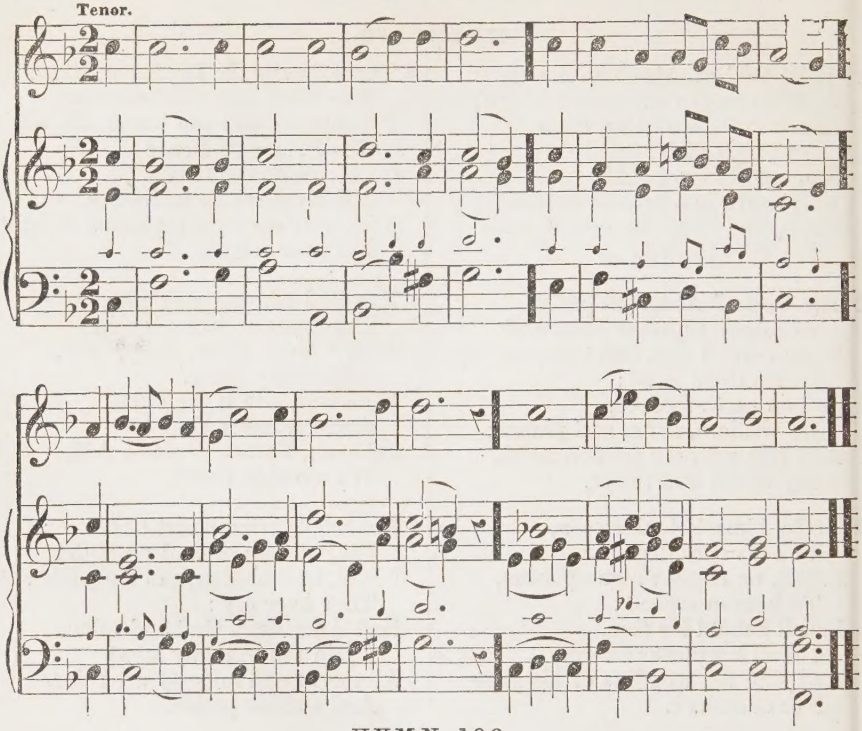
5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM,
We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heav'nly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

CANTICLE 31.

Psalm 98. To Chant No. 24.

THE Lord is King, and hath put on | glorious ap | parel; ‖ the Lord hath put on his apparel, and | girded him | self with | strength.
He hath made the round | world so | sure, ‖ that it | can — | not be | moved.
Ever since the world began, hath thy seat | been pre | pared: ‖ thou | art from | ever | lasting.
The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have lift | up their | voice; ‖ the | floods lift | up their | waves.
The waves of the sea are mighty, and | rage — | horribly; ‖ but yet the Lord, who | dwelleth on | high, is | mightier.
Thy testimonies, O Lord, are | very | sure: ‖ holiness be | cometh thine | house for | ever



HYMN 199.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

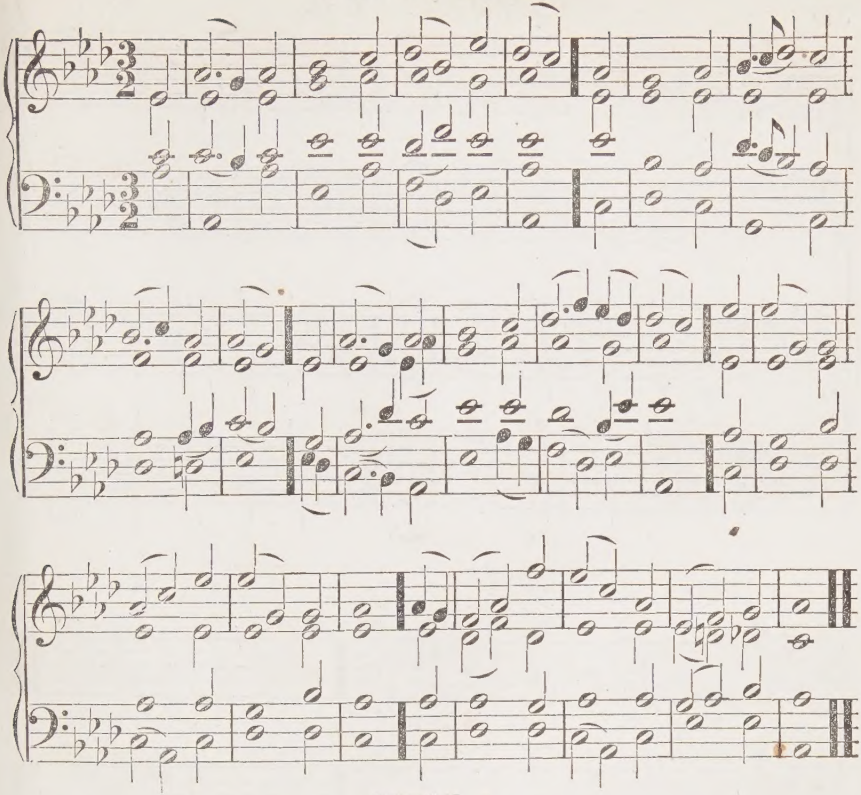
2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross the narrow sea:
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.



HYMN 7.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

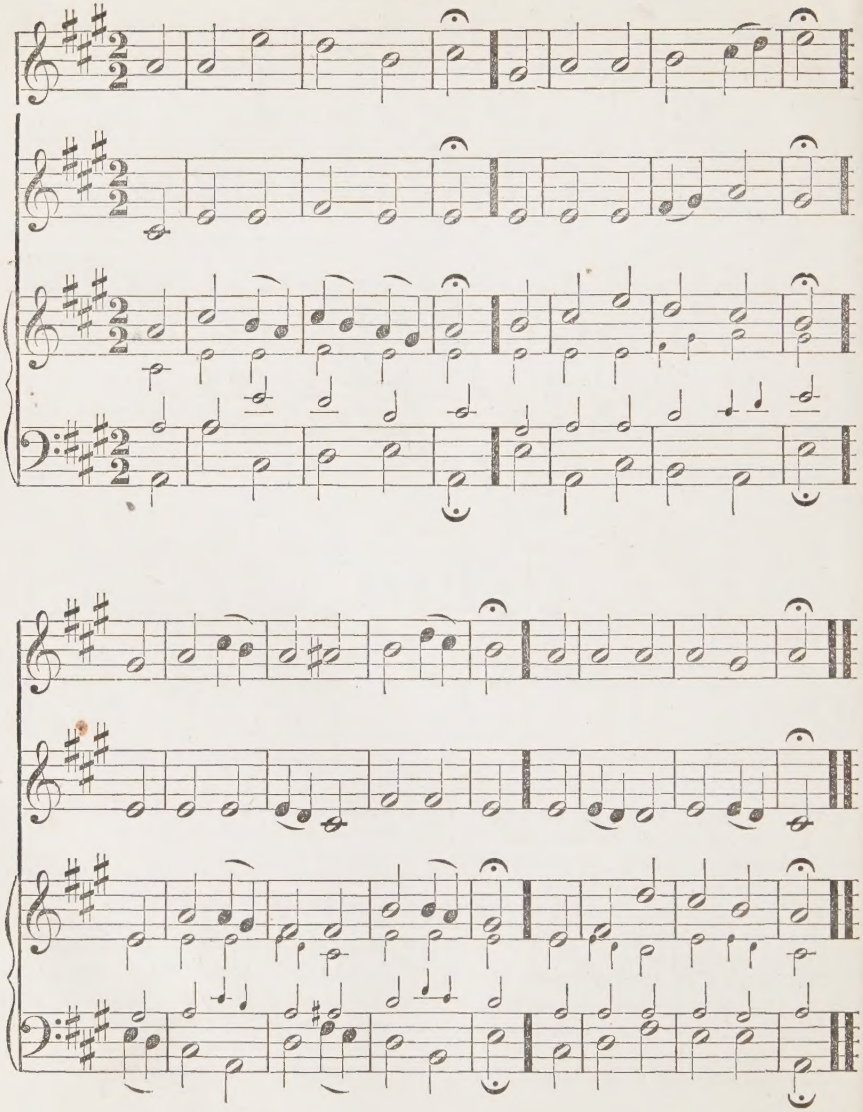
3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

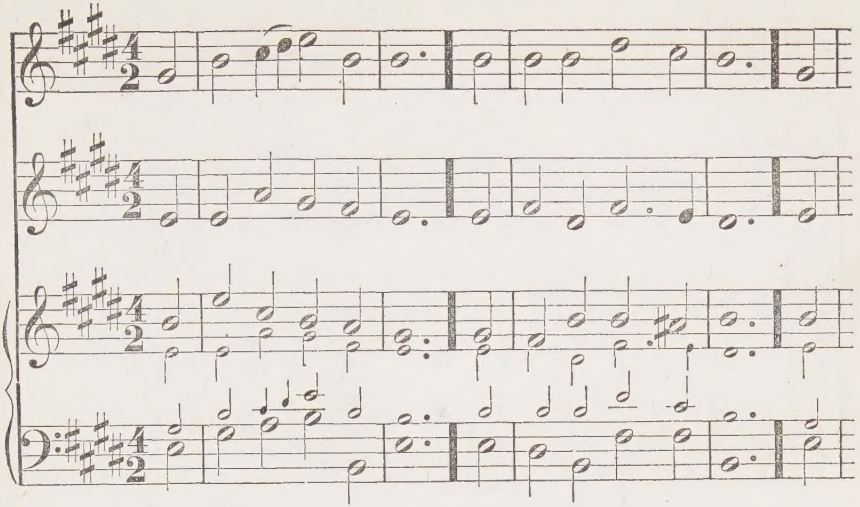
4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

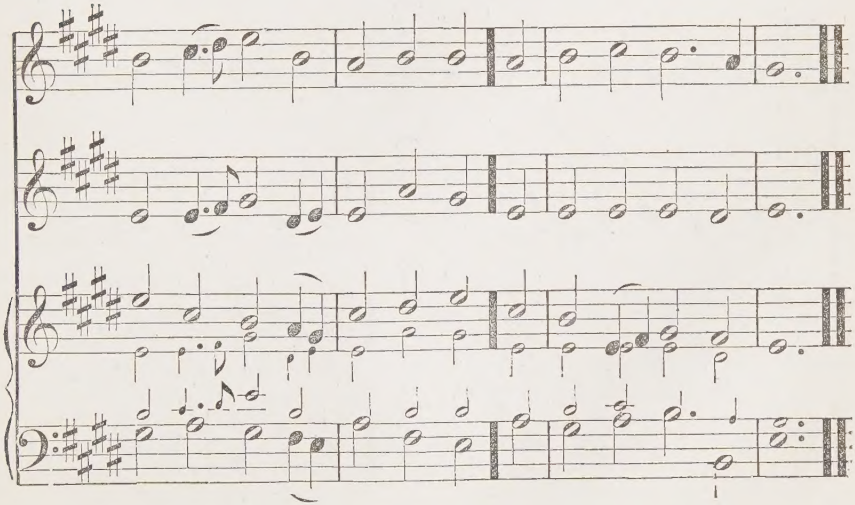
5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

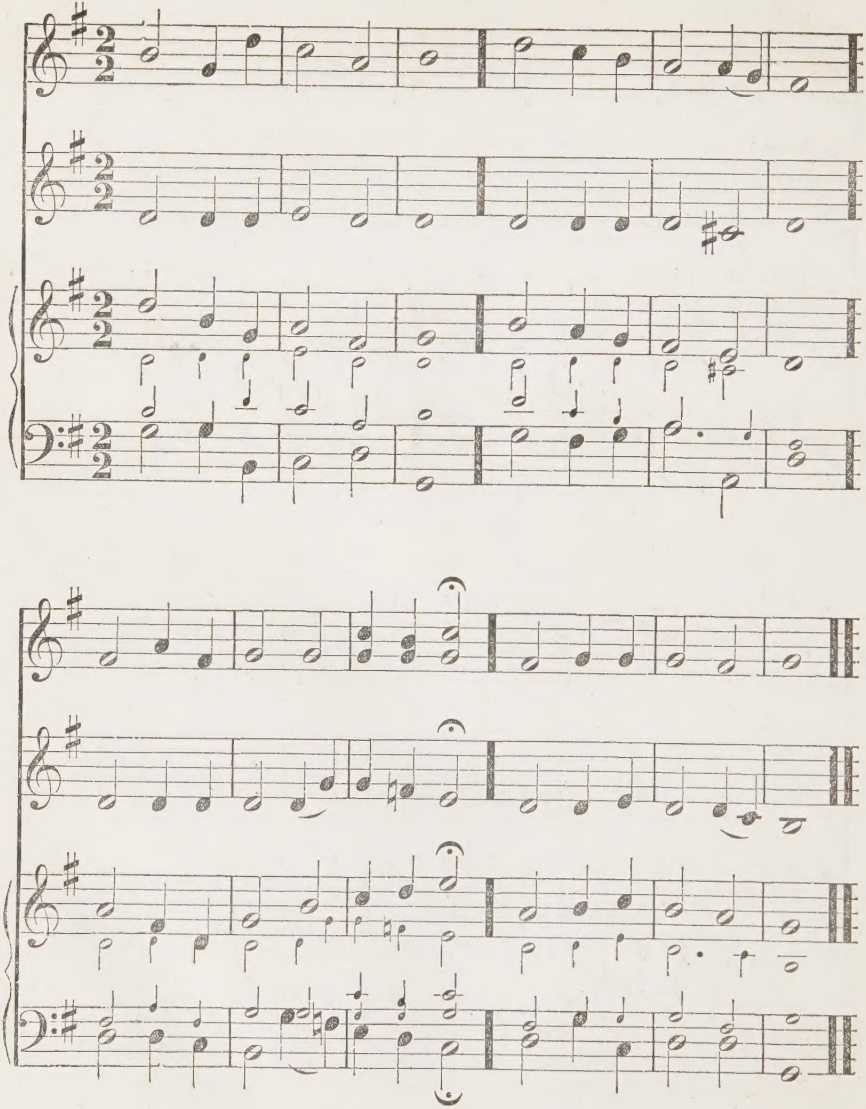
CAMBRIDGE. S. M.

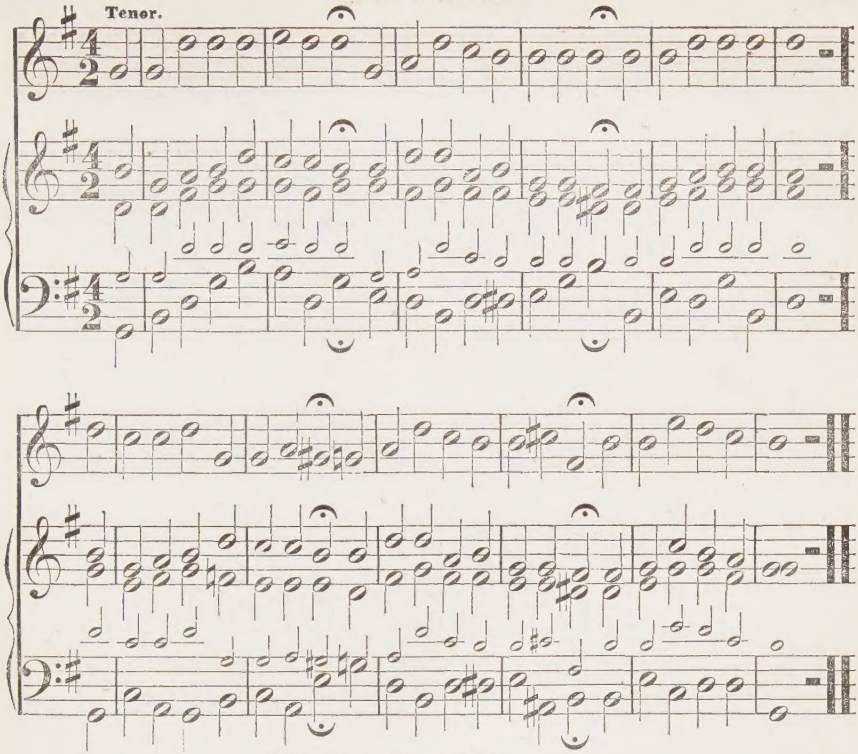






PENTONVILLE. S. M.





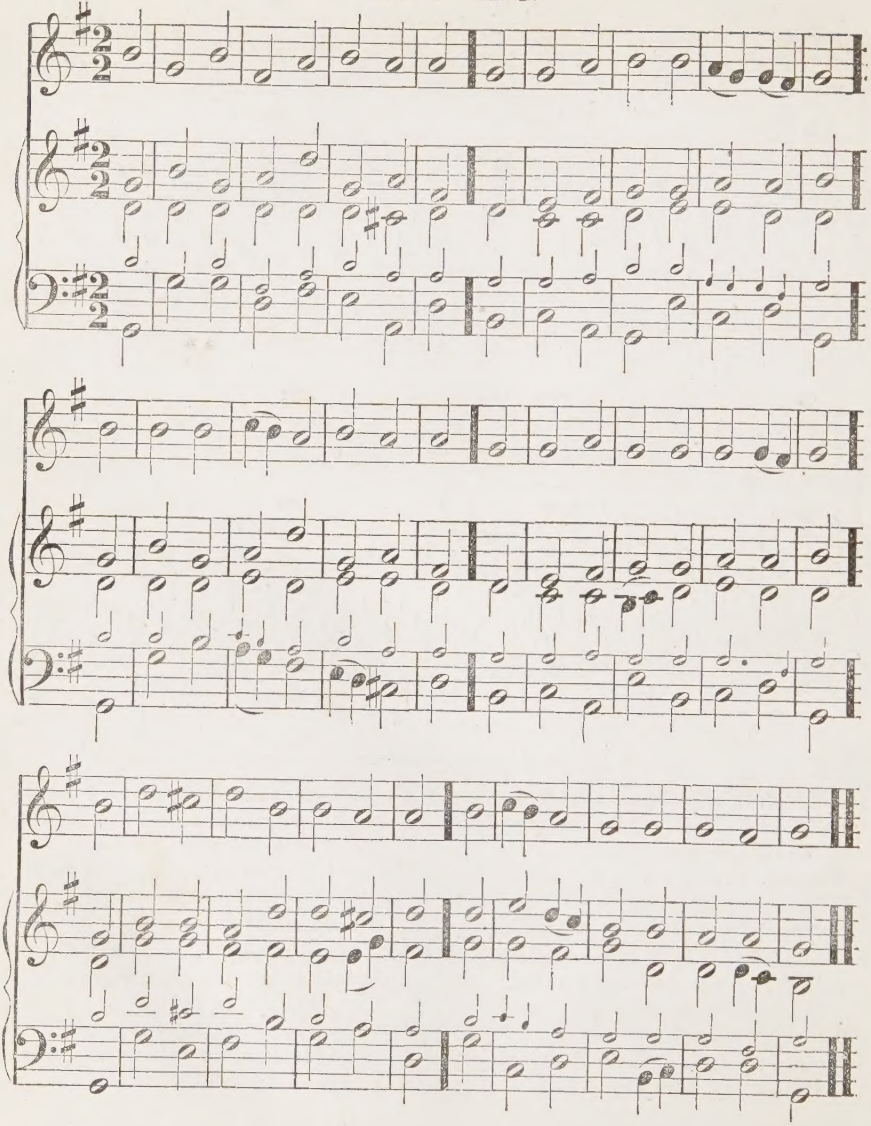
HYMN 208.—Habakkuk 3 : 17—19.

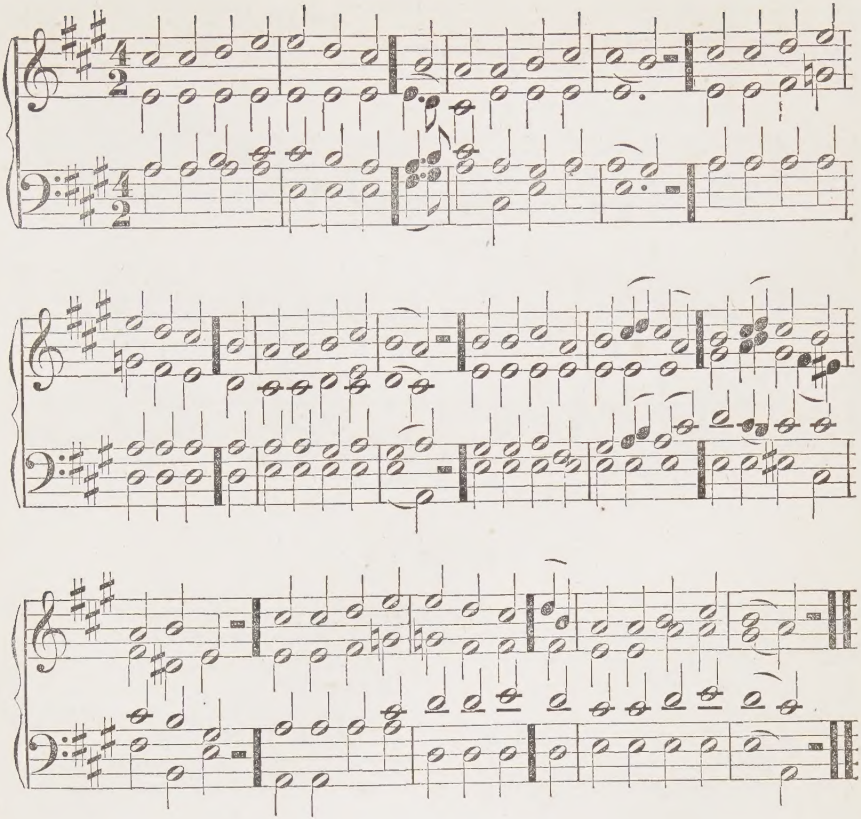
1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be healed.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown be just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet
To speed my course above.

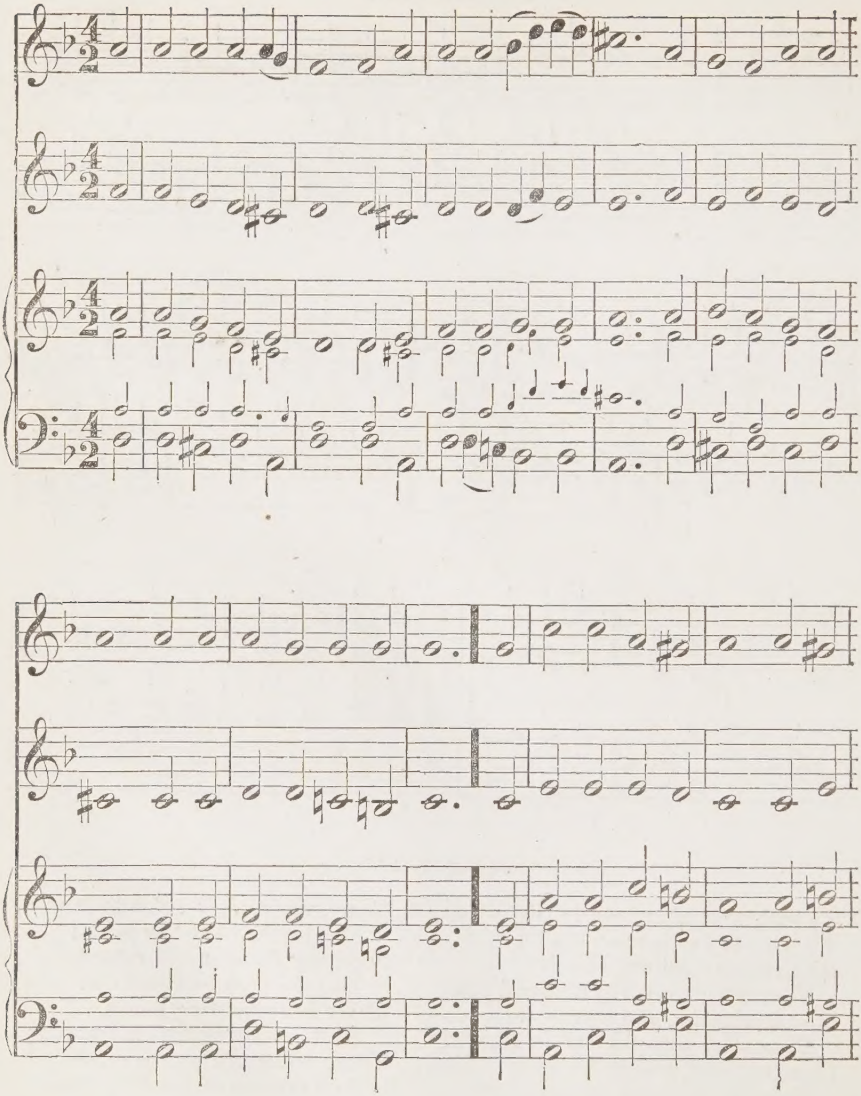


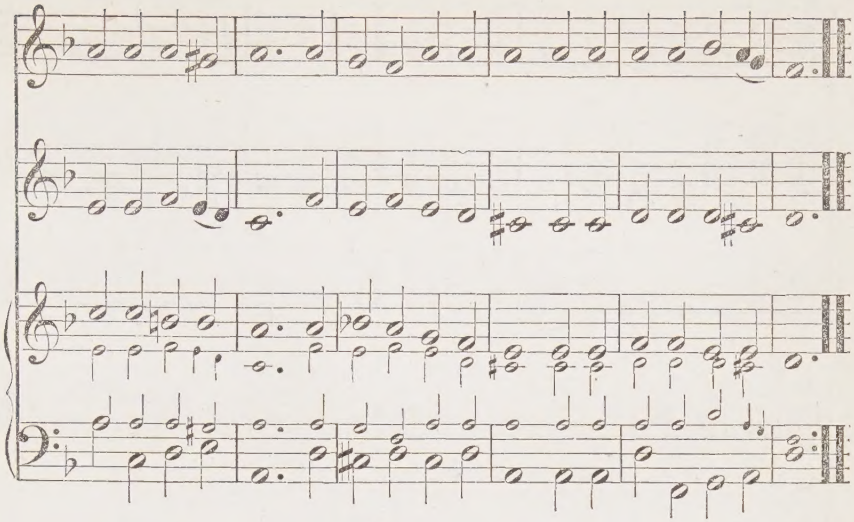


HYMN 145.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy destined place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.





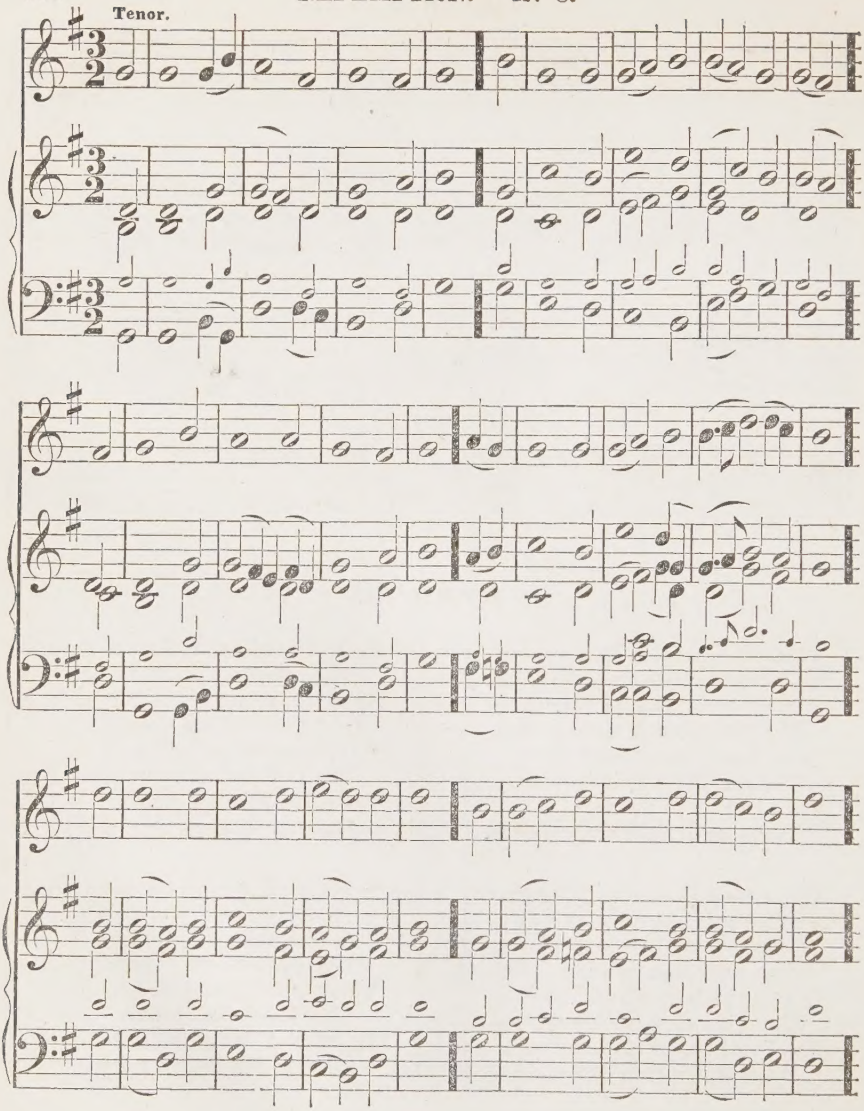
HYMN 107.

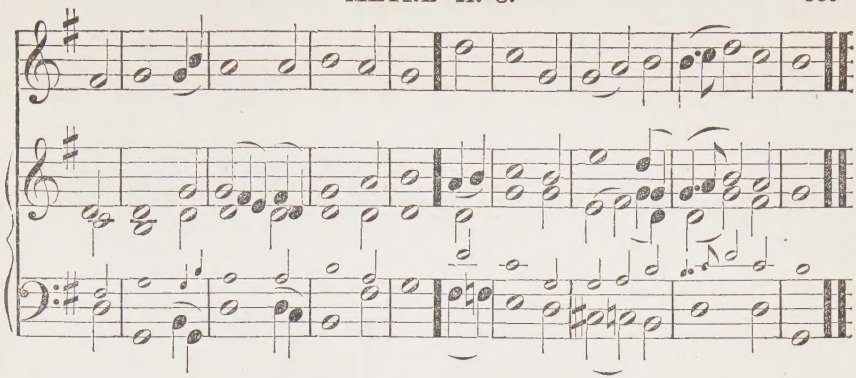
1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.


Tenor.



SELECTION 75.—From Psalm 96.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth in one assembled throng
Her common Patron's praise resound:
Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd:
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 He's great, and greatly to be praised;
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities;
For pageantry and idols all
Are they whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies:
With majesty and honor crown'd,
Glory and strength his throne surround.

3 Be glory then to him restored
By all who have false gods adored;
Ascribe due honor to his Name,
Peace-offerings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim:
To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.

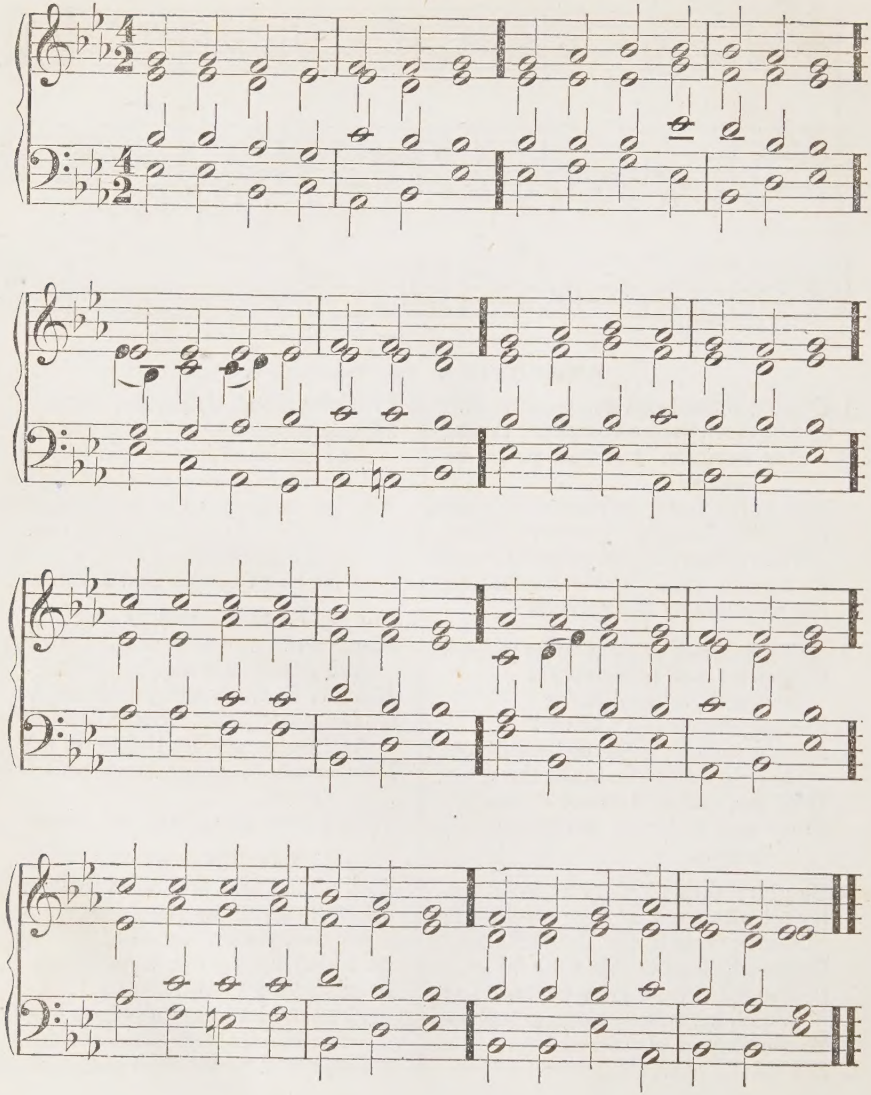
4 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banished justice will restore:
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar,
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

5 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
And tuneful harmonies awake:
Behold! in truth and justice clad,
God comes to judge the world he made,
And to himself its throne to take:
He's come, to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

GLORIA PATRI.

BY all in earth and all in heaven
Be everlasting glory given,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

AMBROSE. III. 1. Double.



HYMN 56.

1 SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee;
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy vict'ry in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn;
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice:
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save:
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 143.

1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

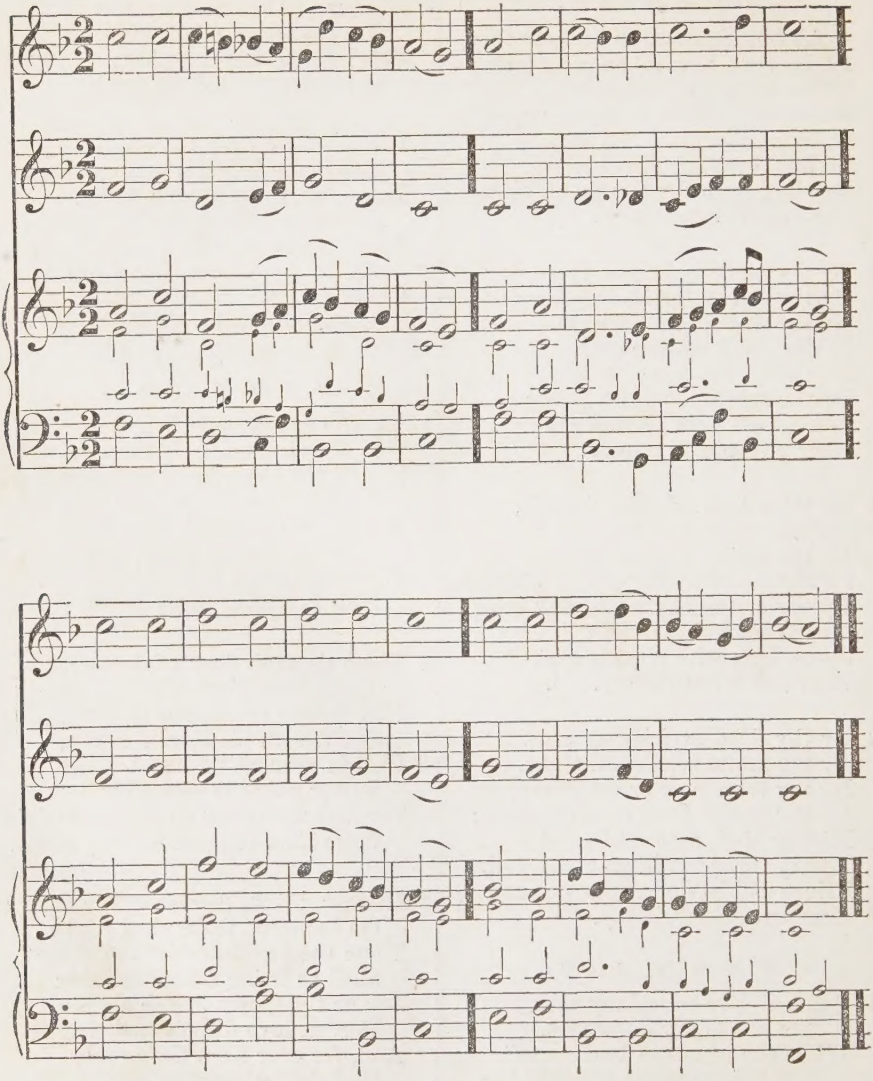
2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

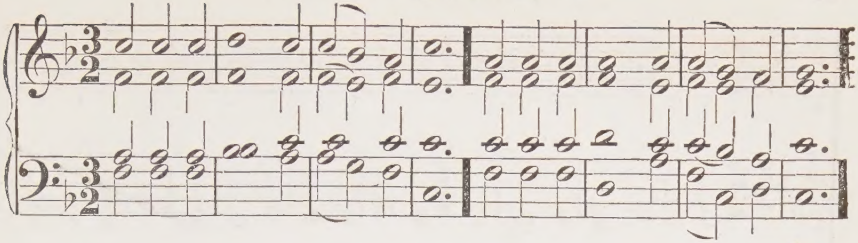
HYMN 201.

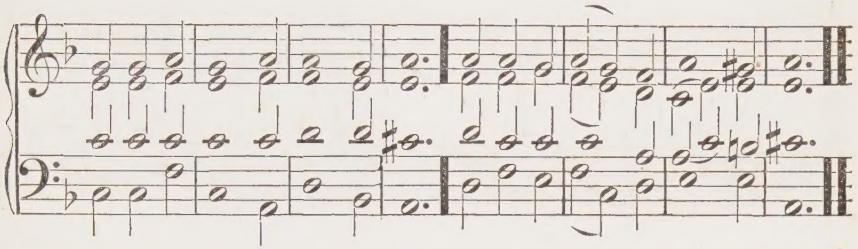
1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And, for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.





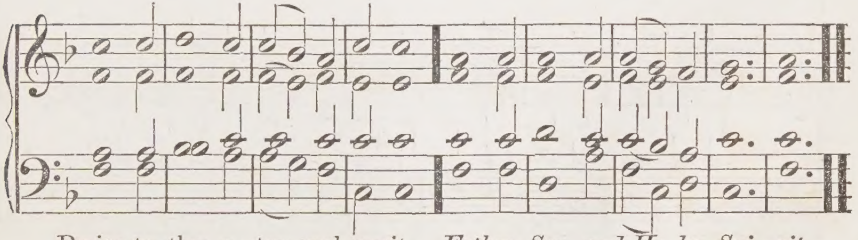


COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

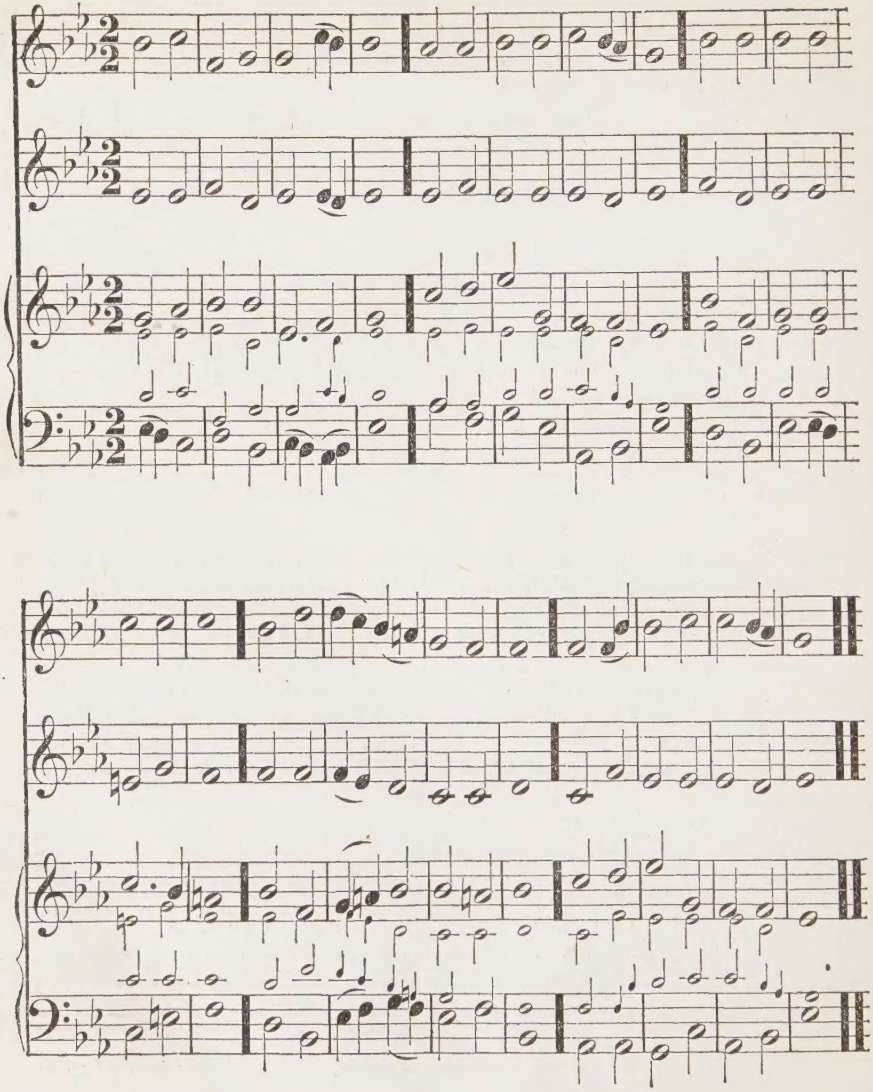
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

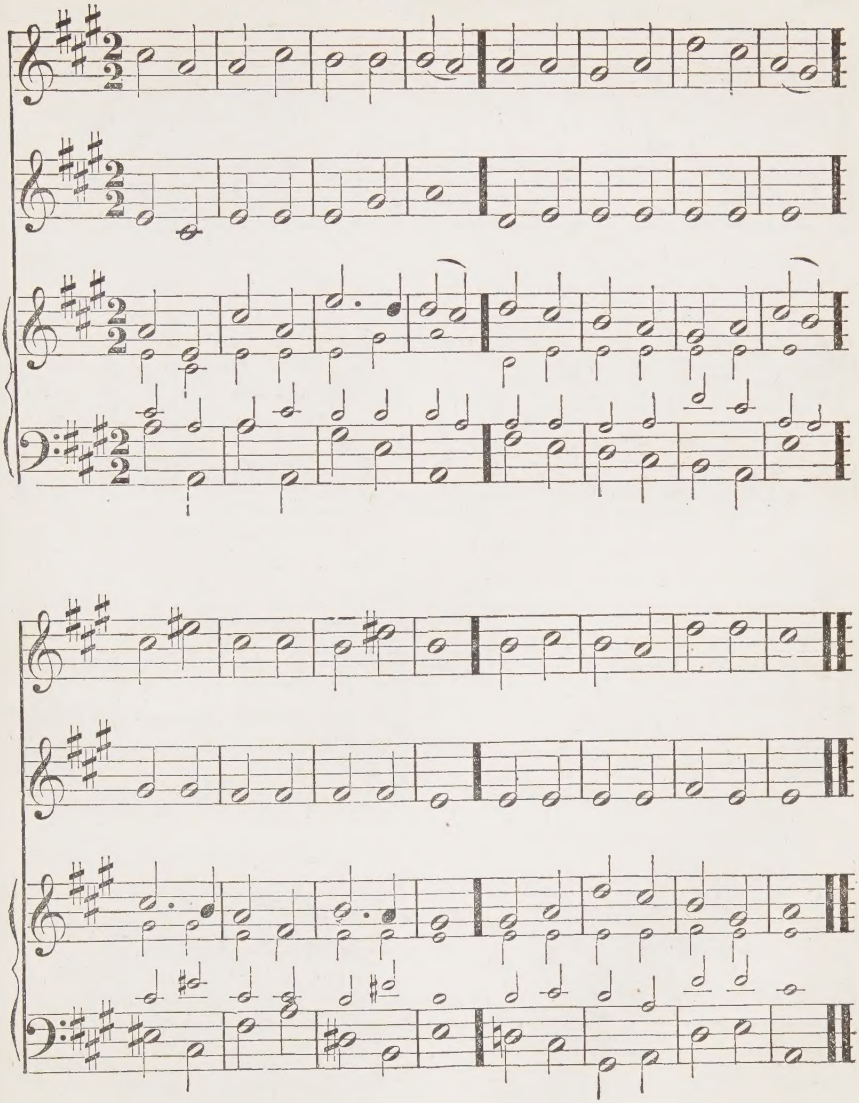
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song;

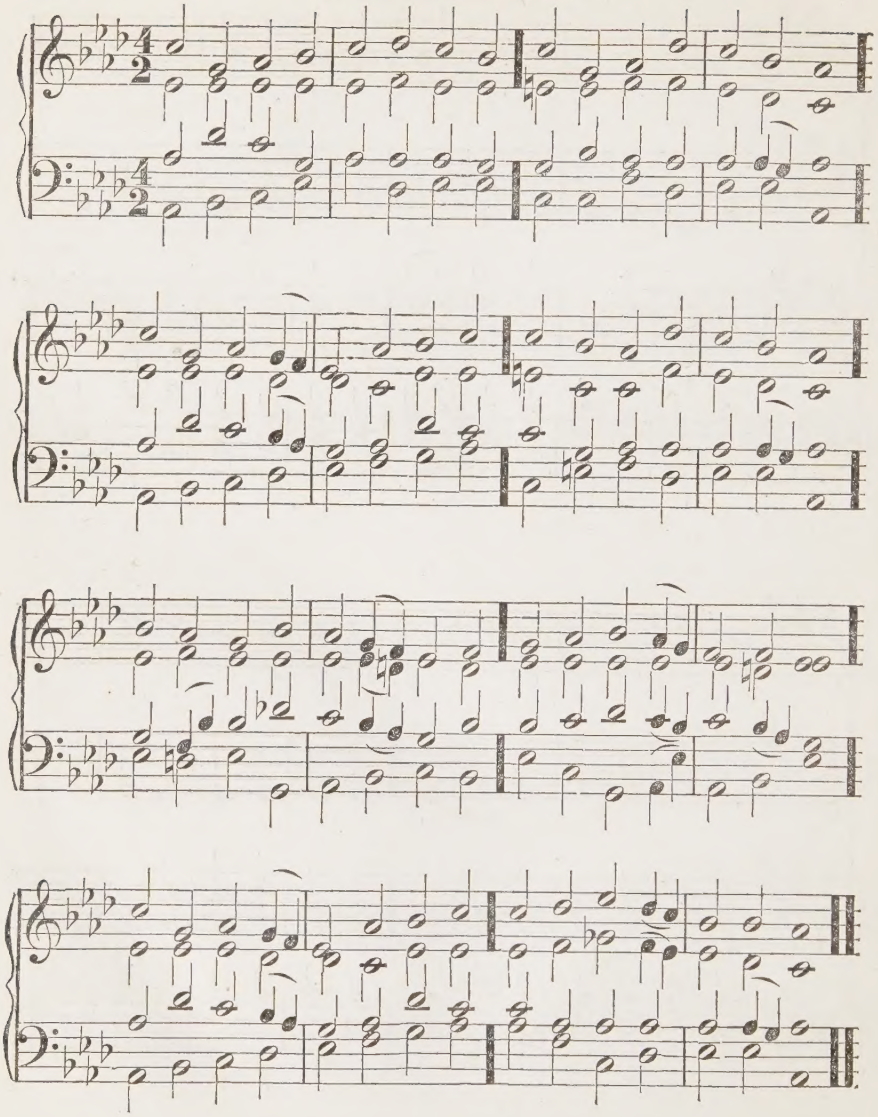


Praise to thy e - ter - nal merit, *Father, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit.*





LOVE. III. 3. Double.



SELECTION 70.

From Psalm 91.—Part II.

1 GOD shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

HYMN 18.

1 SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heav'nly home.

HYMN 150.

1 LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise,
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

CANTICLES,

FOR

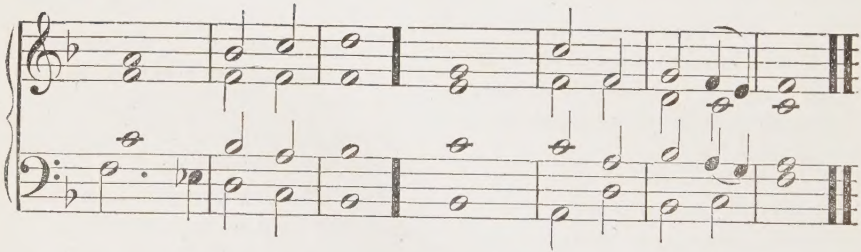
MOST OF THE CHURCH SEASONS;

BEING

HYMNS FROM HOLY SCRIPTURE.

CHRISTMAS.

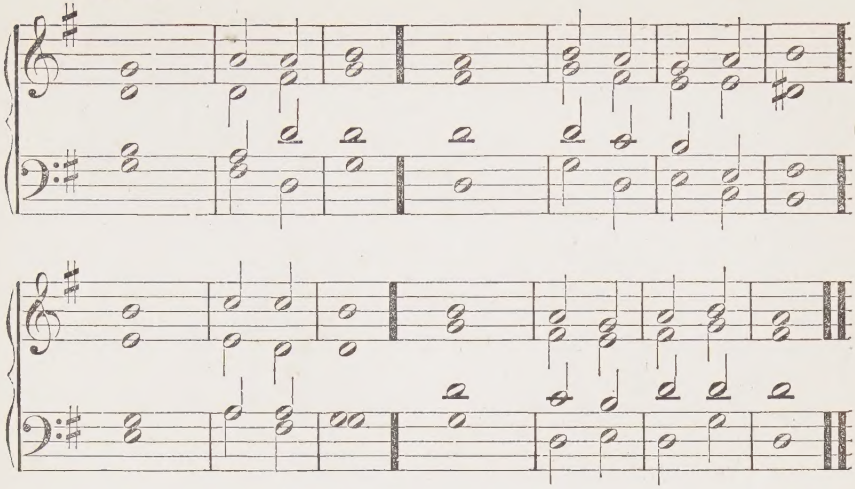
No. 66.



CANTICLE 32.—Isaiah 9:6, 7.

FOR unto us a | child is | born; || unto | us a | son is | given.
And the government shall be up | on his | shoulder, || and his | name— | shall be | called:
Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Ever | lasting | Father, || the | Prince — | of — | Peace.
Of the increase of his government and peace there shall | be no | end, || upon the throne of David | and up | on his | kingdom;
To order it and to establish it with judgment | and with | justice, || from | henceforth, | even for | ever.
The zeal of the | Lord of | Hosts || will | per— | form — | this.

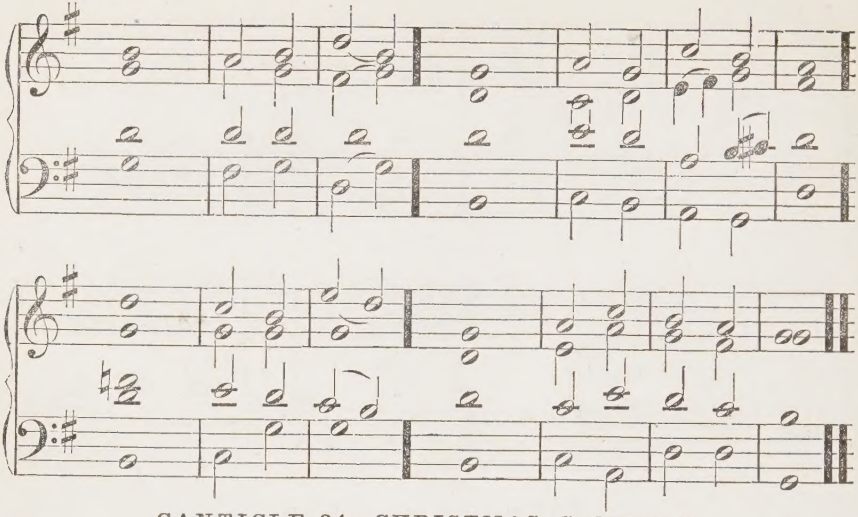
No. 67.



CANTICLE 33.—St. John 1.

IN the beginning | was the | Word, || and the Word was with God, | and the | Word was | God.
The same was in the be | ginning with | God: || all things were made by him; and without him was not any thing | made — | that was | made.
In | him was | life; || and the life | was the | light of | men.
And the light | shineth in | darkness; || and the darkness | compre | hended it | not;
That was the | true — | Light, || which lighteth every man that | cometh | into the | world.
He was in the world, and the world was | made by | him, || and the | world — | knew him | not.
He came | unto his | own, || and his | own re | ceived him | not.
But as many | as re | ceived him, || to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them | that be | lieve on his | name:
Which were born | not of | blood, || nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of | man, — | but of | God.
And the Word was made flesh, and | dwelt a | mong us; || and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, | full of | grace and | truth.
And of his fullness have all | we re | ceived; || and | grace — | for — | grace.
For the law was | given by | Moses; || but grace and truth | came by | Jesus | Christ.

No. 68.



CANTICLE 34.—CHRISTMAS CANTATE.

O SING unto the Lord a | new — | song; || Let the congre | gation of | saints — | praise him.

Let Israel rejoice in | Him that | made him; || and let the children of Zion be | joyful | in their | King.

In him the First | and the | Last; || the same yesterday, to | day, — | and for | ever.

The Angel | of the | Covenant; || the | An— | cient of | Days;

The Desire | of all | nations; || the Glory | of his | people | Israel;

The Root and | Offspring of | David; || the | Bright and | Morning | Star;

The | Son of | Mary; || the Only Begotten of the Father, | full of | grace and | truth;

The Day Spring | from on | high; || the Sun of Righteousness, risen with | healing | in his | wings;

The | Rose of | Sharon, || and the | Lily | of the | Valley;

The | Crown of | Glory; || the Diadem of | beauty un | to his | people;

The Author and Finisher | of our | Faith; || the Shepherd and | Bishop | of our | souls;

The Lamb slain from the foundation | of the | world; || High Priest for ever, after the | order | of Mel | chizedek;

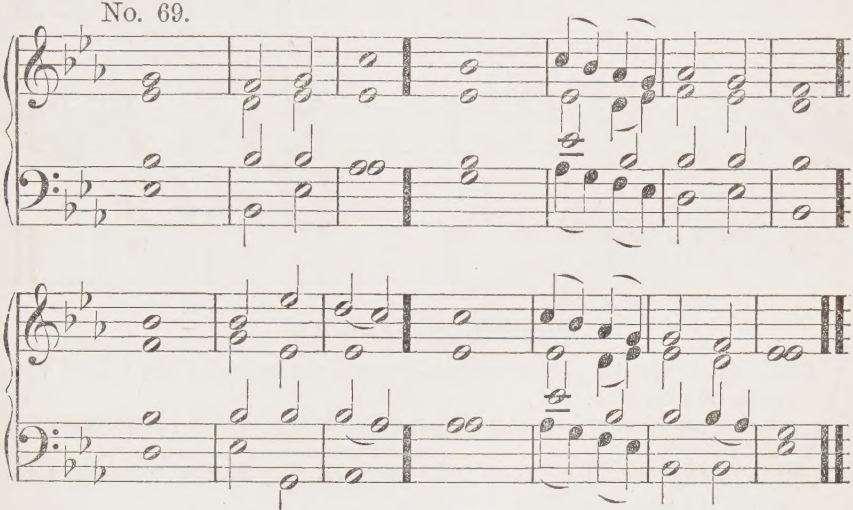
The Propitiation for the sins | of the | world; || the only Name under Heaven given among men where | by we | must be | saved;

The Prophet, | Priest, and | King; || the | Lord our | Righteous | ness;

The Judge of the | quick and the | dead; || He that hath the | keys of | Death and | Hell;
God manifest | in the | flesh; || Image | of the in | visible | God;
The Brightness of the | Father's | glory; || the express | Image | of his | person;
King of Kings, and | Lord of | Lords; || God over all, | blessed for | evermore.

N. B.—In the foregoing *Cantate* the first two and the last two verses should be sung *full*, the rest, *antiphonally;* that is, verse about by alternate bodies of voices. The antiphon is better expressed if each verse be divided, the second part responding to the first.

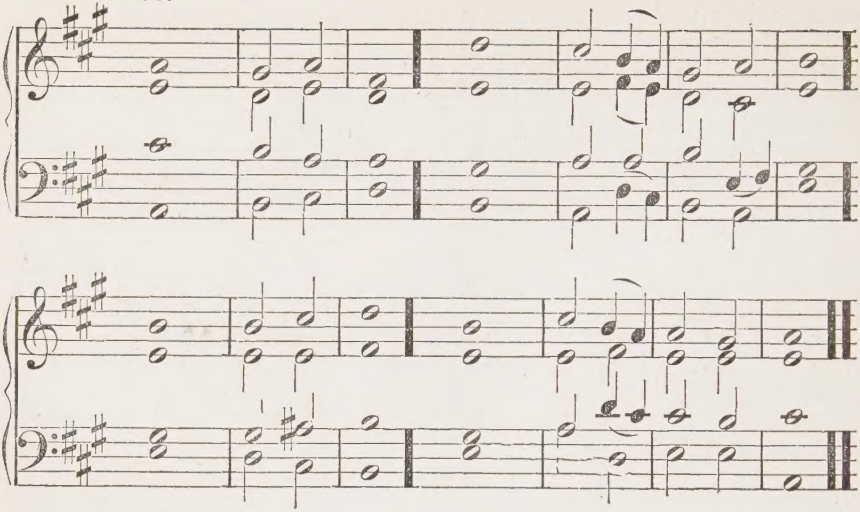
No. 69.



CANTICLE 35.—MAGNIFICAT.

MY soul doth magni | fy the | Lord; || and my spirit hath re | joiced in | God my | Saviour.
For he | hath re | garded || the lowli | ness of | his hand | maiden;
For behold, | from hence | forth || all gene | rations shall | call me | blessed.
For he that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy | is his | name; || and his mercy is on them that fear him, through | out all | gene | rations.
He hath shewed strength | with his | arm; || he hath scattered the proud in the imagi | nation | of their | hearts.
He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || and hath exalted the | humble | and the | meek.
He hath filled the hungry | with good | things, || and the rich he | hath sent | empty a | way.
He remembering his mercy hath holpen his | servant | Israel, || as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed, for | ever.

No. 70.



CANTICLE 36.—Isaiah 60.

ARISE, shine, for thy | light is | come; || and the glory of the | Lord is | risen up | on thee.

The gentiles shall come | to thy | light, || and kings to the | brightness | of thy | rising.

Lift up thine eyes round a |·bout and | see; || all they gather themselves together; | they — | come to | thee.

Thy sons shall | come from | far, || and thy daughters shall be | nursed | at thy | side.

Thy gates shall be | open con | tinually; || they shall not be | shut — | day nor | night;

That men may bring unto thee the forces | of the | gentiles; || and that their | kings — | may be | brought.

For the nation and kingdom that will not serve | thee shall | perish; || yea, those nations | shall be | utterly | wasted.

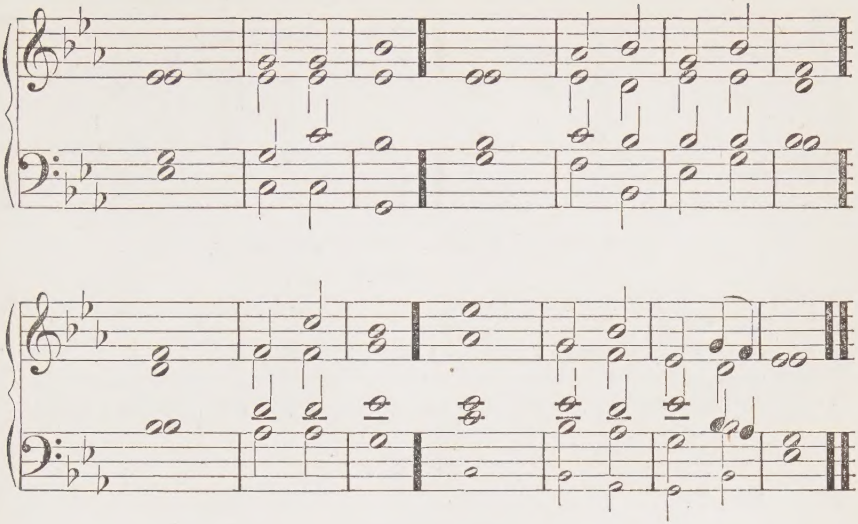
Violence shall no more be heard | in thy | land; || wasting nor destruction | with— | in thy | borders.

But thou shalt call thy | walls sal | vation, || and | thy — | gates — | praise.

The sun shall be no more thy | light by | day; || neither for brightness shall the | moon give | light unto | thee.

But the Lord shall be unto thee an ever | lasting | light; || and thy | God — | thy — | glory.

No. 71.



CANTICLE 37.—Isaiah 35.

THE wilderness and the solitary place | shall be | glad for them; || and the desert shall rejoice and | blossom | as the | rose.

It shall | blossom a | bundantly, || and rejoice | even with | joy and | singing.

The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of | Carmel and | Sharon; || they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the | excellency | of our | God.

Then the eyes of the blind | shall be | opened, || and the ears of the | deaf shall | be un | stopped.

Then shall the lame man | leap as an | hart; || and the | tongue of the | dumb — | sing.

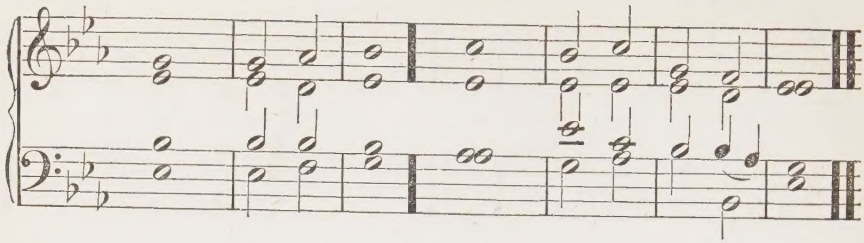
For in the wilderness shall | waters break | out, || and | streams — | in the | desert.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and | come to | Zion, || with songs and everlasting | joy up | on their | heads.

They shall obtain | joy and | gladness; || and sorrow and sighing | shall — | flee a | way.

EPIPHANY.

No. 72.



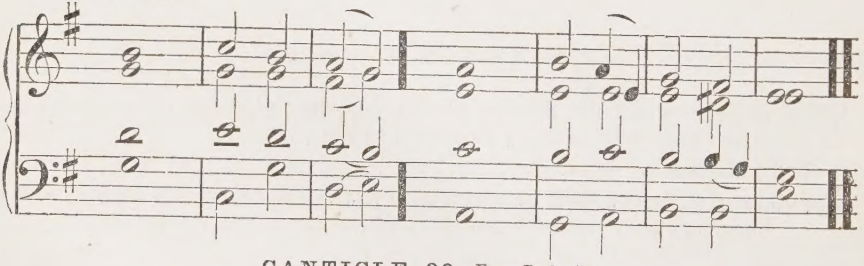
CANTICLE 38.—NUNC DIMITTIS.

From St. Luke 2.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de | part in | peace, || ac | cording | to thy | word:
For | mine — | eyes || have | seen — | thy sal | vation,
Which thou | hast pre | pared || before the | face of | all — | people;
A light to | lighten the | Gentiles, || and the glory | of thy | people | Israel.

LENT.

No. 73.

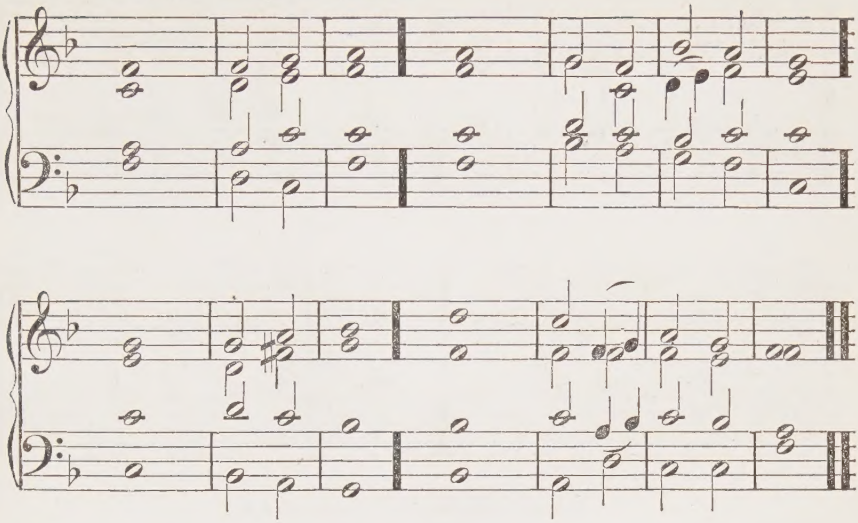


CANTICLE 39.—From Psalm 51.

TURN thy face | from my | sins, || and put out | all — | my mis | deeds.
Make me a clean | heart, O | God, || and renew a | right — | spirit with | in me.
Cast me not away | from thy | presence, || and take not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.
O give me the comfort of thy | help a | gain, || and stablish me | with thy | free — | Spirit.
For thou desirest no sacrifice, else would I | give it | thee; || but thou delight-est | not in | burnt — | offerings.
The sacrifice of God is a | troubled | spirit: || a broken and contrite heart, O God, | shalt thou | not de | spise.

No. 74.

Slow, both in the recitative and the cadence.



CANTICLE 40.—MISERERE MEI, DEUS.

From Psalm 51.

HAVE mercy upon me, | O — | God, || after | thy — | great — | goodness;

According to the multitude | of thy | mercies || do a | way — | mine of | fences.

Wash me thoroughly | from my | wickedness, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin.

For I ac | knowledge my | faults, || and my | sin is | ever be | fore me.

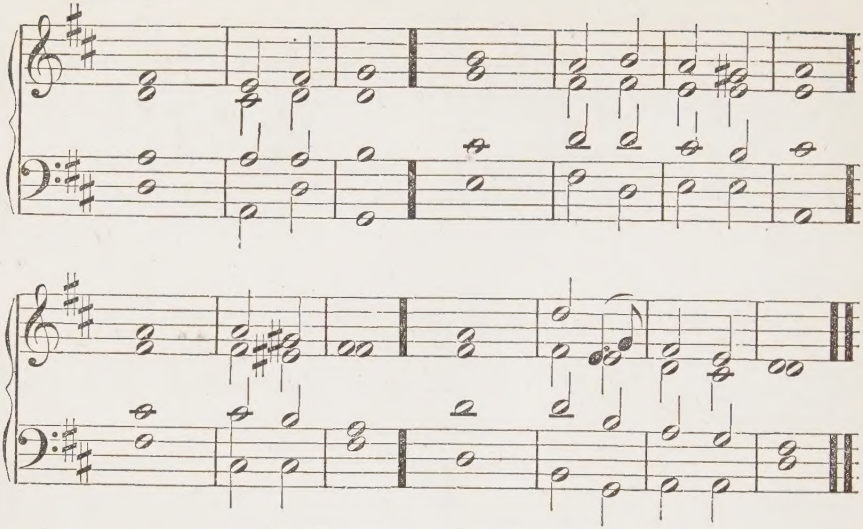
Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil | in thy | sight; || that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and | clear when | thou art | judged.

Behold, I was | shapen in | wickedness; || and in sin hath my | mother con | ceived | me.

But lo, thou requirest truth in the | inward | parts, || and shalt make me to understand | wisdom | secret | ly.

Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean; || thou shalt wash me, and I shall be | whi— | ter than | snow.

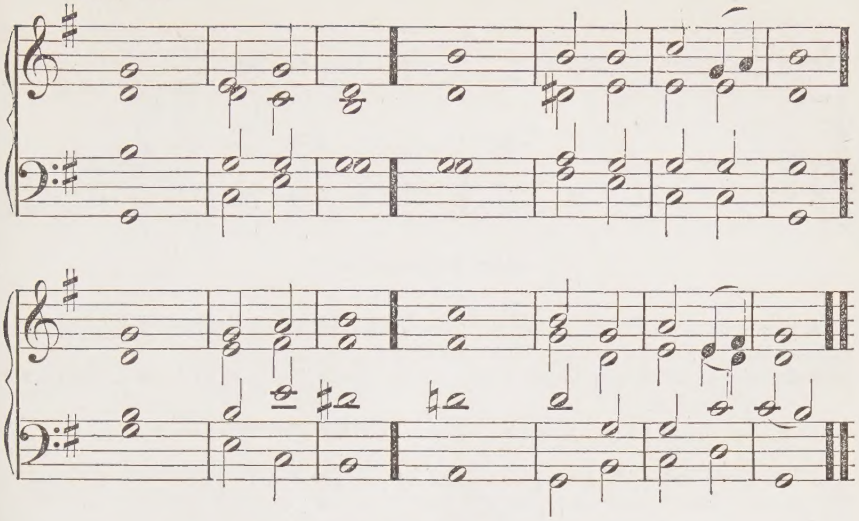
No. 75.



CANTICLE 41.—From Psalm 103.

THE Lord is full of com | passion and | mercy, || long-suffering, | and of | great — | goodness.
He will not | alway be | chiding; || neither keepeth | he his | anger for | ever.
He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins; || nor rewarded us according | to our | wicked | nesses.
For look how high the heaven is in comparison | of the | earth; || so great is his mercy also to | ward — | them that | fear him.
Look how wide also the east is | from the | west; || so far hath he | set our | sins — | from us.
Yea, like as a father pitieth his | own — | children; || even so is the Lord merciful | unto | them that | fear him.
For he knoweth where | of we are | made; || he remembereth | that we | are but | dust.
The days of man are | but as | grass; || for he flourisheth as a | flower | of the | field.
For as soon as the wind goeth over it, | it is | gone; || and the place there | of shall | know it no | more.
But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon | them that | fear him; || and his righteousness up | on — | children's | children;
Even upon such as | keep his | covenant, || and think upon his com | mandments | to — | do them.

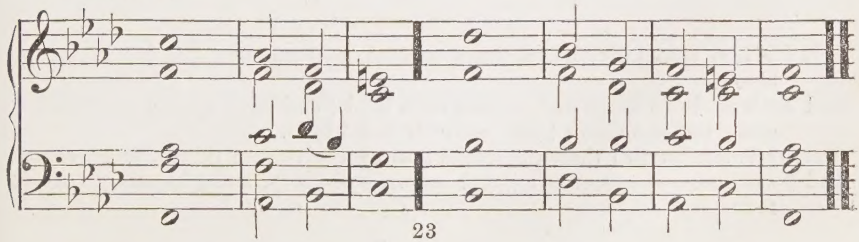
No. 76.



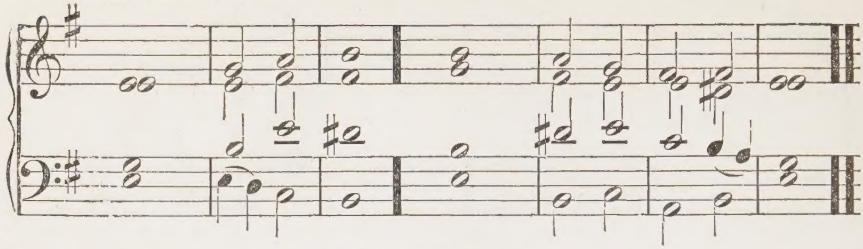
CANTICLE 42.—From Psalm 137.

BY the waters of Babylon we sat | down and | wept, || when we remembered | thee, — | O — | Sion.
As for our harps, we | hanged them | up || upon the | trees that | are there | in.
For they that led us away captive, required of us then a song, and melody | in our | heaviness: || Sing us one of the | songs — | of — | Sion.
How shall we sing the | Lord's — | song || in a | strange — | —— | land?
If I forget thee, | O Je | rusalem, || let my right | hand for | get her | cunning.
If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the | roof of my | mouth; || yea, if I prefer not Je | rusalem | in my | mirth.

No. 77.



No. 78.

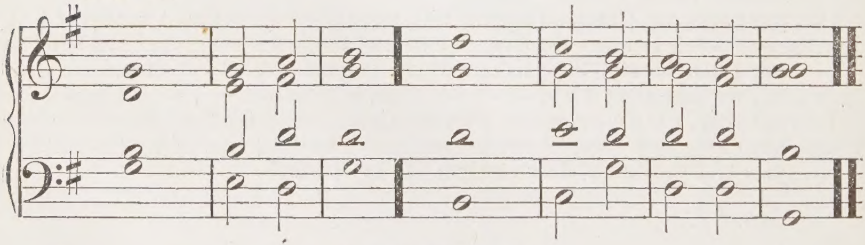


CANTICLE 43.

From Isaiah 53.

HE was wounded for | our trans | gressions, || he was | bruised for | our in | iquities:
The chastisement of our peace | was upon | him; || and with | his stripes | we are | healed.
All we like sheep have | gone a | stray; || we have turned every | one to | his own | way:
And the Lord hath | laid on | him || the in | iquity | of us | all.
He was oppressed, and he | was afflicted, || yet he | opened | not his | mouth.
He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her | shearers is | dumb, || so he | openeth | not his | mouth.

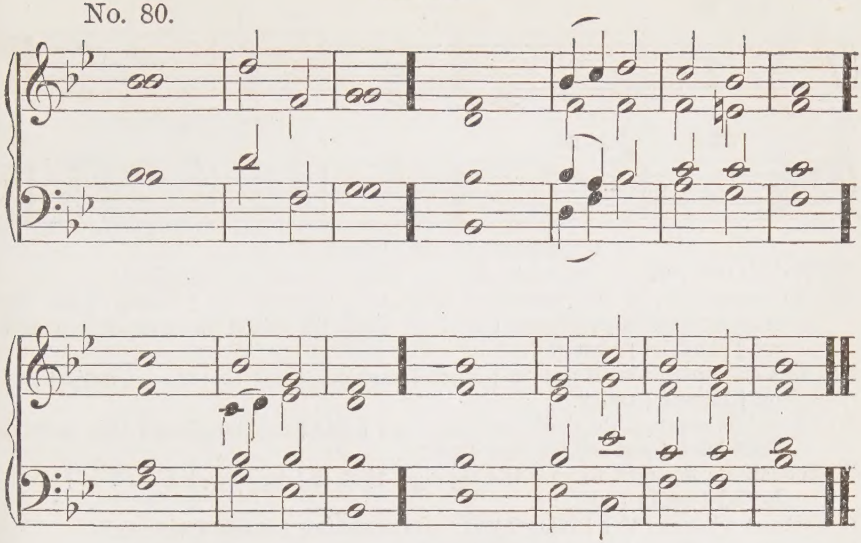
No. 79.



From Revelations 1 and 5.

UNTO him that | loved | us, || and washed us from our | sins in | his own | blood,
And hath made us kings and priests unto God | and his | Father; || to him be glory and dominion | for — | ever and | ever.
Worthy is the Lamb | that was | slain || to re | ceive — | power, and | riches,
And | wisdom, and | strength, || and honor, and glory, and | blessing. | A— | men

No. 80.



CANTICLE 44.

From Psalm 118.

THIS is the day which the | Lord hath | made; || we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

The Lord is my strength, | and my | song; || and is be | come — | my sal | vation.

The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings | of the | righteous; || the right hand of the Lord bringeth | mighty | things to | pass.

The right hand of the Lord | hath the pre | eminence; || the right hand of the Lord bringeth | mighty | things to | pass.

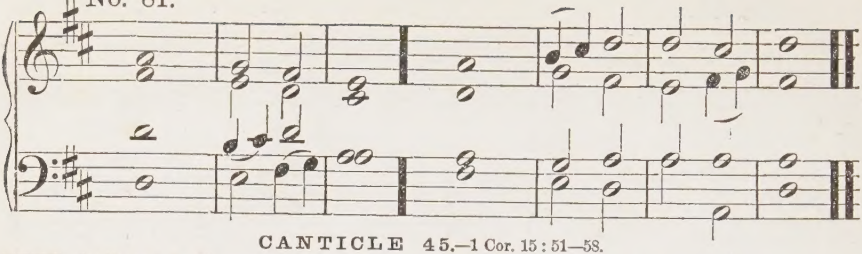
I shall not | die, but | live, || and declare the | works — | of the | Lord.

The same stone which the | builders re | fused, || is become the head | stone — | in the | corner.

This is the | Lord's | doing, || and it is | marvellous | in our | eyes.

This is the day which the | Lord hath | made; || we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

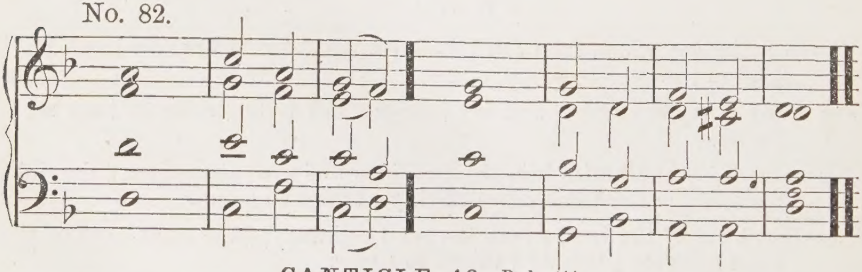
No. 81.



CANTICLE 45.—1 Cor. 15 : 51—58.

WE shall not | all — | sleep, || but we | shall — | all be | changed;
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, | at the last | trump: || for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, | and we | shall be | changed.
For this corruptible shall put on | incor | ruption, || and this mortal must | put on | immor | tality.
So when this corruptible shall have put on | incor | ruption, || and this mortal shall have | put on | immor | tality,
Then shall be brought to pass the saying | that is | written, || Death is | swallowed | up in | victory.
O death, | where is thy | sting? || O | grave, where | is thy | victory?
The sting of | death is | sin; || and the | strength of | sin is the | law.
But | thanks be to | God, || which giveth us the victory through our | Lord — | Jesus | Christ.

No. 82.

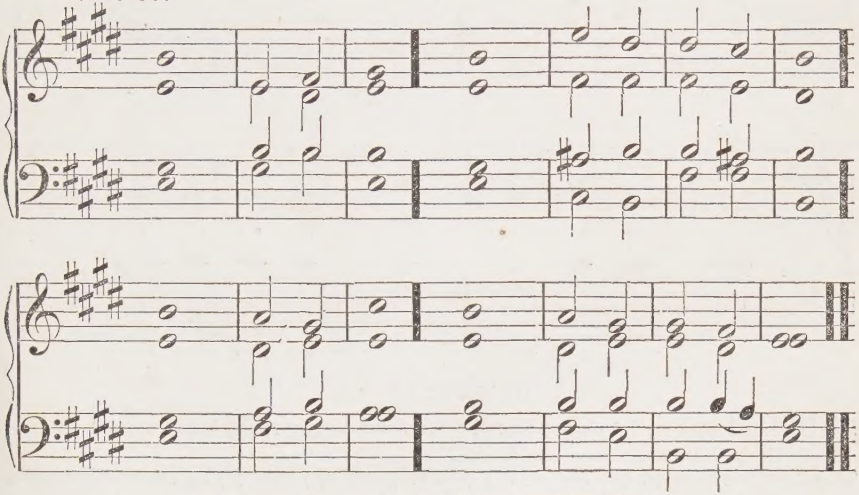


CANTICLE 46.—Psalm 114.

WHEN Israel came | out of | Egypt, || and the house of Jacob from a | mong the | strange — | people,
Judah | was his | sanctuary, || and | Israel | his do | minion.
The sea saw | that, and | fled; || Jordan | was — | driven | back.
The mountains | skipped like | rams, || and the | little hills | like young | sheep.
What aileth thee, O thou sea, | that thou | fleddest? || and thou, Jordan, that | thou wast | driven | back?
Ye mountains, that ye | skipped like | rams? || and ye | little hills, | like young | [sheep?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence | of the | Lord; || at the presence | of the | God of | Jacob;
Who turned the hard rock into a | standing | water, || and the flint-stone in | to a | springing | well.

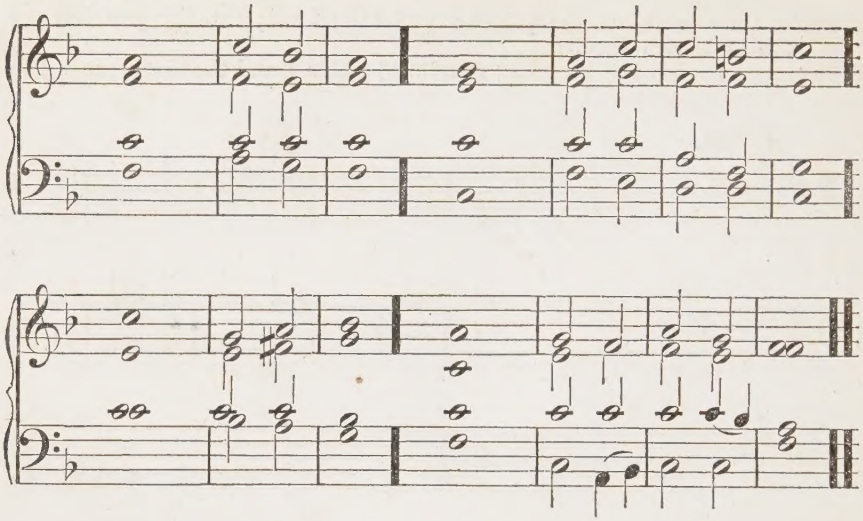
No. 83.



CANTICLE 47.—EASTER BENEDICTUS.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord | Jesus | Christ, || who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of | Jesus | Christ from the | dead,
To an inheritance incorruptible, and | unde | filed, || and that fadeth not away, re | served in | heaven for | us,
Who are kept by the power of God through faith un | to sal | vation, || ready to be revealed | in the | last — | time.
For our conversation | is in | heaven; || from whence also we look for the Saviour, the | Lord — | Jesus | Christ,
Who shall change our | vile — | body, || that it may be fashioned like unto his | own — | glorious | body,
According to the | mighty | working, || whereby he is able even to subdue | all things | unto him | self.
Blessing, glory, and honor, and power, unto him that liveth | and was | dead, || and is alive for evermore, and hath the | keys of | death and | hell;
Jesus Christ, the Resurrection | and the | Life; || the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. | Amen | and A | men.

No. 84.



CANTICLE 48.

THE Lord said un | to my | Lord, || Sit thou on my right hand until I | make thine | enemies thy | footstool.

The Lord shall send the rod of thy power | out of | Sion: || be thou ruler, even in the | midst a | mong thine | enemies.

The Lord sware, and will | not re | pent, || Thou art a Priest for ever after the | order | of Mel | chizedech.

Thou art gone up on high: thou hast led captivity captive, and received | gifts for | men; || yea, even for thine enemies, that the Lord | God might | dwell a | mong them.

Thou hast ascended far a | bove all | heavens, || that thou | mightest | fill — | all things.

Thou didst | humble thy | self, || and became obedient unto death, even the | death — | of the | cross.

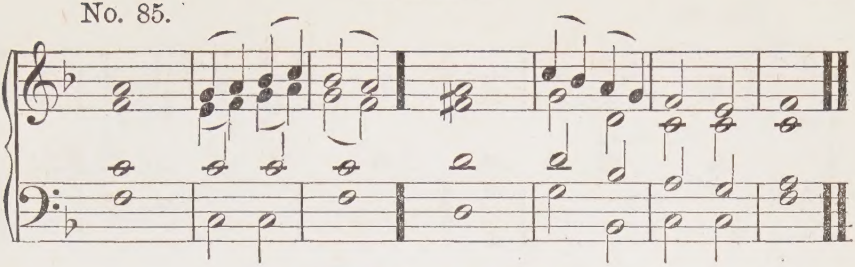
Wherefore God also hath highly ex | alted | thee, || and given thee a name which is a | bove — | every | name:

That at the name of Jesus every | knee should | bow, || of things in heaven, and things in earth, and | things — | under the | earth;

And that every tongue | should con | fess || that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the | glory of | God the | Father.

A | men, A | men, || Alle | luia, | A— | men.

No. 85.



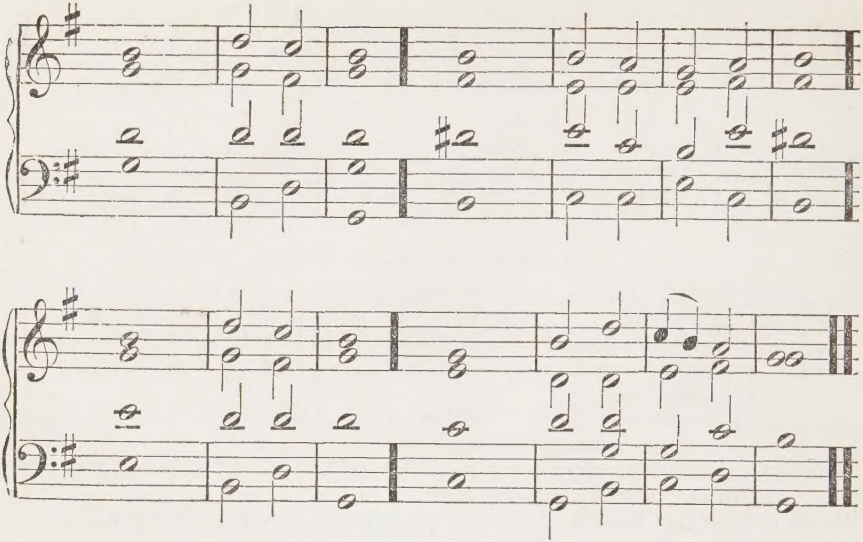
CANTICLE 49.—From Psalm 57.

SET up thyself, O God, a | bove the | heavens; || and thy | glory a | bove all the | earth.
My heart is fixed, O God, my | heart is | fixed; || I will | sing and | give— | praise.
Awake up, my glory; awake, | lute and | harp: || I my | self will a | wake right | early.
I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, a | mong the | people; || and I will sing unto | thee a | mong the | nations.
For the greatness of thy mercy reacheth un | to the | heavens, || and thy | truth un | to the | clouds.
Set up thyself, O God, a | bove the | heavens; || and thy | glory a | bove all the | earth.

CANTICLE 50.—Psalm 148. To Chant No. 88.

O PRAISE the | Lord of | heaven: || praise | — him | in the | height.
Praise him, all ye | angels of | his: || praise | — him, | all his | hosts.
Praise him, | sun and | moon: || praise him, | all ye | stars and | light.
Praise him, | all ye | heavens, || and ye waters that | are a | bove the | heavens.
Let them praise the | Name of the | Lord: || for he spake the word, and they were made; || he commanded, | and they | were cre | ated.
He hath made them fast for | ever and | ever: || he hath given them a law | which shall | not be | broken.
Praise the | Lord upon | earth, || ye | dragons, | and all | deeps:
Fire and hail, | snow and | vapors, || wind and | storm ful | filling his | word
Mountains | and all | hills; || fruitful | trees — | and all | cedars:
Beasts | and all | cattle; || worms | and — | feathered | fowls:
Kings of the earth, | and all | people; || princes, and all | judges | of the | world:
Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the | Name of the | Lord; || for his Name only is excellent, and his praise a | bove — | heaven and | earth.
He shall exalt the horn of his people: all his | saints shall | praise him; || even the children of Israel, even the | people that | serveth | him.

No. 86.



CANTICLE 51.

THERE is no condemnation now to them who are | in Christ | Jesus, || who walk not after the | flesh, but | after the | Spirit.

For the law of the Spirit of Life in | Christ — | Jesus || hath made us free from the | law of | sin and | death.

If the Spirit of Christ be in us, the body is dead be | cause of | sin; || but the Spirit is | life be | cause of | righteousness.

As many as are led by the | Spirit of | God, || they | are the | Sons of | God.

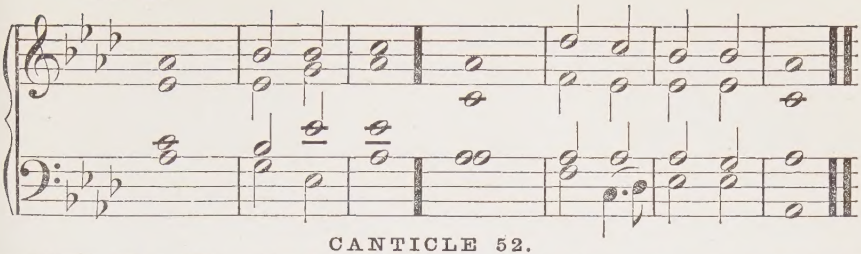
For we have not received the spirit of bondage a | gain to | fear; || but we have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we | cry, — | Abba, | Father.

The Spirit itself beareth witness | with our | spirit, || that we | are the | children of | God:

And if children, | then — | heirs; || heirs of God, and | joint — | heirs with | Christ:

That we may be | hold the | glory || which he had with the Father before the found | ation | of the | world.

No. 87.



CANTICLE 52.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord | God Al | mighty, || who was, and | is, and | is to | come.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and | honor, and | power, || for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they | are and | were cre | ated.

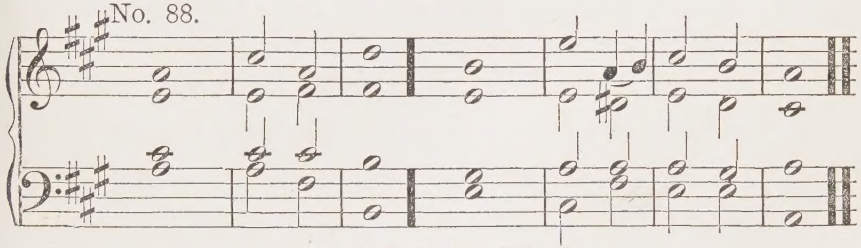
And worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive | power, and | riches, || and wisdom, and strength, and | honor, and | glory, and | blessing.

And let every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and | under the | earth, || and such as | are — | in them | say:

Blessing, and honor, and | glory, and | power, || be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and un | to the | Lamb for | ever.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord | God Al | mighty, || who was, and | is, and | is to | come.

No. 88.



CANTICLE 53.—Psalm 150.

O PRAISE God | in his | holiness: || praise him in the | firmament | of his | power.

Praise him in his | noble | acts: || praise him according | to his | excellent | greatness.

Praise him in the | sound of the | trumpet: || praise him up | on the | lute and | harp.

Praise him in the | cymbals and | dances: || praise him up | on the | strings and | pipe.

Praise him upon the | well-tuned | cymbals: || praise him up | on the | loud — cymbals.

Let every thing | that hath | breath || praise | —— | — the | Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

GLORY be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall | be, || world without | end. — | A— | men.

APPENDIX

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

FOR WHICH THERE WAS NO ROOM OPPOSITE
THE MUSIC.

SELECTION 2. C. M.

From Psalm 2.

ST. ANNS. PAGE 104.

1 THUS God declares his sovereign will:
"The King that I ordain,
Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
Shall there securely reign."

2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree:
"Thou art my Son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limit of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."

4 Learn, then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

5 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay:
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incensed by your delay.

6 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?
Then blest are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy Name.

SELECTION 7. C. M.

From Psalm 8.

ST. ANNS. PAGE 104.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 Oh, what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd with dignity and state
O'er all thy works to reign.

6 They jointly own his powerful sway;
The beasts that prey or graze;
The bird that wings its airy way;
The fish that cuts the seas.

7 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

SELECTION 9. C. M.

From Psalm 11.

FARRANT. PAGE 72.

1 THE Lord a holy temple hath,
And righteous throne, above;
Whence he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

2 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

3 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest shower;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

4 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favor grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

SELECTION 17. C. M.

From Psalm 22.—Part II.

WINDSOR. PAGE 130.

1 LIKE water is my life pour'd out,
My joints are out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

2 My strength is like a potsherd dried,
My tongue is parch'd with drought;
And to the dismal shades of death
My fainting soul is brought.

3 Like dogs, to compass me, my foes
In wicked council meet;
They pierced my inoffensive hands,
They pierced my harmless feet.

4 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of wo
As pastime they behold.

5 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast:
Therefore, O leave me not, my God,
But to my succor haste.

SELECTION 17. C. M.

From Psalm 22.—Part III.

LONDON. PAGE 82.

1 LORD, to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy Name;
In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim:

2 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Israel's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

3 "He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
To cast a gracious eye;
Nor turn'd from misery his face,
But hears its humble cry."

4 Thus in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

5 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

7 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er all mankind to reign;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

8 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their gen'rous patron bless.

9 With humble worship to his throne
They all for aid resort;
That power, which first their being gave,
Alone can them support.

10 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
Devoted to his Name,
To their adoring sons his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

* SELECTION 21. C. M

From Psalm 26.

ST. ANNS. PAGE 164.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I shall not fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.

2 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go;
Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence,
And thence thy wonders show.

3 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honor dwells.

SELECTION 26. S. M.

From Psalm 31.

PENTONVILLE. PAGE 328.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy Name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succor send;
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

4 My hope, my steadfast trust,
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

5 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

6 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

7 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy Name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

8 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue,
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

9 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

SELECTION 29. C. M.

From Psalm 34.—Part II.

FARRANT. PAGE 72.

1 APPROACH, ye children of the Lord,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.

2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace, where 'tis begun;
And where 'tis lost, renew.

4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favorable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries;

5 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their evil name.

6 Deliverance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

7 Great troubles may afflict the just,
Yet God will save them still;
The righteous he will keep from harm,
And guard from every ill.

8 The wicked, from their wickedness,
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

9 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

SELECTION 45. C. M.

From Psalm 55.

DUNDEE. PAGE 68.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 My heart is pain'd: the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread;
While fearful tremblings seize my breast,
And horrors o'erwhelm my head.

3 And thus I breathe my heavy sigh
To him who hears above:
"O that my soul on wings could fly,
And emulate the dove!

4 "Swift I'd escape, and flee afar
Some secret place to find,
Hide from the world's distracting care,
And rest my weary mind:

5 "I'd wing my everlasting flight,
Bidding the world farewell,
From sin and strife, to realms of light,
Where peace and quiet dwell."

6 Thus will I call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

SELECTION 56. C. M.

From Psalm 72.

NOTTINGHAM. PAGE 100.

1 LO! hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness:

2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around:
The happy land shall every where
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succor cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of his glorious Name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his Name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

SELECTION 71. C. M.

From Psalm 92.

MEAR PAGE 90.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

4 For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

5 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
How deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No careless sinner sees.

6 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-lived splendor must
For ever pass away.

7 But thou, my God, art still most high;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelmed with woes.

8 But righteous men, like rising palms,
Shall grow and flourish still;
Thy flock shall spread, like cedars choice,
On Lebanon's high hill.

9 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigor and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

10 Thus will the Lord his justice show;
And God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

SELECTION 87. C. M.

From Psalm 107.—Part II.

MEAR. PAGE 90.

1 THY wondrous power, Almighty Lord,
That rules the boist'rous sea,
The bold adventurers record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
While they astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Dismay'd they climb the watery hills,
Dismay'd they plunge again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
He calms the fierce tempestuous skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

5 Rejoicing, they forget their fears,
They see the storm allay'd:
The wish'd-for haven now appears;
There, let their vows be paid!

6 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those who see his wondrous ways,
His wondrous love record!

SELECTION 93. C. M.

From Psalm 115.

BEDFORD. PAGE 46.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the Heathen cry, "Where's now
The God whom ye adore?"
Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontroll'd thy power.

3 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your help and shield;
Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

4 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

5 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, e'en all
Who his great Name confess.

6 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring:
Thrice happy you, who favorites are
Of this almighty King.

7 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat designed;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.

8 They who in death and silence sleep,
To him no praise afford;
But we will bless for evermore
Our ever-living Lord.

SELECTION 96. C. M.

From Psalm 118.

CHRISTMAS. PAGE 60.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favors ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

2 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

3 Far better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.

4 The Lord has been my help; the praise
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my strength,
He only claims my songs.

5 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

6 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honor won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

7 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days;
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.

8 When God had sorely me chastised,
Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life reprieved.

9 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

10 Within those gates of God's abode,
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe
Thy holy Name I'll bless.

11 That which the builders once refused
Is now the corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

12 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now
And make us still rejoice."

13 Him that approaches in God's name
Let all th' assembly bless;
"We that belong to God's own house,
Have wish'd you good success."

14 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horns with cords
The chosen victim bind.

15 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy Name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

16 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

SELECTION 97. C. M.

From Psalm 119.—Part II.

BEDFORD. PAGE 46.

1 HOW shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

2 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succor pray;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray!

3 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succor me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.

4 Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy Name;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

5 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
To others have declared
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.

6 Whilst in the way of thy commands,
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crown'd.

7 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind;
And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st
Entire respect shall find.

8 To keep thy statutes undefaced
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

SELECTION 97. C. M.

From Psalm 119.—Part X.

BEDFORD. PAGE 46.

1 TO me, who am the workmanship
Of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.

2 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.

3 That right thy judgments are, I now
By sure experience see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

4 O let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made!

5 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live:
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.

SELECTION 97. C. M.

From Psalm 119.—Part XV.

ARLINGTON. PAGE 40.

1 DECEITFUL thoughts and practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be express'd.

3 My hiding-place, my refuge-tower,
And shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

3 Away from me, ye wicked men,
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.

4 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose on thee.

SELECTION 97. C. M.

From Psalm 119.—Part XX.

DUNDEE. PAGE 68.

1 CONSIDER my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

2 Defend my cause, and me to save
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

3 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.

4 Since great thy tender mercies are,
To all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.

5 Consider, O my gracious God,
How I thy precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above!

6 As from the birth of time thy truth
Has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm
To endless ages last.

SELECTION 97.

From Psalm 119.—Part XXII.

SWANWICK. PAGE 116.

1 TO my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.

2 Let my repeated prayer at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

3 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

4 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound;
For thy commands are right, thy laws
With truth and justice crown'd.

5 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd
My heart's free choice have made.

6 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heavenly laws, afford.

7 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice, from the depths of woe,
My fainting soul shall raise.

8 Though like a sheep that's lost I've stray'd,
And from thy ways declined,
Do thou, O Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

HYMN 4. C. M.

ARLINGTON. PAGE 40.

1 LET heaven arise, let earth appear,
Proclaim'd th' Eternal Lord:
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.

2 But formless was the earth, and void;
Dark, sluggish, and confused;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffus'd.

3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light:"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scatter'd ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fix'd the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow;
They left the solid land:
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

6 Above, he form'd the stars; and placed
Two greater orbs of light;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth:
Some form'd within the wat'ry deep,
Some from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honor'd man, was made;
His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
With innocence array'd.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
God his creation view'd;
And, pleased with all that he had made,
Pronounced it "very good."

HYMN 47. C. M.

ARLINGTON. PAGE 40.

1 THE race that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed;
Th' oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

HYMN 106. C. M.

ARLINGTON. PAGE 40

1 ON Sion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright:

2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendors, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom:

4 But ah, our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 *Thou*, who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile:
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

HYMN 110. II. 4.

DARWELL. PAGE 260.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

Children.

1 COME let our voices join,
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise:

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The book of life divine;
Where our Redeemer's love,
And brightest glories shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls,
Our wandering feet are brought;
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

Congregation.

To God alone your offerings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive;
Lord, here accept our hearts,
'Tis all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crown'd with meet success;
May thousands yet unborn,
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 116. C. M.

BURLINGTON. PAGE 56.

1 RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite, my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 118. L. M.

STONEFIELD. PAGE 190.

1 GOD of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious power ador'd
Among the watery nations, Lord:
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves.

HYMN 121. L. M.

HAMBURG. PAGE 178.

1 WHEN dangers, woes, or death are nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when heaven ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restored the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favors still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

11 O, if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122. C. M.

ARLINGTON. PAGE 40.

1 WHEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 134. C. M.

BRATTLE STREET. PAGE 52.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind,
When with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

HYMN 191.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark, they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite;
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears:
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly:
O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting?

GLORIA PATRI.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

II. 1.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suff'ring saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

ETERNAL praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confess'd,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit bless'd,
Eternal, Three in One.

II. 7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore
By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

BY all on earth and all in heaven,
Be everlasting glory given,
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
Ere time had yet its course begun:
And was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

III. 1.

HOLY Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be!

III. 2.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

TO the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipp'd, still shall be.

III. 5.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One,

IV. 1.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd,
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 3.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 4.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be address'd,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV. 5.

ALL glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 *and* 185.

TO the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit ever bless'd,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be address'd:
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

When used to Hymn 185, *in line* 6, *read,*

As was throughout the ages past.

COME, let us adore Him; come, bow at his feet;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

INDEX TO SELECTIONS.

Selection	Page
1	109
2 Appendix	364
3	73
4	123
5	85
6	229
7 Appendix	364
omit v. 5, 6.	105
8	61
9 Appendix	364
10	55
11	173
12	123
13	37
14* Part I.	141
Part II	195
15 Part I.	97
Part II	99
16	213
omit v. 3	225
17 Part I.	131
Part II Appendix	364
Part III Appendix	365
18	69
19 v. 1—6	81
*v. 7—10	101
20	213
*v. 4—8	217
21 *Appendix	365
22	79
23	109
24	189
25	119
26 Appendix	365
v. 1—4	237
27	171
28 Part I.	59
Part II	47
29 Part I.	115
Part II Appendix	366
30	145
31 Part I.	245
Part II	245
Part III	245
32	125
33	131
34	185
35	51
36*	77
37	264
38	141
39	97
40	243
41	199
42	65
43 Part I.	249
Part II	243
44	209
45 Appendix	366
46	77
47	187
48	135
49	247
50 Part I.	191
Part I alternate	189
Part II	143
51 Part I.	97
Part II	63
52*	236
53	187
54 Part I.	205
Part II	177
55	85
56 Appendix	366
Omit v. 4—8	101
57	179
58	59
59	307
60	111
61	185
62	119
63	41
v. 1, 2, 4	65
64 v. 1—4	55
v. 5—8	63
65	107
66	253
67	173
68	165
Alternate	189
69 Part I	103
Part II	107
70 Part I	247
Part II	301
Alternate	343
71	367
v. 1—4	127
72*	191
Alternate	207
73 Part I.	103
Part II	77
74	151
Alternate	203
75	335
76	149
77	121
78	91
79*	175

Selection	Page
80 Part I	51
Part II	37
Part III	91
81	147
v. 1, 2, 4, 5, 13	169
82*	217
83 Part I	143
Part II	141
84	253
85	129
86	151
87 Part I	287
Part II Appendix	367
88	59
89	247
90	163
Alternate	177
91	179
92	249
93 Appendix	368
94	81
95	129
96 Appendix	368
Omit v. 3, 7, 8, 13—15	61
97 Part I	109
Part II Appendix	369
Part III	103
Part IV	67
Part V	73
Part VI	127
Part VII	49
Part VIII	93
Part IX Appendix	49
Omit v. 4	49
Part X Appendix	369
Part XI	51
Part XII	117
Part XIII	123
Part XIV	117
Part XV Appendix	369
Part XVI	113
Part XVII	111
Part XVIII	75
Part XIX	75
Part XX Appendix	370
Part XXI	75
Part XXII Appendix	370
98	115
99*	91
100	63
101	101
102	79
103	85
104	229
Alternate	233
105	283
106	65
107	45
108	85
109	83
110	263
111	173
112	43
113	139
v. 1—4, 12	161
114	49
115	67
116	169
117 Part I	121
Part II	83
118	301
119	43
120	249
121 Part I	93
Part II	197
122	261
123	309
124	191
Alternate	203

INDEX TO HYMNS.

Hymn	Page
1	117
2	99
3	41
4 Appendix	370
5	241
6	239
7	325
8	197
Alternate	167
9	257
10	53
11	281
12	47
13	233
14	201
15*	181
16	132
*Alternate	119
17*	129
18	295
Alternate	343
19	49
20	89
21	71
22	281
23*	225
24	215
25	217
26*	105
27*	231
28	241
29	165
Alternate	177
30	259
31	105
32*	211
33	135
34	253
35	259
36	183
37	137
Alternate	206
38	287
39	157
40	305
41*	59
42	299
43*	111
44	129
45	285
46	321
47 Appendix	371
48	133
49	55
50	155
51	71
52	219
53	265
54	267
55	63
56	273
Alternate	337
57	159
58	69
59	89
60	159
61	303
62	205
63	131
64	55
65	125
66	159
67	169
68*	119
69	288
70	147
71	73
72	137
73*	199
74	69
75*	39
76	93
77*	175
Alternate	149
78	159
79	261
80	113
81	298
82	201
83	291
Alternate	293
84	57
85	143
Alternate	203
86	294
87	223
88	221
89*	155
90*	47
91	39
92	45
93*	47
94*	179
95	115
96	141
97*	163
98	201
99	163

Hymn	Page
100	157
101	175
102*	151
103	175
104*	175
105	239
106 Appendix	371
107	269
Alternate	333
108	173
109	310
110 Appendix	371
111	281
112	87
113	135
114	87
115	87
116 Appendix	372
117	305
118	372
119	317
120	79
121 Appendix	372
122 Appendix	373
123	135
124	125
125	113
126	113
127	205
128	273
129	279
130	253
131*	235
132	71
133	95
134 Appendix	373
135*	161
136	205
137	161
138	51
139	291
Alternate	293
140	193
141	105
142	73
143	275
Alternate	337
144	309
145	319
Alternate	331
146	283
147*	127
148	43
149	225
150	285
Alternate	343
151	279
152	323
153	312
154*	149
155	277
156*	71
157	171
158	89
159	255
160	251
161	183
162	255
163	169
164*	167
165	137
166	45
167	281
Alternate	287
168*	153
169	155
170	127
171	223
172	289
173	311
174	39
175	171
176	227
177	297
178	183
179	235
180*	61
181	95
182	95
183	287
184	53
185	319
186*	145
187	315
188	131
189	89
190	229
191 Appendix	373
192	125
193	233
194	271
195	279
196	215
197	57
198	87
199	39
Alternate	324
200	57
Alternate	325
201	285
Alternate	337
202	115
203*	297
204*	45
205	197
206	37
207	83
208	329
209	99
210	221
211	279
212*	65
Come, Holy Ghost, etc	339
Come, let us adore Him	313

INDEX TO CANTICLES.

Canticle	Page
Venite Exultemus	3
" "	5
Gloria in Excelsis	6
" "	7
Te Deum Laudamus	9
Benedicite	10
Jubilate	13
Benedictus	15
Communion Service, Gloria	16
" " "	34
" " Sanctus	16
" " Trisagion	17
Cantate Domino	19
Bonum est Confiteri	21
Deus Misereatur	23
Benedic Anima Mea	25
Christmas Day—instead of Venite	26
Ash-Wednesday, "	27
Good-Friday, "	27
Easter Day, "	28
Ascension Day, "	28
Whit-Sunday, "	29
Thanksgiving Day, "	30
Institution of Ministers "	30
Burial of the Dead. "Man that is born," etc	31
" " " "Lord, let me know my end"	33
Gloria Patri	34
1. Psalm 36	145
2. " 139	153
3. " 48	157
4. " 85	181
5. " 57	187
6. " 43	193
7. " 146	195
8. " 47	199
9. " 84	211
10. " 134	215
11. Isaiah 52: 7, 8, 9, 10	219
12. 1 John 3	221
13. Psalm 121	223
14. 1 John 4: 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 21	231
15. St. Matt. 11: 28—30. Rev. 22: 17	235
16. Psalm 148	239
17. " 46	243
18. Rom. 8: 31—35, 37—39	251
19. Psalm 23	257
20. Isaiah 55: 12, 13	267
21. Psalm 72	269
22. " 97	271
23. " 130	275
24. " 150	277
25. " 19	283
26. 1 Chron. 29: 10, 11, 12	297
27. Isaiah 61: 1, 2, 3	303
28. Psalm 77	307
29. " 73 and 16	315
30. From Ephesians 1, 2, 3	319
31. Psalm 98	323
32. Isaiah 9: 6, 7	344
33. From St. John 1	345
34. Christmas Cantate	346
35. Magnificat	347
36. Isaiah 60	348
37. Isaiah 35	349
38. Nunc Dimittis	350
39. From Psalm 51	350
40. Miserere	351
41. From Psalm 103	352
42. From Psalm 137	353
43. From Isaiah 53 / From Rev. 1 and 5	354
44. From Psalm 118	355
45. 1 Cor. 15: 51—58	356
46. From Psalm 114	356
47. Easter Benedictus	357
48. "The Lord said unto my Lord"	358
49. From Psalm 57	359
50. " " 148	359
51. There is no condemnation	360
52. Holy, Holy, Holy Lord	361
53. Psalm 150	361
Gloria Patri	362

INDEX TO TUNES.

C. M.

Tune	Page
Abridge. J. Smith	36
Alexandria	38
Arlington. Dr. Arne	40
Ashley	132
Asylum	42
Balerma. Old Scotch Air	44
Bedford. Wheal	46
Belgrave. Wm. Horseley, Mus. D.	48
Benediction. Handel	50
Brattle Street. Pleyel	52
Burford. Purcell	54
Burlington. J. Burrowes	56
Chesterfield	58
Christmas. Handel	60
Colchester. Bexley	62
Coventry	64
Dantzig. From the German	66
Dundee. Scotch Psalmody	68
Eckardtsheim. Zeuner	70
Eden. Haydn	324
Expectation. Bp. Hopkins	133
Farrant. R. Farrant	72
Gregorian. Arr. by W. H. Walters	74
Havana. Dr. Harrington	76
Irish	78
Jubal. J. A. Johnson. Arr. by W. H. Walters	80
London. Dr. Croft	82
Manchester. Dr. Wainwright, of Eng.	84
Martyrdom. R. Gamble	86
Martyrs	88
Mear	90
Medway	92
Naomi	94
Newton	96
Norton. Handel	98
Nottingham. Dr. J. Clark	100
Ravenscroft. T. Ravenscroft, 1623	102
St. Ann's. Dr. Croft	104
St. Anthony. Psalms of the Church	106
St. James'	108
St. Martin's. Tansur	110
St. Mary's. Dr. Blow	112
St. Stephen's. Jones	114
Swanwick. Lucas	116
Tiverton. Grigg	118
Tottenham. Greatorex	120
Vulpius. Vulpius	122
Walsal. Purcell	124
Warwick. Stanley	126
Williams	128
Windsor. Kirby	130

L. M.

Tune	Page
Alfreton. Wm. Beastal	134
All Saints	136
Almin. Arr. by C. Kocher	138
Angel's Hymn. O. Gibbons	140
Atlantic. G. Oates	142
Bowen. Haydn	144
Chisholm	146
Chorale, from Mendelssohn Arr. by Appelles	148
Duke Street. J. Hatton	150
Evening Hymn. Tallis. Nat. Lyre	152
German Air	154
Grace Church	156
Hamburg. L. Mason. By permission	158
Invocation. Arr. by J. Cornell	160
Luton. C. Burder	162
Meineke. Meineke	164
Morning Hymn. Horsely	166
Mozart. Mozart	168
Nazareth. S. Webbe	170
Novello. V. Novello	172
Old Hundred	174
Old St. George's. Stanley. Nat. Lyre	176
Playford	178
Portuguese Hymn, "Adeste Fideles"	180
Praise. Mendelssohn	182
Rockingham. Dr. Miller	184
Samson. Handel	186
Sebastian. J A. Johnson. Arr. by W. H. W.	188
Spring. Haydn	325
Stonefield. Stanley	190
St. Paul's. Dr. Greene	192
St. Peter's. Harwood	194
Stratford. Dr. Elvey	196
Thurston. C. W. Beames	206
Truro. Dr. Burney	198
Veni Creator	339
Vexilla Regis. Old "plain song"	207
Wells. J. Holdroyd	200
Winchester. Dr. Croft	202
Windham. David Read	204

S. M.

Tune Page
Aylesbury. Dr. Greene 208
Bankfield 210
Boyce. Dr. Boyce 212
Cambridge. Walter's arrangement 326
Chautry. Wm. Horsely, Mus. D. 214
Croydon 236
Handel. Handel 216
Haydn. Haydn 218
Howland 220
Marshall 222
Mt. Calvary. C. W. Beames 237
Paddington 327
Pentonville 328
Silver Street 224
St. Agnes. J. Howard 226
St. Bride's. Dr. Howard 228
St. Thomas. Williams 230
Supplication. J. A. Johnson 232
Utica. C. Zeuner 234

II. 1.

Clinton. Arr. by J. Howard 238
Harwood. Harwood 240
Treves. German Choral. Nat. Lyre 329

II. 2.

Consolation. J. A. Johnson 242
Martin's Lane. Dr. Arne 244
Newcourt. H. Bond 246
St. Helen's 248

II. 3.

Bach. Bach 330
Cary's. H. Cary 250
Eaton 252
Salisbury. Haydn 254
St. Barnabas. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr. 256

II. 4.

Ascension. J. A. Johnson 258
Darwell. Darwell 260
St. Philips. Levesque 262

II. 5.

Calcott. Dr. Calcott 264
Russian Hymn. Lovoff 265

II. 6.

Ambrose 336
Augustine 332
Epiphany. Wm. H. Walter 266
Romaine. Arr. by J. Howard 268

II. 7.

Judgment Hymn. M. Luther 270

II. 8.

Redemption. Beethoven 334

III. 1.

Tune Page
Austria. Mozart 338
Benevento. Webbe 272
Hotham. Dr. Madan 274
Lauda Zion 276
Maccabeus. Handel 288
Norwich. L. Mason, by permission 278
Nuremburg. Bach 280
Pleyel's Hymn. Pleyel 282
Potsdam 340
Rapture. Haydn 284
Tucker. Psalms of the Church 341
Vespers. C. M. Von Weber 289
Weldon. J. Weldon 286

III. 2.

Theodora. Handel 290
Treichel. Rev. Dr. Bedell, (Phila.) 292

III. 3.

Dependance. J. Howard 294
Frederick. F. A. Muhlenberg 295
Love. J. A. Johnson 342
Majesty. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr. 296
Pilgrim. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr. 298
Sicilian Hymn 299
Trust. Mendelssohn. Nat. Lyre 300

III. 4.

Bozra. Jas. A. Johnson 302

III. 5.

Haydn's Hymn. Haydn 304

IV. 1.

Lyon's. Haydn 310
Mountain. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr. 306
St. Michael's. Handel 308

IV. 2.

Devotion 311

IV. 3.

Jubilate 312

IV. 4.

Adoration 313
Barker 314

IV. 5.

Scotland. Dr. Clark 316

PECULIAR METRES.

Amsterdam 318
Avison. Avison 320
Beethoven. Joy Symph. Arr. by C. W. Beames 331
Judah. Arranged by J. Cornell 322

INDEX TO CHANTS.

Chant		Page
1.	Lord Mornington. Daily Service	2
2.	John Robinson. Westminster Col.	2
3.	Tallis. West. Col.	3
4.	From Bird's 100 Chants	3
5.	Lord Mornington	4
6.		4
7.	Alcock. Bird's 100 Chants	5
8.	Gregorian. Howard	5
9.		6
10.		7
11.	Spohr	8
12.	Gregorian	8
13.	Arr. by J. Howard	10
14.	Dupuis. Arr. by J. Howard	12
15.	Dr. Aldrich	12
16.	Dr. Nares	13
17.	Woodward	13
18.	Gregorian	13
19.	Rev. G. Heathcote	14
20.	Dr. Crotch	14
21.	R. Farrant, 1560	15
22.	Mendelssohn. Arr. by J. Howard	15
23.	Gregorian	15
24.	Dr. Beckwith. Arr. by J. Howard	18
25.	Dupuis	18
26.	Rev. W. Seton, 1740	19
27.	Gregorian	19
28.	Dr. Randall	20
29.	Rev. G. Henley	20
30.	Taylor	21
31.		21
32.	Gregorian	21
33.	Dr. Hayes	22
34.	W. Wild	22
35.	Gibbons	23
36.	Gregorian	23
37.	Dupuis	24
38.		24
39.	J. Travers, 1730	25
40.	Gregorian	25
41.		31
42.	W. Morley, 1590	32
43.	T. Purcell, 1668	32
44.		32
45.		34
46.		145
47.	Charles King	157
48.	Ayrton	181
49.		193
50.	Bird	211
51.	Dr. Nares }	215
52.	} From 100 Chants by Bird	219
53.	} From 100 Chants by Bird	221
54.	} From 100 Chants by Bird	223
55.	Travers	231
56.	Dr. Aldrich	235
57.		257
58.		267
59.	Rev. W. Felton	275
60.	Rev. W. Felton	277
61.		283
62.	Gregorian	297
63.		303
64.	Gregorian	307
65.		315
66.	Rev. W. Felton	344
67.	Gregorian	345
68.		346
69.		347
70.	Dupuis	348
71.	Gregorian	349
72.		350
73.	Gregorian	350
74.	Langdon	351
75.	Soaper	352
76.		353
77.	Mendelssohn. Arr. by Howard	353
78.		354
79.	R. Farrant	354
80.		355
81.	From Bird's 100 Chants	356
82.	Gregorian	356
83.	Dr. Hayes	367
84.	Fitzherbert	358
85.		359
86.		360
87.	Dr. Turner	361
88.	V. Novello	361
	Sanctus. Camidge	16
	Trisagion. R. Taylor	17

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF PSALMS.

	Selec.	Part	Page
According to thy promised grace	97	7	49
Adored forever be the Lord.....	23		109
Approach, ye children of the Lord	29	2	366
As pants the hart for cooling....	36		77
As pants the wearied hart for....	37		264
Attend, my people; Israel hear..	43	2	243
Be gracious to thy servant, Lord.	97	3	103
Blessed is the man whom thou, O	73	2	77
Bless God, my soul; thou, Lord.	83	1	143
Bless God, ye servants, that.....	108		85
But who thine anger's dread	69	2	107
Consider my affliction, Lord.....	97	20	370
Consider that the righteous man.	4		123
Deceitful thoughts and practices.	97	15	369
Defend me, Lord, from shame....	26		365
	v. 1–4		237
Forever and forever, Lord	97	12	117
For thee, O God! our constant ..	50	1	191
From lowest depths of wo.....	104		229
	Alternate,		233
Give ear, thou Judge of all the..	45		366
God is our refuge in distress.....	40		243
God, my King, thy might.....	118		301
God of my life, O Lord most high	67		173
God shall arise, and Sion view ..	80	2	37
God shall charge his angel legions	70	2	301 / 343
God's perfect law converts the ..	15	2	99
God's temple crowns the holy...	66		253
Had not the Lord, may Israel say	100		63
Happy the man whose tender...	35		51
Have mercy, Lord, on me	44		209
Hear, O my people, to my law ..	60		111
He's blest whose sins have pardon	27		171
He that has God his guardian...	70	1	247
How blessed are they who always	97	1	109
How blest is he who ne'er.....	1		109
How good and pleasant must it be	71		367
	v. 1–4		127
How long wilt thou forget me...	10		55
How manifold thy works, O Lord	84		252
How shall the young preserve...	97	2	366
How various, Lord, thy works are	83	2	141
How vast must their advantage .	107		45
I'll praise my Maker with my ...	120		249
In mercy, not in wrath.....	6		229
In my distress to God I cried ...	25		119
Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord.	97	5	73
In thee I put my steadfast trust..	55		85
I waited meekly for the Lord....	34		185
Jehovah reigns, let all the earth.	76		149
Jehovah reigns, let therefore all .	78		91
Jehovah speaks: swift from the .	121	2	197
Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths	21		365
Let all the just to God, with joy.	28	1	59
Let all the lands, with shouts of.	51	1	97
Let me with light and truth be:.	38		141
Like water is my life pour'd out .	17	2	364
Lo, hills and mountains shall....	56		366
Omit v. 4–8			101
Lord, forever at thy side	105		283
Lord, from thy unexhausted store	50	2	143
Lord, hear my prayer, and to my.	115		67
Lord, in thy sight, O let my.....	114		49
Lord, let me know my term of ..	33		131
Lord, not to us, we claim no share	93		368
Lord, though at times surprised by	46		77
Lord, to my brethren I'll declare	17	3	365
Lord, what's in man that thou...	116		169
Lord, who's the happy man that.	12		123
Magnify Jehovah's name.....	87	1	287
May Jacob's God defend	16		213
Mine eyes, alas, begin to fail....	97	16	113
My God, my God, why leav'st...	17	1	131
My grateful soul shall bless the..	13		37
My offerings to God's house I'll..	51	2	63
My soul, for help on God rely...	48		135
My soul, howe'er distressed and..	54	2	177
My soul, inspired with sacred love	81		147
My soul, oppressed with deadly..	97	4	67
My soul with grateful thoughts of	94		81
My soul with long expectance ..	97	11	51

	Selec.	Part	Page
No change of time shall ever...	14	1	141
O all ye people, clap your hands.	41		199
O bless the Lord, my soul.....	82		217
O come, loud anthems let us sing	74		151
	Alternate,		203
O God, my gracious God, to thee	49		247
O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent	47		187
O God, my heart is fully bent...	88		59
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord	63		41
	v. 1, 2, 4		65
O God our Saviour, all our hearts	64 v. 1–4		55
	v. 5–8		63
O Lord, my God, my portion thou	97	8	93
O Lord, the Saviour and defence.	69	1	103
O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope	30		145
O praise the Lord, and thou, my.	119		43
O praise the Lord, for he is good.	96		368
	Omit v. 3, 7, 8, 13–15		61
O praise the Lord in that blest ..	124		191
	Alternate,		203
O praise the Lord with hymns of	121	1	93
O praise the Lord with one.....	109		83
O praise ye the Lord	123		309
O render thanks, and bless the...	85		129
O render thanks to God above...	86		151
O Thou, whom heavenly hosts...	61		185
O Thou, to whom all creatures...	7		364
	Omit v. 5 and 6		105
O 'twas a joyful sound to hear...	99		91
O with due reverence let us all..	106		65
Praise ye the Lord; our God to .	90		163
	Alternate,		177
Regard my words, O gracious God	5		85
Save me, O God, from waves that	54	1	205
Say ye, the Lord shall not regard	73	1	103
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	75		335
Sing to the Lord a new-made song	77		121
That man is blessed who stands.	91		179
Thee I will bless, my God and...	117	1	121
The good man's way is God's....	31	2	245
The heavens declare thy glory...	15	1	97
The Lord a holy temple hath....	9		364
The Lord does them support that	117	2	83
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty	43	1	249
The Lord himself, the mighty....	18		69
The Lord looked down from	11		173
The Lord, the only God, is great.	42		65
The Lord unto my Lord thus....	89		247
The love that to thy laws I bear.	97	13	123
The man is blest that fears the...	103		85
The name of our God.....	59		307
The servants of Jehovah's will..	53		187
The spacious earth is all the Lord's	19 v.1–6		81
	v. 7–10		101
The strong foundations of the...	80	3	91
The wicked I in power have seen	31	3	245
The wonders which thy laws....	97	17	111
Thine is the cheerful day, O Lord	58		59
Thou art the righteous Judge, in	97	18	75
Though wicked men grow rich or	31		245
Thou, gracious God, art my.....	3		73
Thou, Lord, by strictest search..	113		139
Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy.....	14	2	195
Through all the changing scenes.	29	1	115
Thus God declares his sovereign.	2		364
Thy chast'ning wrath, O Lord...	32		125
Thy constant blessing, Lord.....	97	6	127
Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my..	68		165
Thy presence, Lord, hath me....	57		179
Thy sacred word, my joyful.....	97	21	75
Thy wondrous power, Almighty.	87	2	367
Thy word is to my feet a lamp...	97	14	117
To bless thy chosen race.....	52		236
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord..	8		61
To God, in whom I trust.....	20		213
	v. 4–8		217
To God, our never-failing strength	62		119
To God, the mighty Lord.....	110		263
To me, who am the workmanship	97	10	369
To my complaint, O Lord my God	65		107
To my request and earnest cry...	97	22	370
To Sion's hill I lift my eyes	98		115
We build with fruitless cost, unless	102		79
Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees	28	2	47
When I pour out my soul in prayer	80	1	51
When we, our weary limbs to rest	111		173
While I the King's loud praise ..	39		97
Whom should I fear, since God..	22		79
Who place on Sion's God their ..	101		101
With cheerful notes let all the...	95		129
With glory clad, with strength..	72		191 / 207
With me, thy servant, thou hast.	97	9	49
With my whole heart, my God ..	112		43
With my whole heart to God I..	97	19	75
With one consent let all the earth	79		175
Ye boundless realms of joy.....	122		261
Ye saints and servants of the...	92		249
Ye that in might and power excel	24		189

A TABLE OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	Hymn	Page
A charge to keep I have	179	235
Ah, how shall fallen man	13	233
Alas, what hourly dangers rise!	58	69
All glorious God, what hymns of praise	15	181
Almighty Father, bless the word	39	157
Almighty Lord, before thy throne	80	113
Although the vine its fruit deny	208	329
And are we now brought near to God	95	115
And wilt thou, O eternal God	101	175
And will the Judge descend?	193	233
Another six days' work is done	33	135
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	133	95
Arise, my soul, with rapture rise!	165	137
As, panting in the sultry beam	159	255
As, when the weary traveller gains	186	145
As o'er the past my memory strays	51	71
As the sweet flower that scents the morn	127	205
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	164	167
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	180	61
Awake, ye saints, awake	30	259
Before Jehovah's awful throne	154	149
Begin, my soul, the exalted lay	5	241
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth	153	312
Be still, my heart, these anxious cares	157	171
Bless'd be thou, the God of Israel	203	297
Blest is the man whose softening heart	115	87
Blest is the tie that binds	27	231
Behold the Saviour of mankind	63	131
Children of the heavenly King	146	283
Christ from the dead is raised, and made	71	73
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	69	288
Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come	74	69
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	75	39
Come let our voices join	110	371
Come, Lord, and warm each languid	198	87
Come, ye that love the Lord	149	225
Deluded souls, that dream of heaven	142	73
Disown'd of heaven, by man oppress'd	108	173
Dread Jehovah, God of nations!	81	298
Eternal source of every joy!	8	197
Alternate		167
Faith is the Christian's evidence	140	193
Far from my thoughts, vain world,	36	183
Father of all, whose love profound	78	159
Father of mercies, bow thine ear	100	157
Father of mercies! in thy word	2	99
Father, to thee my soul I lift	21	71
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	156	71
Few are thy days, and full of wo	188	131
Fountain of mercy, God of love	84	57
From all that dwell below the skies	103	175
From Greenland's icy mountains	107	269
Alternate		333
From whence these direful omens round	65	125
Glory to thee, my God, this night	168	153
Glory to the Father give	111	281
God moves in a mysterious way	12	47
God of the seas, thine awful voice	118	372
God of our Fathers, by whose hand	202	115
Go forth, ye heralds, in my name	97	163
"Go, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord	98	201
Grace! 'tis a charming sound!	23	225
Great first of beings! mighty Lord	3	41
Great God, this sacred day of thine	34	253
Great God, to thee my evening song	169	155
Great God, what do I see and hear?	194	271
Great God, with wonder and with praise	1	117
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	177	297
Hail, thou long-expected Jesus	42	299
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	54	267
Hark! from the tombs a mournful sound	189	89

	Hymn	Page
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour.....	41	59
Hark! the herald angels sing.....	45	285
Hasten sinner to be wise;.....	129	279
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan.	159	89
Hear what the voice from heaven.....	124	125
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies!....	72	137
He's come, let every knee be bent.....	76	93
Heirs of unending life.....	210	221
High on the bending willows hung....	67	169
How beauteous are thy feet.....	52	219
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the	144	309
How long shall earth's alluring toys...	197	57
How helpless guilty nature lies.....	20	89
How oft, alas! this wretched heart....	59	89
How short the race our friend has run..	126	113
How wondrous and great.....	109	310
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	25	217
In loud exalted strains.....	35	259
Inspirer and hearer of prayer.....	173	311
I would not live alway; I ask not to..	187	315
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	175	171
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	176	227
Jesus, Saviour of my soul.....	143	275
Alternate		337
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	102	151
Joy is a fruit that will not grow.....	148	43
Let heaven arise, let earth appear.....	4	370
Let worldly minds the world pursue...	174	39
Like Noah's weary dove.....	24	215
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing.....	40	305
Lord, for the just thou dost provide....	120	79
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see.....	113	135
Lord, my God, I long to know.....	151	279
Lord of life, all praise excelling.....	117	305
Lord, unafflicted, undismay'd.....	161	183
Lo! what a cloud of witnesses.....	212	65
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise....	150	285
Alternate		343
Mercy, descending from above.....	114	87
My God, and is thy table spread?.....	94	179
My God, permit me not to be.....	57	159
My God, since thou hast raised me up.	123	135
My grateful soul, for ever praise.....	19	49
My opening eyes with rapture see.....	37	137
Alternate		206
My Saviour hanging on the tree.....	64	55
Not to the terrors of the Lord.....	26	105
Now from the altar of our hearts.....	170	127
Now may the God of grace and power	82	201
Now the shades of night are gone.....	167	281
Alternate		287
O'er mountain-tops the mount of God..	55	63
O happy day, that stays my choice....	89	155
O happy is the man who hears.....	204	45
Oh! for a closer walk with God.....	182	95
O holy, holy, holy Lord.....	77	175
Alternate		149
Oh, that my load of sin were gone!...	137	161
O, in the morn of life, when youth....	92	45
O let triumphant faith dispel.....	141	105
On Zion, and on Lebanon.....	106	371
O Spirit of the living God.....	104	175
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry..	135	161
O thou, to whose all-searching sight...	60	159
Our Lord is risen from the dead.....	73	199
O, where shall rest be found!.....	196	215
Peace troubled soul, whose plaintive...	130	253
Praise to God, immortal praise.....	83	291
Alternate		293
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.....	134	373
Rich are the joys which cannot die....	116	372
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial.....	53	265
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings..	145	319
Alternate		331
Rise, O my soul, the hours review.....	138	51
Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....	139	291
Alternate		293
Salvation doth to God belong.....	85	143
Alternate		203
Salvation! O the joyful sound.....	16	132
Alternate		119
Saviour, source of every blessing.....	18	295
Alternate		343
Saviour, when in dust, to thee.....	56	272
Alternate		337
Saviour, when night involves the skies	163	169
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding.....	86	294
See, in the vineyard of the Lord.....	49	55
Seek, my soul, the narrow gate.....	195	279
Should nature's charms, to please the..	200	57
Alternate		325
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing.	46	321
Since Christ our Passover is slain.....	68	119
Since I've known a Saviour's name....	185	319
Sing, my soul, His wondrous love.....	22	281
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep,.....	211	279
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?... ...	128	273

	Hymn	Page
Softly now the light of day	172	289
Soldiers of Christ, arise	88	221
Songs of praise the angels sang	155	277
Stay, thou insulted Spirit stay	136	205
Sov'reign Ruler of the skies	11	281
The day is past and gone;	171	223
The gentle Saviour calls	87	223
The God of Abraham praise	152	323
The God of life, whose constant care	50	155
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	9	257
The Lord will happiness divine	181	95
The mighty flood that rolls	190	229
The morning flowers display their	205	197
The race that long in darkness pined	47	371
There is a land of pure delight	199	39
Alternate		324
The Saviour, when to heaven he rose	99	163
The spacious firmament on high	7	325
The Spirit, in our hearts	131	235
This is the day the Lord hath made	31	105
Thou art the way, to thee alone	209	99
Though I should seek to wash me clean	14	201
Thou, God, all glory, honor, power	93	47
Thus speaks the High and Lofty One	207	83
Time hastens on; ye longing saints	48	133
'Tis finished; so the Saviour cried	66	159
'Tis my happiness below	183	287
To Jesus, our exalted Lord	96	141
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	17	129
To thee let my first offerings rise	166	45
To thy temple I repair	38	287
Triumphant Sion! lift thy head	29	165
Alternate		177
Vital spark of heavenly flame!	191	373
We give immortal praise	79	261
Welcome, sweet day of rest	32	211
When all thy mercies, O my God	10	53
When dangers, woes, or death are nigh	121	372
When gathering clouds around I view	160	251
Whene'er the angry passions rise	178	183
When I can read my title clear	147	127
When I survey the wondrous cross	62	205
When Jesus left his heavenly throne	112	87
When, Lord, to this our western land	105	229
When, rising from the bed of death	192	125
When, streaming from the eastern skies	162	255
When those we love are snatched away	125	113
When through the torn sail the wild	119	317
When we are raised from deep distress	122	373
While angels thus, O Lord, rejoice	44	129
While shepherds watched their flocks	43	111
While thee I seek, protecting Power	184	53
With joy shall I behold the day	28	241
Witness, ye men and angels, now	90	49
Who are these in bright array	201	285
Alternate		337
Who is this that comes from Edom	61	303
Why mournest thou, my anxious soul	206	37
Ye faithful souls who Jesus know	70	147
Ye fields of light, celestial plains	6	239
Ye humble souls, approach your God	132	71
Youth, when devoted to the Lord	91	39

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF CHANTS.

	Page
ARISE, shine	348
Behold, now praise the Lord	215
Behold, what manner of love	221
Beloved, let us love one another	231
Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ	319, 357
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	15
Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel	297
Blessed is he whose unrighteousness is forgiven	27
By the waters of Babylon	353
Christ our Passover	28
Come unto me all ye that are weary	235
For unto us a child is born	344
For ye shall go out with joy	267
Give the King thy judgments	269
Glory be to God on high	6, 7
Glory be to thee O Lord	16, 34
Glory be to the Father	34
God be merciful unto us	23
God is our hope and strength	243
Have mercy upon me	351
He was wounded	354
Holy, holy, holy, Lord	16, 361
How beautiful upon the mountains	219
If God be for us	251
In the beginning was the Word	345
It is a good thing to give thanks	21
I will declare the decree	29
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills	223
I will remember the works of the Lord	307
Lift up your heads	28
Lord, thou art become gracious	181
Lord, let me know my end	33
Lord, now lettest thou thy servant	350
Man that is born of a woman	31
My God, my God, look	27
My soul doth magnify the Lord	347
O all ye works of the Lord	10
O be joyful in the Lord	13
O clap your hands together	199
O come let us sing unto the Lord	3, 5
O how amiable are thy dwellings	211
O Lord, thou hast searched	153
O praise God in his holiness	277, 361
O praise the Lord, laud ye	30
O praise the Lord of Heaven	359, 239
O send out thy light and thy truth	193
O sing unto the Lord a new song	19
O sing unto the Lord a new song: Let the congregation	346
Out of the deep	275
Praise the Lord, O my soul	25
Praise the Lord, O my soul: while I live, will I praise	195
Praise ye the Lord	30
Set up thyself, O God, above the heavens	187, 359
The law of the Lord	283
The Lord is full of compassion	352
The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel	323
The Lord is King, the earth may be glad	271
The Lord is my Shepherd	257
The Lord said unto my Lord	358
Therefore with angels	17
There is no condemnation now	360
The Spirit of the Lord	303
The wilderness and the solitary place	349
This is the day	355
Thy mercy, O Lord	145
Thy seat, O God, endureth	26
Turn thy face	350
Unto Him that loved us	354
We praise thee, O God	9
We wait for thy loving kindness	157
We shall not all sleep	356
When Israel came	356
Whom have I in heaven	315

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF TUNES.

		Page
Abridge,	C. M.	36
Adoration,	IV. 4.	313
Alexandria,	C. M.	38
Alfreton,	L. M.	134
All Saints,	L. M.	136
Almin,	L. M.	138
Ambrose,	II. 6.	336
Amsterdam	P. M.	318
Angels' Hymn,	L. M.	140
Arlington,	C. M.	40
Ascension,	II. 4.	258
Ashley,	C. M.	132
Asylum,	C. M.	42
Atlantic,	L. M.	142
Augustine,	II. 6.	332
Austria,	III. 1.	338
Avison,	P. M.	320
Aylesbury,	S. M.	208
Bach,	II. 3.	330
Balerma,	C. M.	44
Bankfield,	S. M.	210
Barker,	IV. 4.	314
Bedford,	C. M.	46
Beethoven,	P. M.	331
Belgrave,	C. M.	48
Benediction,	C. M.	50
Benevento,	III. 1.	272
Bowen,	L. M.	144
Boyce,	S. M.	212
Bozra,	III. 4.	302
Brattle Street,	C. M.	52
Burford,	C. M.	54
Burlington,	C. M.	56
Calcott,	II. 5.	264
Cambridge,	S. M.	326
Cary's,	II. 3.	250
Chautry,	S. M.	214
Chesterfield,	C. M.	58
Chisholm,	L. M.	146
Chorale,	L. M.	148
Christmas,	C. M.	60
Clinton,	II. 1.	238
Colchester,	C. M.	62
Consolation,	II. 2.	242
Coventry,	C. M.	64
Croydon,	S. M.	236
Dantzic,	C. M.	66
Darwell,	II. 4.	260
Dependance,	III. 3.	294
Devotion,	IV. 2.	311
Duke Street,	L. M.	150
Dundee,	C. M.	68
Eaton,	II. 3.	252
Eckardtsheim,	C. M.	70
Eden,	C. M.	324
Epiphany,	II. 6.	266
Evening Hymn,	L. M.	152
Expectation,	C. M.	133
Farrant,	C. M.	72
Frederick,	III. 3.	295
German Air,	L. M.	154
Grace Church,	L. M.	156
Gregorian,	C. M.	74
Hamburgh,	L. M.	158
Handel,	S. M.	216
Haydn,	S. M.	218
Haydn's Hymn,	III. 5.	304
Haywood,	II. 1	240
Havana,	C. M.	76
Hotham,	III. 1.	274
Howland,	S. M.	220
Invocation,	L. M.	160
Irish,	C. M.	78
Jubal,	C. M.	80
Jubilate,	IV. 3.	312
Judah,	P. M.	322
Judgment Hymn,	II. 7.	270
Lauda Zion,	III. 1.	276
London,	C. M.	82
Love,	III. 3.	342
Luton,	L. M.	162
Lyons,	IV. 1.	310
Maccabeus,	III. 1.	288
Majesty,	III. 3.	296
Manchester,	C. M.	84
Marshall,	S. M.	222
Martin's Lane,	II. 2.	144
Martyrdom,	C. M.	86
Martyrs,	C. M.	88
Mear,	C. M.	90
Medway,	C. M.	92
Meineke,	L. M.	164
Morning Hymn,	L. M.	166
Mountain,	IV. 1.	306
Mount Calvary,	S. M.	237
Mozart,	L. M.	168
Naomi,	C. M.	94
Nazareth,	L. M.	170
Newcourt,	II. 2.	246

		Page
Newton,	C. M.	96
Norton,	C. M.	98
Norwich,	III. 1.	278
Nottingham,	C. M.	100
Novello,	L. M.	172
Nuremburg,	III. 1.	280
Old Hundred,	L. M.	174
Old St. George's	L. M.	176
Paddington,	S. M.	327
Pentonville,	S. M.	328
Pilgrim,	III. 3.	298
Playford,	L. M.	178
Pleyel's Hymn,	III. 1.	282
Portuguese Hymn,	L. M.	180
Potsdam,	III. 1.	340
Praise,	L. M.	182
Rapture,	III. 1.	284
Ravenscroft,	C. M.	102
Redemption,	II. 8.	334
Rockingham,	L. M.	184
Romaine,	II. 6.	268
Russian Hymn,	II. 5.	265
Salisbury,	II. 3.	254
Samson,	L. M.	186
Scotland,	IV. 5.	316
Sebastian,	L. M.	188
Sicilian Hymn,	III. 3.	299
Silver Street,	S. M.	224
Spring.,	L. M.	325
Stonefield,	L. M.	190
St. Agnes,	S. M.	226
St. Ann's,	C. M.	104
St. Anthony,	C. M.	106
St. Barnabas,	II. 3.	256
St. Bride's,	S. M.	228
St. Helen's,	II. 2.	248
St. James',	C. M.	108
St. Martin's,	C. M.	110
St. Mary's,	C. M.	112
St. Michael's,	IV. 1.	308
St. Paul's,	L. M.	192
St. Peter's,	L. M.	194
St. Philip's,	II. 4.	262
St. Stephen's,	C. M.	114
St. Thomas,	S. M.	230
Stratford,	L. M.	196
Supplication,	S. M.	232
Swanwick,	C. M.	116
Theodora,	III. 2.	290
Thurston,	L. M.	206
Tiverton	C. M.	118
Tottenham,	C. M.	120
Treichel,	III. 2.	292
Treves,	II. 1.	329
Truro,	L. M.	198
Trust,	III. 3.	300
Tucker,	III. 1.	341
Utica,	S. M.	234
Veni Creator,	L. M.	339
Vespers,	III. 1.	289
Vexila Regis,	L. M.	207
Vulpius,	C. M.	122
Walsal,	C. M.	124
Warwick,	C. M.	126
Weldon,	III. 1.	286
Wells,	L. M.	200
Williams,	C. M.	128
Winchester,	L. M.	202
Windham,	L. M.	204
Windsor,	C. M.	130

No. 12] SACRED MUSIC.

PUBLISHED BY S. T. GORDON, 706 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MUSIC OF EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Canticles and Chants for Morning and Evening Prayer	W. H. Walter	$ 50
Church Chant Book, selection of Chant tunes in the Gregorian and Modern Modes	Staunton	75
Manuscript Chant Book	G. F. Jones	1 50
Gloria Patri in F	R. R. Trench	30
Gloria in Excelsis	Andrews	25
Te Deum in C	Clarke	85
" in C	C. Hommann	85
" in F	Jackson	50
" in A	W. H. Monk	40
" in D	W. Staunton	40
" in Eb	R. R. Trench	75
" in A	H. Wilson	60
Benedictus in F	R. R. Trench	40
Sanctus "Holy, Holy,"	Farmer	30
Evening Service: Cantate Domino and Deus Miseratur	E. Hodges	1 25
Te Deum, adapted to Mercadantes 3 voice Mass	A. L. Mora	1 00
Te Deum in F (4 voices)	F. H. Nash	1 00

EASTER AND CHRISTMAS ANTHEMS.

Christ is Risen, Easter song	A. W. Berg	5
Christ is Risen, Easter Song	A. L. Mora	5
Christ our Passover, Easter Anthem from Haydn's G'd Imperial Mass, arranged by	J. Pound	85
Easter Anthem	T. J. Wallace	50
Birth of Jesus, Christmas Song	A. L. Mora	5
Carol, Carol, Christians' Christmas Carol		5
Morning Star, Christmas Anthem	F. F. Hagen	35
Christmas Anthem	J. W. A. Cluet	30
Christmas Anthem	J. A. Johnson	50
Hark, the Herald sings, Christmas Hymn	Sprague	40.
Christmas Anthem, "Shout the glad Tidings," Quartette	H. Wilson	75

SACRED SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, QUARTETTES, &c.

SOLOS.

I will love Thee, O Lord, S.	C. Wels	30
Jerusalem, thou that killest, S. (St. Paul.)	Mendelssohn	35
Thy Mercy, O Lord, (36th Psalm) S.	W. A. King	40
He shall feed h s Flock, (alto or mezzo soprano)	Handel	30
Come unto Him, (soprano)	Handel	30

DUETS.

Look up, ye Saints, S. C.	J. L. Kay	40
Savior, breathe an Evening Blessing T. & M. S.	D. A. Warden	20
The Truth of Jehovah, S. C.	J. L. Kay	30
View of Creation, S. C.	J. L. Kay	40

TRIOS.

Evening Hymn, (3 female voices)	Concone	40
Hear our Prayer, S. C. B.	J. M. Abbott	35
Lift thine eyes, (Elijah) S. S. A.	Mendelssohn	20
Protect us through the coming night S. A. T.	Curschman	40
Softly now, the Light of Day, (trio, soprano, alto and tenor)	Zabriskie	35

QUARTETTES.

Blessed are they	C. Wels	35
Come, Holy Spirit, T. or S. solo	G. W. Warren	40
Come unto Him	Knitske	35
Come unto me, all ye that	C. Wels	30
Commit thy way unto the Lord	C. Wels	30
Father, breathe an Evening Blessing, (tenor or soprano solo)	J. M. Abbott	30
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine (soprano solo)	Lindpainter	30
Great and Marvellous	C. Wels	40
I will arise, (tenor solo)	Farmer	40
Jesus, I my Cross have taken, (sop. solo)	Max Braun	35
Jesus, Saviour of my Soul, (tenor or soprano solo)	A. H. Wood	35
Jesus, Lover of my Soul	Johnson	35
Lord is my Shepherd, (alto solo)	J. L. Kay	40
O praise God (Thanksgiving Anthem)	G. Kingsley	40
Remember, O Lord	Curshman	35
Rock of Ages	A. Andrews	35
Softly now the light of day, (quartette with solo for soprano, tenor, contralto, &c.	J. M. Abbot	40
Gloria in Excelsis, (quartette)	H. Wilson	75
Lord, incline Thine Ear, and Gloria Patri, (sop. and cont. solo and quartette)	H. Millard	50
The Lord Spake and Said, (Psalm CIX), and Gloria Patri, soprano, cont. and bass solo and quartette	H. Millard	1 25
O praise the Lord, [Psalm CXVI] and Gloria Patri, tenor and bass solo and quartette	H. Millard	1 35
Magnificent are all thy works [St. Luke] solo and quartette	H. Millard	1 25
Thou Lord, art my Hope [quartette and solo]	H. Millard	60
Send thy blessing, Ave Maria in G [solo]	H. Millard	40
Morning Hymn, [soprano or tenor, and contralto or baritone duett]	H. Millard	40
Come thou fount of every Blessing, [soprano or tenor solo]	H. Millard	40
Jesus, Saviour of my soul [4 voices]	Henry Wilson	30
Guide me O thou great Jehovah [soprano or tenor solo and quartette]	L. O. Emerson	35
Jesus, Saviour of my Soul, [tenor solo and quartette]	F. Hancox	35
Offertory Sentences [4 voices]	E. H. Bard	40

CHORUSES.

Great is the Lord	C. Wels	35
Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth	C. Wels	20
I heard a Voice, in Eb	W. H. Walter	30
I heard a Voice, in F	do	20
O, Praise ye the Lord	C. Wels	30
Praise the Lord	do	35
Praise ye the Lord	do	35
Show us thy Mercy [anthem]	Chappel	35
Thanksgiving Anthem	Ries	75
The Lord will comfort Zion	C. Wels	40
Thy Gates, O Lord	do	40
Time is winging us away	Farmer	30

CHOIRS, CHORUSES AND ANTHEMS.

Hallelujah Chorus from Messiah	Handel	25
Night's Shade no longer	Rossini	25
O God, our Father [solo and chorus]	Haydn	25
Sanctus and Hosanna	Haydn	25
Lord, dismiss us, Hymn	Baker	25
Marv'llous works, [Creation]	Haydn	25
Glory be to God on High	Mozart	25
Hail Judea, Happy Land	Handel	20

PIANO STUDIES, &c.

Berg, A. W., Panoptican Studies, in 2 parts complete 2 50
Each 1 25
Bertini's 12 Studies for small Hands 60
" 25 Studies. Op. 49 ..... 1 50
Burgmauller's 25 Studies, Op. 100. Complete, ... 2 00
2 Books, each 1 00
CZERNY'S 100 Easy Lessons. Complete. Cloth 2 00
4 Books, each 60
" 101 Preparatory Lessons. Complete 2 50
3 Books, each 1 00
" Velocity, in three Books, I 1 00
II. and III 75
" Velocity, Book 4 ..... 1 75
" " Stereotype Edition. Complete, bound in Cloth 1 50
" " Stereotype Edition, in 3 Books, each 60
" Grand Exercises and Scales 1 00
" 24 Exercises for Piano, in three numbers Op. 636, each 1 00
" Five Finger Exercises. Op. 802 ..... 1 00
" 12 Favorite Melodies, each 25
" Ecole des Expressions, in 3 Books, each 50
" Daily Exercises 25
Cramer's Studies. Revised by Knorr, with note, Book I 2 50
Diabelli's Melodious Exercises. 4 Hands, 4 Books, each 75
Duvernoy, Ecole Primaire. Op. 176 .....
" Elementary Lessons, in 2 Books, each 75
" " " Complete 1 50
" Ecole Modern .....
" 240 bis Exercises Journaliers. Complete 2 00
" " " Book 1 and 2 each 1 00
" Ecole du Mechanisme. 3 Books. Op. 120 each 50
" " " 15 Studies, 1 Vol. 1 50
Heller's 25 Studies. Op. 47. 2 Books, each 1 50
Herz's Exercises and Scales, American Fingering 75
" " " Foreign Fingering 75
" Scales and Chords 25
Hunten's Exercises. No. 1 50
" " No. 2 40
" " No. 3 30
" " Complete 75
Muller's A E, First Lessons for Piano 75
Pupil's Daily Exercises 25
Richard's Brinley, 6 New Studies 25
" " Revised Edition, Czerny's 101 Lessons, complete 2 50
" " Revised Edition, Czerny's 101 Lessons, in 3 Books, each 1 00
Scales and Cadences, in major and minor keys 20
Schmidt's Pianists' best Companion 5 finger exercises 75
Plaidy's Technical Studies 2 00
" " " Foreign Fingering 2 00
" " " Cloth 2 50
Mendelssohn's Songs without Words 3 00
" " " " extra binding 4 00
Czerny's 6 New Studies for the Left Hand 3 50
Duvernoy's Scale du Mechanisme, cloth, complete 1 50

PRIMERS, CATECHISMS, AND THEORETICAL WORKS.

Burrowe's Piano Primer and Guide, cloth 45
" " " " boards 30
" Thorough Bass Primer, cloth 60
" " " " boards 50
Girac's Appendix to Marx 1 00
Hamilton's Rudiments of Harmony and Thorough Bass 60
" Key to " " " 40
Jousse's Catechism 25
Mar 's Musical Composition with Appendix 2 50
Saroni's Musical Grammar, cloth 75
Steer's Harmonic Cards 1 00
Woodbury's Musical Composition, new Edition, plain 60
" " " " " cloth 75
Wright's Piano Manual, or Catechism, cloth 50
Zundel's Treatise on Harmony and Modulation 1 50
Trastours Rudiments of Music 1 00
Adams' 15000 Musical Terms, cloth 1 75
" " " " boards 1 50
Hamilton's 5500 " " cloth 1 00
" " " " boards 75

VOCAL METHODS AND EXERCISES.

Bagioli's Vocal Method 3 00
" 12 Solfeggi for two voices 2 50
" One hour of Daily Study 3 00
Concone's 25 Lessons, op. 10, third Book, complete 3 00
" " 2 Books, each 1 50
" 50 Lessons, Book 1, engraved 2 00
" " " 2, stereotyped 2 00
" 13 Solfeggi. Piano Score, 2 voices 2 00
" " Vocal " " 50
" Exercises for the voice, op. 11 ..... 1 50
" Vocalizes, soprano, op. 12 ..... 1 50
Cook's Vocal Method, 2 Books, each 3 00
Crivelli's Art of Singing 1 50
Journalier Exercise de Chant. Rondinelli 35
Lablache's Method, complete 3 00
" " abridged 1 75
Rondinelli's 76 Exercises of Vocalization 1 00
Vaccai's Singing Method 1 50
Panteron, A B C, boards 1 00
" " cloths 1 25
Concone, 15 Lessons, contralto. 2 Books, each 1 25

TRIOS FOR THREE FEMALE VOICES.

La Carita. Charity. Rossino 35
Reveil des Oiseaux. Waking of the Birds. Concone 35
La Vivandiere. Onward now gaily. Gabussi 40
Felice Donzella. Oh, happy the bosom. Bonoldi 35
Graduate's Song. Raise the notes gently. Concone 35
Flower Greeting. Curschman 35
Distant Chimes. Glover 40
Night Song. Hunt 25
Evening Hymn. Concone 40
Mermaids' Evening Song. Glover 60
Down among the Lilies. " 50
Queen of the Flowers. Blessner 30

SACRED MUSIC.

PUBLISHED BY S. T. GORDON, 706 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SACRED MUSIC BOOKS.

Offertory Sentences	Johnson	75
Choral Harmony, cloth	Baker	1 75
do Boards	do	1 38
Baker's B F, Short Anthems and Sentences		2 00
As the Heart Pants	Mendelssohn	50
Flora Sacra, cloth	G. Blessner	1 75
do Boards	do	1 38
Laus Domino, cloth	G. Leach	2 75
do boards	do	2 50
Manual of Church Music	W. H. Walter	1 25
Collection of Sacred Songs, cloth	C. J. Hopkins	1 25
do do paper	do	1 00
Collection of Sacred Quartettes	H. Wilson	2 00
New Templi Carmina	G. Kingsley	1 38
Our Church Music	R. S. Willis	75
Canticles and Chants	W. H. Walter	50
Church Chant Book	Staunton	75
Manuscript Chant Book	G. F. Jones	1 50
Tune Book of Episcopal Church		1 50

ORGAN MUSIC.

Gordon's Collection of Organ Voluntaries, selected from the best works of E. Batiste, Organist of St. Eustache, Paris—containing 72 Pages and 34 Pieces, with the most Important Passages carefully Fingered, with Separate Part for Pedals, and full description of Stops used in their Performance.....Cloth, $3 25
Boards 2 75

Zundel's 444 Organ Voluntaries and Interludes of.. Young Students..... 3 2 00

Classic and Popular Voluntaries by W. H. Walter,

Nos. No. 1 Impromptu		30
No. 2 Andante "Leider ohne Worte,"	Mendelsohn	30
No. 3, Marvellous Work	Haydn	35

Warden's Excelsior Melodeon Instructor..... 1 00

The Organist's Repertoire—containing Choice Selections of the Latest Issues.

No. 1, Offertoire, op. 23, No. 2	Batiste	30
" 2, Wedding March, new	W. B. King	50
" 3, Prelude in G	Zundel	20
" 4, Concert Variations, with Pedals	Zundel	60
" 5, La Carita. Charity	Rossini	30
" 6, Duo from Hymn of Praise	Mendelssohn	20
" 7, Ti Prego, O Madre Mio	Curschman	20
" 8, Prayer	Weber & Oberthor	20
" 6, Fugue, 4 hands	Fradel	25
" 10, La Fede. Faith	Rossini	30
" 11, La Speranza. Hope	"	30
" 11, Wedding March,	Mendelssohn, Gordon	40

MASSES, SACRED MUSIC, &c.

As the Heart Pants. Mendelssohn	50
Columbia, a Patriotic Cantata. Mietzke	38
Farmer's Mass in Bb, cloth	1 25
" " boards	80
Hodges' Evening Service in C	1 00
Mercadante. 4 voice Mass, boards	1 25
" " " paper	1 00
" 3 " boards	1 25
" " " paper	1 00
Preferred Te Deums	75
Shades of the Heroes. 5 voices. Cooke	25
Wel's Grand Mass in Bb	2 00
Millard's Mass in G, cloth	1 25
do do boards	1 00
Rossini's Stabat Mater, cloth	1 25
do do paper	1 0
Haydn's Third Mass in D cloth	1 13
do do do paper	80
Mozart's 12th Mass, cloth	1 25
do do boards	1 12
do do paper	1 00
Newland's Mass in C, Latin, 4 voices	50
Kienzl Mass, Latin, 3 voices	75
Newland's Mass in G 3 voices	75

COMPLETE VESPER SERVICE,

BY H. MILLIARD,

with Latin and English words, consisting of Domine, ad Dixit, Laudate and Glorias, 33 pages 2 00

Magnificat in Db	18 do	1 25
Salve Regina in Eb	9 do	60
Ave Maria, solo in F	6 do	50
Ave Verum, solo in Db	5 do	40
O Salutaris, Duo in G	5 do	40

VOCAL MUSIC WITH LATIN WORDS.

Ave Verum, trio. Mercadante	50
O Jesu Dei Vivi, trio. Verdi	30
O Salutaris, trio in G. Mercadante	30
O Jesu, Redemptor, quartette. Rossins	30
O Magnum Mysterium, trio. Rossini	30
O Salutaris, duo. Mehul	53
Jesu Redemptor, duo. Mercadante	35
Creator Alme, duo. Rossini	30
O Saluaris, trio in A. Mercadante	30
Ave Maria. J. S. Porter	50
Memorare. Lambilotte	80
Tantum Ergo.	66

PUBLISHED BY S. T. GORDON, 706 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

EASTER AND CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

Christmas Song, (O Holy Night,) solo	Adam	$ 40
Christmas Anthem, (And there were shepherds,) Quart.	H. Millard	75
Easter Anthem (Christ our Passover), Quart.	Chapelle	60
Easter Anthem (Christ our Passover), Quart.	H. Millard	75
Christmas Anthem (Shout the glad tidings), Quart.	H. Wilson	75
Christmas Hymn (O, come all ye faithful), Quart	Novello	50
Christmas Carol (Children)	Neale	6

SOLOS AND DUETTS.

I will extol thee, O Lord, Solo, Eli	Costa	35
Great God before thy throne kneeling, Duett, S. and T.	St. Clair	60

QUARTETTES.

As when the weary traveller gains	A. Andrews	35
Benedic Anima	H. Millard	50
Bonum Est in Bb with Soprano solo	H. Millard	60
Bow down thine Ear, O Lord	Rossini	35
Come Holy Spirit, with S. & B. solo	H. Wilson	50
Cast thy burden on the Lord, with Soprano solo	A. Andrews	30
Gloria in Excelsis, in Bb	H. Wilson	75
Gloria in Excelsis, in F, with S. & T. solo	H. Wilson	50
Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us [Abt]	E. H. Bard	35
God of the Fatherless, with Sol. & Duos	Von Weber	35
How beautiful upon the mountains	J. E. Perring	50
Dedication Anthem.		
Hear us Father, with S. solo	H. Millard	60
Hymns No. 1, containing: Hail thou long expected Jesus—As when the weary traveller—Let them neglect thy glory, O Lord—The spirit in our hearts	J. M. Abbott	35
He shall judge, with S. solo	H. Millard	60
How gently God commands		10
In the morning	H. Millard	35
I will arise	H. Millard	35
I would not live always, with S. solo	Kingsley	20
Jesus, lover of my soul [Flotow]	E. H. Bard	35
Jubilate Deo	A. Andrews	75
Jubilate Deo in Eb, with S. & B. solo	H. Millard	60
Jerusalem, my happy home, and A charge to keep I have	Hotchkiss	20
Light in the window for thee, with S. solo	Bradbury	30
Like as the hart	A. Andrews	35
Light of Life or Rock of ages	H. Millard	35
Mighty Jehovah	Rice	15
Rest, Spirit Rest, [Funeral Anthem]	Rooke	30
Softly fades the twilight ray	S. H. Murlin	40
Tarry with me, O my Saviour [Proch.]	E. H. Bard	35
There is a fountain, filled with blood	J. E. Ensign	40
Te Deum, in Bb, with S., T. & B. solos	H. Millard	1 00
Venite in Bb, with S. & T. solos	H. Millard	75
Blanks—for list of music for Morning and Evening Service, a hundred for		1 00

SACRED MUSIC BOOKS.

Wilson's Sacred Quartettes, Vol. 1	2 00
" " " " 2	2 00

Wilson's Sacred Quartettes, Vol. 2, contains a full sett of Nine Offertory Sentences, set to music in flowing style, not difficult of execution.

A New Gloria in Excelsis, in Eb.

A short Funeral Anthem "I heard a Voice from Heaven."

"I will arise and go to my Father," to new music, and new music to several of the additional Hymns.

The music is arranged with accompaniment for Piano or Organ, and contains a choice collection of music suited to the Church or Family Circle.

Wilson's Sacred Quartettes, Vol. 2, from Hartford Press:

"The 2d volume of Sacred Quartettes by Mr. Henry Wilson is just published. It is not in any sense an experiment; for the first volume had, everywhere it went, a most cordial reception, as one of the very best works of its kind; and the pieces in this volume have passed the ordeal of criticism by very considerable use in the church where Mr. Wilson is Organist. This consists as did the former of original and selected music, adapted with exquisite taste.

Mr. Wilson seems to have no small ambition to produce clap-trap effects but is loyal to the cause of good music. He has most excellent taste in his selections, a sort of genius for the fitness of things; and his compositions, especially the minor Offertory sentences [which are very beautiful] are characterized by the same strict regard to the uses of the house of worship. We happen to know that the first volume was greatly prized by many Organists, who find in it almost everything adapted to their needs. HARTFORD PRESS."

WALTER'S MANUAL OF CHURCH MUSIC.

Mr. Walter's Manual of Church Music merits a cordial welcome for the following reasons:

1st. It presents the carefully elaborate results of a long and distinguished experience Mr. Walter during the period of his service in Trinity Parish, extending over many years has enjoyed unusual facilities for studying the necessities of Church Music while identified with the best efforts for its advancement.

2d. The Manual is broad and comprehensive in the character of its selections.

3d. The selections for difficult and unusual metres are varied and admirable.

4th. The character of the music is in deep and intelligent sympathy with the spirit of the Liturgy.

5th. The Manual is issued a style at once beautiful and truly convenient.

Signed GEORGE J. RIDER,
Rector of Cottage Hill Seminary, Poughkeepsie, N. J.

ORGAN MUSIC.

Rink's 100 Voluntaries, Preludes and Interludes		75
Wedding March	Jas. Garland	30
* Pleyel's Hymn [Varied]	U. C. Burnap	75
* Morning Light [Varied]	U. C. Burnap	75
* Offertoire, Op. 35, No. 4	Wely	1 25

* All the above have picture of Beecher's great organ.

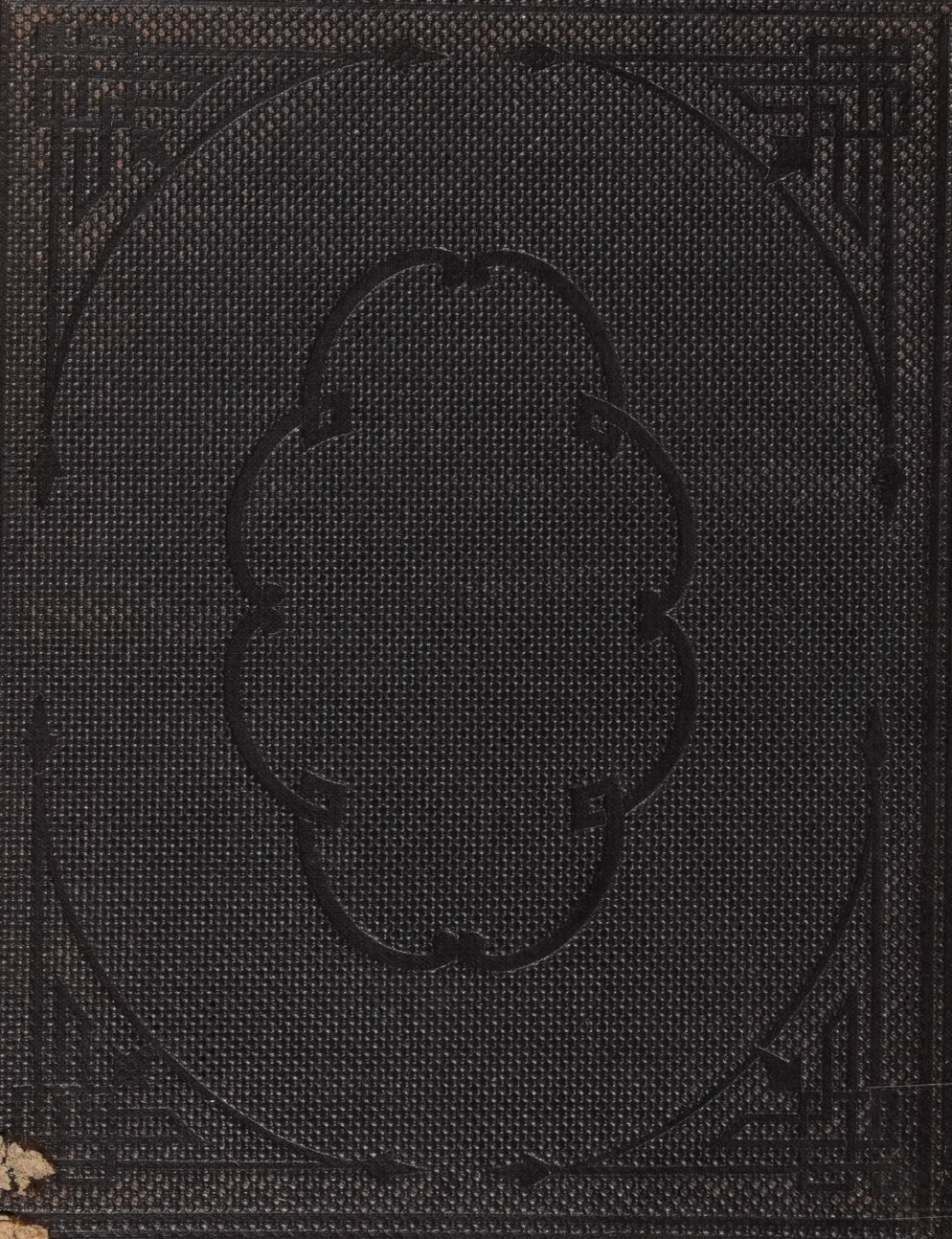
Christ our Passover. A new Easter Anthem, by Geo. W. Morgan, Organist of Grace Church, New York 60

417775

M 2125 T8 1870

Tune-book proposed for the use of congregations of the Protestant Episcopal Church

417775

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY
BERKELEY, CA 94709

GTU Library
M 2125 T8 1870
/A Tune-book proposed for the use of con
G
3 2400 00172 1459